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THE  
P L A Y S  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.  
VOLUME THE NINTH.

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Printed by T. Davison, Whitefriars.



THE  
PLAYS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

CONTAINING

TAMING OF THE SHREW.  
WINTER'S TALE.

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LONDON:

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TAMING  
OF  
THE SHREW.\*

VOL. IX.

B



\* TAMING OF THE SHREW.] We have hitherto supposed Shakspeare the author of *The Taming of the Shrew*, but his property in it is extremely disputable. I will give my opinion, and the reasons on which it is founded. I suppose then the present play not *originally* the work of Shakspeare, but restored by him to the stage, with the whole Induction of the Tinker; and some other occasional improvements; especially in the character of Petruchio. It is very obvious that the Induction and the Play were either the works of different hands, or written at a great interval of time. The former is in our author's *best* manner, and a great part of the *latter* in his *worst*, or even below it. Dr. Warburton declares it to be certainly spurious; and without doubt, *supposing* it to have been written by Shakspeare, it must have been one of his earliest productions. Yet it is not mentioned in the list of his works by Meres in 1598.

I have met with a facetious piece of Sir John Harrington, printed in 1596, (and possibly there may be an earlier edition,) called *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, where I suspect an allusion to the old play: "Read the *Booke of Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that *now* every one can rule a shrew in our countrey, save he that hath hir."—I am aware a *modern* linguist may object that the word *book* does not at present seem *dramatick*, but it was once *technically* so: Gosson, in his *Schoole of Abuse, containing a pleasaunt Invec-tive against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth*, 1579, mentions "twoo prose *bookes* played at the Bell-Sauage:" and Hearne tells us, in a note at the end of *William of Worcester*, that he had seen a MS. in the nature of a *Play* or *Interlude*, intituled *The Booke of Sir Thomas Moore*.

And in fact there is such an old *anonymous* play in Mr. Pope's list: "A pleasant conceited history, called, *The Taming of a Shrew*—sundry times acted by the Earl of Pembroke his servants." Which seems to have been republished by the remains of that company in 1607, when Shakspeare's copy appeared at the Black-Friars or the Globe.—Nor let this seem derogatory from the character of our poet. There is no reason to believe that he wanted to claim the play as his own; for it was not even printed till some years after his death; but he merely revived it on his stage as a *manager*.

In support of what I have said relative to this play, let me only observe further at present, that the author of *Hamlet* speaks of Gonzago, and his wife Baptista; but the author of *The Taming of the Shrew* knew Baptista to be the name of a man. Mr. Capell indeed made me doubt, by declaring the authenticity of it to be confirmed by the testimony of Sir Aston

Cockayn. I knew Sir Aston was much acquainted with the writers immediately subsequent to Shakspeare; and I was not inclined to dispute his authority: but how was I surprised, when I found that Cockayn ascribes nothing more to Shakspeare, than the *Induction-Wineot-Ale and the Beggar!* I hope this was only a slip of Mr. Capell's memory. FARMER.

The following is Sir Aston's Epigram:

“ TO MR. CLEMENT FISHER, OF WINCOT.

“ Shakspeare your Wineot-ale hath much renown'd,  
 “ That fox'd a beggar so (by chanee was found  
 “ Sleeping) that there needed not many a word  
 “ To make him to believe he was a lord:  
 “ But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)  
 “ 'Twill make a lord as drunk as any beggar.  
 “ Bid Norton brew such ale as Shakspeare fancies  
 “ Did put *Kit Sly* into such lordly tranees:  
 “ And let us meet there (for a fit of gladness)  
 “ And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness.”

Sir A. Cockayn's *Poems*, 1659, p. 124.

In spite of the great deference which is due from every commentator to Dr. Farmer's judgment, I own I cannot concur with him on the present occasion. I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakspeare was not its author. I think his hand is visible in almost every scene, though perhaps not so evidently as in those which pass between Katharine and Petruchio.

I once thought that the name of this play might have been taken from an old story, entitled, *The Wyflapped in Morells Skin*, or *The Taming of a Shrew*; but I have since discovered among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company the following: “ Peter Shorte] May 2, 1594, a pleasaunt conceyted hystorie, called, *The Taming of a Shrowe*.” It is likewise entered to Nieh. Ling, Jan. 22, 1606; and to John Smythwicke, Nov. 19, 1607.

It was no uncommon practice among the authors of the age of Shakspeare, to avail themselves of the titles of ancient performances. Thus, as Mr. Warton has observed, Spenser sent out his *Pastorals* under the title of *The Shepherd's Kalendar*, a work which had been printed by Wynken de Worde, and reprinted about twenty years before these poems of Spenser appeared, viz. 1559.

Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, is of opinion, that *The Frolicksome Duke*, or *the Tinker's Good Fortune*, an ancient ballad in the Pepys' Collection.



might have suggested to Shakspeare the Induction for this comedy.

The following story, however, which might have been the parent of all the rest, is related by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 649: "A Tartar Prince, saith Marcus Polus, Lib. II. cap. 28, called *Senex de Montibus*, the better to establish his government amongst his subjects, and to keepe them in awe, found a convenient place in a pleasant valley environed with hills, in which he made a delicious parke full of odoriferous flowers and fruits, and a palace full of all worldly contents that could possibly be devised, musicke, pictures, variety of meats, &c. and chose out a certaine young man whom with a soporiferous potion he so benumbed, that he perceived nothing; and so, fast asleepe as he was, caused him to be conveyed into this faire garden. Where, after he had lived a while in all such pleasures a sensuall man could desire, he cast him into a sleepe againe, and brought him forth, that when he waked he might tell others he had beene in Paradise."—Marco Paolo, quoted by Burton, was a traveller of the 13th century.

Chance, however, has at last furnished me with the original to which Shakspeare was indebted for his fable; nor does this discovery at all dispose me to retract my former opinion, which the reader may find at the conclusion of the play. Such parts of the dialogue as our author had immediately imitated, I have occasionally pointed out at the bottom of the page; but must refer the reader, who is desirous to examine the whole structure of the piece, to *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, at Charing-cross, as a Supplement to our commentaries on Shakspeare.

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote what may be called a sequel to this comedy, viz. *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tam'd*; in which Petruchio is subdued by a second wife. STEEVENS.

Among the books of my friend the late Mr. William Collins of Chichester, now dispersed, was a collection of short comick stories in prose, printed in the black letter under the year 1570: "sett forth by maister Richard Edwards, mayster of her Majesties revels." Among these tales was that of the INDUCTION OF THE TINKER in Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*; and perhaps Edwards's story-book was the immediate source from which Shakspeare, or rather the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*, drew that diverting apologue. If I recollect right, the circumstances almost tallied with an incident which Heuterus relates from an epistle of Ludovicus Vives to have actually happened at the marriage of Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy,

about the year 1410. That perspicuous annalist, who flourished about the year 1580, says, this story was told to Vives by an old officer of the Duke's court. T. WARTON.

See the earliest English original of this story, &c. at the conclusion of the play. STEEVENS.

Our author's *Taming of the Shrew* was written, I imagine, in 1594. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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*A Lord.*

Christopher Sly, *a drunken Tinker.*  
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, } *Persons in the*  
and other Servants attending on } *Induction.*  
the Lord.

Baptista, *a rich Gentleman of Padua.*

Vincentio, *an old Gentleman of Pisa.*

Lucentio, *Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

Petruchio, *a Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to*  
Katharina.

Gremio, }  
Hortensio, } *Suitors to Bianca.*

Tranio, }  
Biondello, } *Servants to Lucentio.*

Grumio, }  
Curtis, } *Servants to Petruchio.*

Pedant, *an old Fellow set up to personate Vincentio.*

Katharina, *the Shrew;* } *Daughters to Baptista.*  
Bianca, *her Sister,* }  
*Widow.*

*Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on*  
Baptista and Petruchio.

*SCENE, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in*  
*Petruchio's House in the Country.*

## CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION

To the Original Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*,  
entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and  
printed in quarto in 1607.

*A Lord, &c.*

*Sly.*

*A Tapster.*

*Page, Players, Huntsmen, &c.*

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## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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*Alphonsus, a Merchant of Athens.*

*Jerobel, Duke of Cestus.*

<i>Aurelius, his Son,</i>	} <i>Suitors to the Daughters of</i>	
<i>Ferando,</i>		} <i>Alphonsus.</i>
<i>Polidor,</i>		

*Valeria, Servant to Aurelius.*

*Sander, Servant to Ferando.*

*Phylotus, a Merchant who personates the Duke.*

<i>Kate,</i>	} <i>Daughters to Alphonsus.</i>
<i>Emelia,</i>	
<i>Phylema,</i>	

*Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants to Ferando and Alphonsus.*

*SCENE, Athens; and sometimes Ferando's Country House.*





# TAMING

OF

## THE SHREW.

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### INDUCTION.

#### SCENE I.

*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

*Enter Hostess and SLY.*

SLY. I'll pheese you,<sup>1</sup> in faith.

HOST. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

<sup>1</sup> *I'll pheese you,*] To *pheese* or *fease*, is to separate a twist into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken, like *tease* or *toze*, for to *harrass*, to *plague*. Perhaps *I'll pheese you*, may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a phrase vulgarly used by persons of Sly's character on like occasions. The following explanation of the word is given by Sir Thomas Smith, in his book *de Sermone Anglico*, printed by Robert Stephens, 4to: "To *feize*, means *in fila diducere*."

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare repeats his use of the word in *Troilus and Cressida*, where Ajax says he will *pheese* the pride of Achilles: and Lovewit in *The Alchemist* employs it in the same sense. Again, in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589:

"Your pride serves you to *feaze* them all alone."

Again, in Stanyhurst's version of the first Book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

*SLY.* Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues:<sup>2</sup> Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*;<sup>3</sup> let the world slide:<sup>4</sup> *Sessa!*

“We are touz'd, and from Italye *feaz'd*.”

— *Italis longe disjungimur oris*,

Again, *ibid*:

“*Feaze* away the droane bees,” &c. STEEVENS.

To *phceze* a man, is to beat him; to give him a *phceze*, is, to give him a knock. In *The Chances*, Antonio says of Don John, “I felt him in my small guts; I am sure he has *feaz'd* me.”

M. MASON.

To *touze* or *toaze* had the same signification. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: “Arruffare. To *touze*, to tug, to bang, or rib-baste one.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — no rogues:] That is, *vagrants*, no mean fellows, but gentlemen. JOHNSON.

One *William Sly* was a performer in the plays of Shakspeare, as appears from the list of comedians prefixed to the folio, 1623. This *Sly* is likewise mentioned in Heywood's *Actor's Vindication*, and the Induction to Marston's *Malcontent*. He was also among those to whom James I. granted a licence to act at the Globe theatre in 1603. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *paucas pallabris*:] *Sly*, as an ignorant fellow, is purposely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards say, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words: as they do likewise, *Cessa*, i. e. be quiet.

THEOBALD.

This is a burlesque on Hieronymo, which Theobald speaks of in a following note: “What new device have they devised now? *Pocas pallabras*.” In the comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611, a cut-purse makes use of the same words. Again, they appear in *The Wise Woman of Hogsden*, 1638, and in some others, but are always appropriated to the lowest characters. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *let the world slide*:] This expression is proverbial. It is used in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:

“———— will you go drink

“And *let the world slide*, uncle?”

It occurs, however, or somewhat very much resembling it, in the ancient *Morality* entitled *The iii Elements*:

*Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?<sup>5</sup>

*Slr.* No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.<sup>6</sup>

“—— let us be mery,  
“ With huff a galand, synge tyrll on the bery,  
“ And let the wyde worlde wynde.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —— *you have burst?*] To *burst* and to *break* were anciently synonymous. Falstaff says, that “John of Gaunt *burst* Shallow’s head for crouding in among the marshal’s men.”

Again, in *Soliman and Perseda*:

“God save you, sir, you have *burst* your shin.”

Again, in Dr. Philemon Holland’s translation of Plutarch’s *Apophthegms*, edit. 1603, p. 405. To *brast* and to *burst* have the same meaning. So, in *All for Money*, a tragedy by T. Lup-ton, 1574:

“If you forsake our father, for sorrow he will *brast*.”

In the same piece, *burst* is used when it suited the rhyme.

Again, in the old morality of *Every Man*:

“Though thou weep till thy heart to-*brast*.”

STEEVENS.

*Burst* is still used for *broke* in the North of England. See Dodsley’s *Collection of Old Plays*, edit. 1780, Vol. XII. p. 375.

REED.

<sup>6</sup> —— *Go by, says Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*] The old copy reads—go by S Jeronimie—. STEEVENS.

All the editions have coined a Saint here, for Sly to swear by. But the poet had no such intentions. The passage has particular humour in it, and must have been very pleasing at that time of day. But I must clear up a piece of stage history to make it understood. There is a fustian old play called *Hieronymo*; or *The Spanish Tragedy*: which I find was the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakspeare’s time: and a passage, that appeared very ridiculous in that play, is here humorously alluded to. Hieronymo, thinking himself injured, applies to the king for justice; but the courtiers, who did not desire his wrongs should be set in a true light, attempt to hinder him from an audience:

“*Hiero.* Justice! O! justice to Hieronymo.

“*Lor.* Back;—seest thou not the king is busy?

“*Hiero.* O, is he so?

*Host.* I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough.<sup>7</sup> [*Exit.*

“*King.* Who is he, that interrupts our business ?

“*Hiero.* Not I:—Hieronymo, beware ; *go by, go by.*”  
So Sly here, not caring to be dunn’d by the Hostess, cries to her in effect ; “ Don’t be troublesome, don’t interrupt me, *go by ;*” and to fix the satire in his allusion, pleasantly calls her Jeronimo.

THEOBALD.

The first part of this tragedy is called *Jeronimo*. The Tinker therefore does not say *Jeronimo* as a mistake for *Hieronymo*.

STEEVENS.

I believe the true reading is—Go by, *says* Jeronimo, and that the *s* was the beginning of the word *says*, which, by mistake, the printers did not complete. The quotation from the old play proves that it is Jeronimo himself that says, *Go by*. M. MASON.

I have not scrupled to place Mr. M. Mason’s judicious correction in the text. STEEVENS.

Surely Sly, who in a preceding speech is made to say *Richard* for *William*, *paucas pallabris* for *pocas palabras*, &c. may be allowed here to misquote a passage from the same play in which that scrap of Spanish is found, viz. *The Spanish Tragedy*. He afterwards introduces a saint in form.—The similitude, however slight, between *Jeronimy* and S. Jerome, who in Sly’s dialect would be *Jeremy*, may be supposed the occasion of the blunder. He does not, I conceive, mean to address the Hostess by the name of Jeronimy, as Mr. Theobald supposed, but merely to quote a line from a popular play. Nym, Pistol, and many other of Shakspeare’s low characters, quote scraps of plays with equal infidelity.

There are two passages in *The Spanish Tragedy* here alluded to. One quoted by Mr. Theobald, and this other :

“ What outcry calls me from my *naked bed* ?”

Sly’s making Jeronimy a saint is surely not more extravagant than his exhorting his Hostess to go to her *cold* bed to *warm* herself ; or declaring that he will go to his cold bed for the same purpose ; for perhaps, like Hieronymo, he here addresses himself.

In *King Lear*, Edgar, when he assumes the madman, utters the same words that are here put in the mouth of the tinker : “ Humph ; go to thy *cold* bed, and *warm* thee.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *I must go fetch the thirdborough.*] The old copy reads :  
—— *I must go fetch the headborough.*

*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, &c. STEEVENS.

This corrupt reading had passed down through all the copies,



*SLY.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law : I'll not budge an inch, boy ; let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*<sup>8</sup>

and none of the editors pretended to guess at the poet's conceit. What an insipid unmeaning reply does Sly make to his Hostess ? How do *third*, or *fourth*, or *fifth* borough relate to *Headborough* ? The author intended but a poor witticism, and even that is lost. The Hostess would say, that she'd fetch a *constable* : and this officer she calls by his other name, a *Third-borough* : and upon this term Sly founds the conundrum in his answer to her. Who does not perceive at a single glance, some conceit started by this certain correction ? There is an attempt at wit, tolerable enough for a tinker, and one drunk too. *Third-borough* is a Saxon term sufficiently explained by the glossaries : and in our statute-books, no further back than the 28th year of Henry VIII. we find it used to signify a *constable*. THEOBALD.

In the *Personæ Dramatis* to Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, the *high-constable*, the *petty-constable*, the *head-borough*, and the *third-borough*, are enumerated as distinct characters. It is difficult to say precisely what the office of a *third-borough* was.

STEEVENS.

The office of *thirdborough* is known to all acquainted with the civil constitution of this country, to be co-extensive with that of the constable. SIR J. HAWKINS.

The office of *Thirdborough* is the same with that of *Constable*, except in places where there are both, in which case the former is little more than the constable's assistant. The *headborough*, *petty constable*, and *thirdborough*, introduced by Ben Jonson in *The Tale of a Tub*, being all of different places, are but one and the same officer under so many different names. In a book intitled, *The Constable's Guide*, &c. 1771, it is said that "there are in several counties of this realm other officers ; that is, by other titles, but not much inferior to our constables ; as in *Warwickshire* a *thirdborough*." The etymology of the word is uncertain. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *falls asleep.*] The spurious play, already mentioned, begins thus :

"Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores Slie drunken.

"Taps. You whoreson drunken slave, you had best be gone,

"And empty your drunken panch somewhere else,

"For in this house thou shalt not rest to night. [*Exit Tapster.*

*Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.*

**LORD.** Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well  
my hounds :  
Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd,<sup>9</sup>

"*Slie.* Tilly vally ; by crisee Tapster Ile *fese* you anone :  
" Fills the t'other pot, and all's paid for : looke you,  
" I doe drink it of mine own instigation. *Omne bene.*  
" Heere Ile lie awhile : why Tapster, I say,  
" Fill's a fresh cushen heere :  
" Heigh ho, here's good warme lying. [*He falls asleepe.*  
" *Enter a noble man and his men from hunting.*"

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd,] Here, says Pope, *brach* signifies a degenerate hound: but Edwards explains it a hound in general.

That the latter of these criticks is right, will appear from the use of the word *brach*, in Sir T. Moore's *Comfort against Tribulation*, Book III. ch. xxiv :—"Here it must be known of some men that can skill of hunting, whether that we mistake not our terms, for then are we utterly ashamed as ye wott well.—And I am so cunning, that I cannot tell, whether among them a bitch be a bitch or no ; but as I remember she is no bitch but a *brache*." The meaning of the latter part of the paragraph seems to be, "I am so little skilled in hunting, that I can hardly tell whether a bitch be a bitch or not ; my judgment goes no further, than just to direct me to call either dog or bitch by their general name—Hound." I am aware that Spelman acquaints his reader, that *brache* was used in his days for a *lurcher*, and that Shakspeare himself has made it a dog of a particular species :

" Mastiff, greyhound, mungrill grim,  
" Hound or spaniel, *brach* or lyni."

*King Lear*, Act III. sc. v.

But it is manifest from the passage of *More* just cited, that it was sometimes applied in a general sense, and may therefore be so understood in the passage before us ; and it may be added, that *brache* appears to be used in the same sense by Beaumont and Fletcher :

" *A.* Is that your brother ?

" *E.* Yes, have you lost your memory ?

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.

"A. As I live he is a pretty fellow.

"Y. O this is a sweet *brach*."

*Scornful Lady*, Act i. sc. i. T. WARTON.

I believe *brach* *Merriman* means only *Merriman the brach*. So in the old song:

"*Cow Crumbock* is a very good cow."

*Brach*, however, appears to have been a particular sort of hound. In an old metrical charter, granted by Edward the Confessor to the hundred of Cholmer and Dancing, in Essex, there are the two following lines:

"Four greyhounds & six *Bratches*,

"For hare, fox, and wild cattles."

*Merriman* surely could not be designed for the name of a *female* of the canine species. STEEVENS.

It seems from the commentary of Ulitius upon *Gratius*, from *Caius de Canibus Britannicis*, from *bracco*, in Spelman's *Glossary*, and from Markham's *Country Contentments*, that *brache* originally meant a bitch. Ulitius, p. 163, observes, that bitches have a superior sagacity of nose:—"fœminis [canibus] sagacitatis plurimum inesse, usus docuit;" and hence, perhaps, any hound with eminent quickness of scent, whether dog or bitch, was called *brache*, for the term *brache* is sometimes applied to males. Our ancestors hunted much with the large southern hounds, and had in every pack a couple of dogs peculiarly good and cunning to find game, or recover the scent, as Markham informs us. To this custom Shakspeare seems here to allude, by naming *two braches*, which, in my opinion, are beagles; and this discriminates *brach*, from the *lym*, a blood-hound mentioned together with it, in the tragedy of *King Lear*. In the following quotation offered by Mr. Steevens on another occasion, the *brache* hunts truly by the scent, behind the doe, while the hounds are on every side:

"For as the dogs pursue the silly doe,

"The *brache* behind, the hounds on every side;

"So trac'd they me among the mountains wide."

*Phaer's Legend of Owen Glendower*. TOLLET.

The word is certainly used by Chapman in his *Gentleman Usher*, a comedy, 1606, as synonymous to *bitch*: "*Venus*, your *brach* there, runs so proud," &c. So, also, our author in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "I'd rather hear *Lady*, my *brach*, howl in Irish." The structure of the passage before us, and the manner in which the next line is connected with this, [*And*

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good<sup>1</sup>

couple &c.] added to the circumstance of the word *brach* occurring in the end of that line, incline me to think that *Brach* is here a corruption, and that the line before us began with a verb, not a noun. MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*Leech* Merriman; that is, *apply some remedies* to Merriman, the poor cur has his *joints swelled*.—Perhaps we might read—*bathe* Merriman, which is, I believe, the common practice of huntsmen; but the present reading may stand. JOHNSON.

*Emboss'd* is a hunting term. When a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *emboss'd*. A dog also when he is strained with hard running (especially upon hard ground,) will have his knees swelled, and then he is said to be *emboss'd*: from the French word *bosse*, which signifies a tumour. This explanation of the word will receive illustration from the following passage in the old comedy, intitled, *The Shoemakers Holiday*, or *the Gentle Craft*, acted at court, and printed in the year 1600, signat. C:

“ — Beate every brake, the game's not farre,  
 “ This way with winged feet he fled from death:  
 “ Besides, the miller's boy told me even now,  
 “ He saw him take soyle, and he hallowed him,  
 “ Affirming him so *emboss'd*.” T. WARTON.

Mr. T. Warton's first explanation may be just. Lyly, in his *Midas*, 1592, has not only given us the term, but the explanation of it:

“ *Pet.* There was a boy leashed on the single, because when he was *imbossed* he took soyle.

“ *Li.* What's that?

“ *Pet.* Why a boy was beaten on the tayle with a leathern thong, because, when he *fom'de at the mouth* with running, he went into the water.”

Again, in Chapman's version of the fourth *Iliad*:

“ — like hinds that have no hearts,  
 “ Who, wearied with a long-run field, are instantly *embost*,  
 “ Stand still,” &c.— STERVENS.

From the Spanish, *des embocar*, to cast out of the mouth. We have again the same expression in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— the boar of Thessaly  
 “ Was never so *emboss'd*.” MALONE.

Can any thing be more evident than that *imboss'd* means

At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?  
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 HUN. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;  
He cried upon it at the merest loss,  
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:  
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

LORD. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,  
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.  
But sup them well, and look unto them all;  
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 HUN. I will, my lord.

LORD. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,  
doth he breathe?

2 HUN. He breathes, my lord: Were he not  
warm'd with ale,  
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

LORD. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he  
lies!  
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!  
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—  
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,  
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,  
A most delicious banquet by his bed,  
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,  
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

*swelled* in the knees, and that we ought to read *bathe*? What has the *imbossing* of a *deer* to do with that of a *hound*? "*Imbossed sores*" occur in *As you like it*; and in *The First Part of King Henry IV.* the Prince calls Falstaff "*imboss'd rascal*."

RITSON.

<sup>1</sup> — *how Silver made it good*—] This, I suppose, is a technical term. It occurs likewise in the 23d song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"What's offer'd by the first, the other *good doth make*."

STEEVENS.

1 *HUN.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *HUN.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

*LORD.* Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest :—  
 Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,  
 And hang it round with all my wanton pictures :  
 Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,  
 And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet :  
 Procure me musick ready when he wakes,  
 To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound ;  
 And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,  
 And, with a low submissive reverence,  
 Say,—What is it your honour will command ?  
 Let one attend him with a silver bason,  
 Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers ;  
 Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,  
 And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your hands ?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,  
 And ask him what apparel he will wear ;  
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,  
 And that his lady mourns at his disease :  
 Persuade him, that he hath been lunatick ;  
 And, when he says he is —, say, that he dreams,  
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *And, when he says he is —, say, that he dreams,  
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.]* I rather think, (with Sir Thomas Hanmer) that Shakspeare wrote :

*And when he says he's poor, say that he dreams.*  
 The dignity of a lord is then significantly opposed to the poverty which it would be natural for Sly to acknowledge. STEEVENS.

If any thing should be inserted, it may be done thus :

*And when he says he's Sly, say that he dreams.*



This do, and do it kindly,<sup>3</sup> gentle sirs;  
It will be pastime passing excellent,  
If it be husbanded with modesty.<sup>4</sup>

1 *HUN.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our  
part,  
As he shall think, by our true diligence,  
He is no less than what we say he is.

*LORD.* Take him up gently, and to bed with him;  
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[Some bear out SLY. A trumpet sounds.]  
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—

[*Exit Servant.*  
Belike, some noble gentleman ; that means,  
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

*Re-enter a Servant.*

How now? who is it?

*SERV.* An it please your honour,  
Players that offer service to your lordship.

The likeness in writing of *Sly* and *say* produced the omission.  
JOHNSON.

This is hardly right; for how should the Lord know the beggar's name to be *Sly*? STEEVENS.

Perhaps the sentence is left imperfect, because he did not know by what name to call him. BLACKSTONE.

I have no doubt that the blank was intended by the author. It is observable that the metre of the line is perfect, without any supplemental word. In *The Tempest* a similar blank is found, which Shakspeare there also certainly intended:—"I should know that voice; it should be ——; but he is drowned, and these are devils." MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> *This do, and do it kindly,*] *Kindly*, means naturally.  
M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> ———modesty.] By *modesty* is meant *moderation*, without suffering our merriment to break into an excess. JOHNSON.

*LORD.* Bid them come near :—

*Enter Players.*<sup>5</sup>

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 *PLAY.* We thank your honour.

*LORD.* Do you intend to stay with me to-night ?

2 *PLAY.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.<sup>6</sup>

*LORD.* With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,  
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son ;—  
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well :

<sup>5</sup> *Enter Players.*] The old play already quoted reads :

“ *Enter two of the plaiers with packs at their backs, and a boy.*

“ Now, sirs, what store of plaies have you ?

“ *San.* Marry my lord you may have a tragicall,

“ Or a commoditie, or what you will.

“ *The other.* A comedie thou shouldst say, souns thou'lt shame us all.

“ *Lord.* And what's the name of your comedie ?

“ *San.* Marrie my lord, 'tis calde *The Taming of a Shrew* :

“ 'Tis a good lesson for us my L. for us that are married men,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *to accept our duty.*] It was in those times the custom of players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses. JOHNSON.

In the fifth *Earl of Northumberland's Household Book*, (with a copy of which I was honoured by the late duchess,) the following article occurs. The book was begun in the year 1512 :

“ Rewards to Players.

“ Item, to be payd to the said Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy for rewards to players for playes playd in Chrystimmas by stranegers in my house after xxd. every play by estimation somme xxxiijs. iiijd. Which ys appoynted to be paid to the said Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy at the said Christynmas in full contentacion of the said rewardys xxxiijs. iiijd.” STEEVENS.



I have forgot your name ; but, sure, that part  
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *PLAY.* I think, 'twas Soto' that your honour  
means.

*LORD.* 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—  
Well, you are come to me in happy time ;  
The rather for I have some sport in hand,  
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.  
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:

<sup>1</sup> *I think, 'twas Soto*—] I take our author here to be paying a compliment to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman Pleased*, in which comedy there is the character of *Soto*, who is a farmer's son, and a very facetious serving-man. Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope prefix the name of *Sim* to the line here spoken; but the first folio has it *Sincklo*; which, no doubt, was the name of one of the players here introduced, and who had played the part of *Soto* with applause. THEOBALD.

As the old copy prefixes the name of *Sincklo* to this line, why should we displace it? *Sincklo* is a name elsewhere used by Shakspeare. In one of the parts of *King Henry VI.* *Humphrey* and *Sincklo* enter with their bows, as foresters.

With this observation I was favoured by a learned lady, and have replaced the old reading. STEEVENS.

It is true that *Soto*, in the play of *Woman Pleased*, is a farmer's eldest son, but he does not wooe any gentlewoman; so that it may be doubted, whether that be the character alluded to. There can be little doubt that *Sincklo* was the name of one of the players, which has crept in, both here and in *The Third Part of Henry VI.* instead of the name of the person represented.

Again, at the conclusion of *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.*: "Enter *Sincklo* and three or four officers." See the quarto, 1600.

TYRWHITT.

If *Soto* were the character alluded to, the compliment would be to the person who played the part, not to the author.

M. MASON.

*Sincklo* or *Sinkler*, was certainly an actor in the same company with Shakspeare, &c.—He is introduced together with Burbage, Condell, Lowin, &c. in the Induction to Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604, and was also a performer in the entertainment entitled *The Seven Deadlie Sinns*. MALONE.

But I am doubtful of your modesties ;  
 Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,  
 (For yet his honour never heard a play,)  
 You break into some merry passion,  
 And so offend him ; for I tell you, sirs,  
 If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 *PLAY.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,  
 Were he the veriest antick in the world.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *in the world.*] Here follows another insertion made by Mr. Pope from the old play. These words are not in the folio, 1623. I have therefore degraded them, as we have no proof that the first sketch of the piece was written by Shakspeare :

“ *San.* [*to the other.*] Go, get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes, and Ile speak for the properties.\* [*Exit Player.*]

“ My lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a proper-tie, and a little vinegre to make our diuell rore.” †

The *shoulder of mutton* might indeed be necessary afterwards for the dinner of Petruchio, but there is no devil in this piece, or in the original on which Shakspeare formed it ; neither was it yet determined what comedy should be represented.

STEEVENS.

\* *Property*] in the language of a playhouse, is every implemen necessary to the exhibition. JOHNSON.

† — *a little vinegre to make our diuell rore.*] When the acting the mysteries of the Old and New Testament was in vogue, at the representation of the mystery of the Passion, Judas and the Devil made a part. And the Devil, wherever he came, was always to suffer some disgrace, to make the people laugh : as here, the buffoonery was to apply the gall and vinegar to make him roar. And the Passion being that, of all the mysteries, which was most frequently represented, vinegar became at length the standing implement to torment the Devil ; and was used for this purpose even after the mysteries ceased, and the moralities came in vogue ; where the Devil continued to have a considerable part. The mention of it here, was to ridicule so absurd a circumstance in these old farces. WARBURTON.

All that Dr. Warburton has said relative to *Judas* and the *vinegar*, wants confirmation. I have met with no such circumstances in any mysteries, whether in MS. or in print ; and yet both the *Chester* and *Coventry* collections are preserved in the British Museum. See MS. Harl. 2013, and Cotton MS. Vespasian D. viii.

Perhaps, however, some entertainments of a farcical kind might have been introduced between the Acts. Between the divisions of one of the *Chester Mysteries*, I meet with this marginal direction : *Here the Boy and Pig* ; and perhaps the Devil in the intervals of this first comedy of *The Taming of the*

LORD. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ——— *take them to the buttery,*] Mr. Pope had probably these words in his thoughts, when he wrote the following passage of his preface: “—the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage; they were led into the *buttery* by the steward, not placed at the lord’s table, or the lady’s toilette.” But he seems not to have observed, that the players here introduced are *strollers*; and there is no reason to suppose that our author, Heminge, Burbage, Condell, &c. who were licensed by King James, were treated in this manner.

MALONE.

*Shrew*, might be tormented for the entertainment of the audience; or, according to a custom observed in some of our ancient puppet-shews, might beat his wife with a shoulder of mutton. In the Preface to Marlowe’s *Tam-burlaine*, 1590, the Printer says:

“I have (purposelie) omitted and left out some fond and frivolous jestures, digressing (and in my poore opinion) farre unmeete for the matter, which I thought might seeme more tedious unto the wise, than any way els to be regarded, though (happly) they have bene of some vaine conceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what time they were showed upon the stage in their graced deformities: neverthesse now to be mixtured in print with such matter of worth, it would prove a great disgrace,” &c.

The *bladder of vinegar* was, however, used for other purposes. I meet with the following stage direction in the old play of *Cambyzes*, (by T. Preston,) when one of the characters is supposed to die from the wounds he had just received: *Here let a small bladder of vinegar be pricked.* I suppose to counterfeit blood: red-wine vinegar was chiefly used, as appears from the ancient books of cookery.

In the ancient Tragedy, or rather Morality, called *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578, *Sin* says:

“I know I would make him soon change his note,

“I will make him sing the Black Sanctus, I hold him a groat.”

“Here *Satan* shall *cry and roar.*”

Again, a little after:

“Here he *roareth and crieth.*”

Of the kind of wit current through these productions, a better specimen can hardly be found than the following:

“*Satan.* Whatever thou wilt have, I will not thee deny.

“*Sinne.* Then give me a piece of thy tayle to make a flappe for a flie.

“For if I had a piece thereof, I do verely believe

“The humble bees stinging should never me grieve.

“*Satan.* No, my friend, no, my tayle I cannot spare,

“But aske what thou wilt besides, and I will it prepare.

“*Sinne.* Then your nose I would have to stop my tayle behind,

“For I am combed with collike and letting out of winde:

“And if it be too little to make thereof a case,

“Then I would be so bold to borrowe your face.”

Such were the entertainments, of which our maiden Queen sat a spectator in the earlier part of her reign. STEEVENS.

And give them friendly welcome every one :  
 Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt* Servant and Players.

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,  
 [To a Servant.

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :  
 That done, conduct him to the drunkard's cham-  
 ber,

And call him—madam, do him obeisance.  
 Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)  
 He bear himself with honourable action,  
 Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies  
 Unto their lords, by them accomplished:  
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do,  
 With soft low tongue,<sup>1</sup> and lowly courtesy;  
 And say,—What is't your honour will command,  
 Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,  
 May show her duty, and make known her love?  
 And then—with kind embracements, tempting  
 kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom,—  
 Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd  
 To see her noble lord restor'd to health,

At the period when this comedy was written, and for many years after, the profession of a player was scarcely allowed to be reputable. The imagined dignity of those who did not belong to itinerant companies, is, therefore, unworthy consideration. I can as easily believe that the blundering editors of the first folio were suffered to lean their hands on Queen Elizabeth's chair of state, as that they were admitted to the table of the Earl of Leicester, or the toilette of Lady Hunsdon. Like Stephen in *Every Man in his Humour*, the greatest indulgence our histrionic leaders could have expected, would have been "a trencher and a napkin in the *buttery*." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *With soft low tongue,*] So, in *King Lear* :

" ——— Her voice was ever *soft*,

" Gentle and *low* : an excellent thing in woman."

MALONE.

Who, for twice seven years, hath esteemed him  
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:<sup>2</sup>  
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift,  
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,  
 An onion<sup>3</sup> will do well for such a shift;  
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd,  
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

<sup>2</sup> *Who, for twice seven years, &c.]* In former editions:  
*Who for this seven years hath esteemed him*  
*No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.*

I have ventured to alter a word here, against the authority of the printed copies; and hope, I shall be justified in it by two subsequent passages. That the poet designed the tinker's supposed lunacy should be of fourteen years standing at least, is evident upon two parallel passages in the play to that purpose.

THEOBALD.

The remark is just, but perhaps the alteration may be thought unnecessary by those who recollect that our author rarely reckons time with any great correctness. Both Falstaff and Orlando forget the true hour of their appointments. STEEVENS.

In both these passages the term mentioned is *fifteen*, not *fourteen* years. The servants may well be supposed to forget the precise period dictated to them by their master, or, as is the custom of such persons, to aggravate what they have heard. There is, therefore, in my opinion, no need of change.

MALONE.

— *hath esteemed him*—] This is an error of the press:— We should read *himself*, instead of *him*. M. MASON.

*Him* is used instead of *himself*, as *you* is used for *yourselves* in *Macbeth* :

“ Acquaint *you* with the perfect spy o' the time.—”

i. e. acquaint *yourselves*.

Again, in Ovid's *Banquet of Sence*, by Chapman, 1595 :

“ Sweet touch, the engine that love's bow doth bend,  
 “ The sence wherewith he feeles *him* deified.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *An onion* —] It is not unlikely that the *onion* was an expedient used by the actors of interludes. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ The tears live in an *onion* that should water this sorrow.”

STEEVENS.

See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;  
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions.—

[*Exit* Servant.]

I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,  
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman :  
 I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;  
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,  
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.  
 I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence  
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,  
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.*<sup>4</sup>

*SLY is discovered*<sup>5</sup> *in a rich night gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a Servant.*

*SLY.* For God's sake, a pot of small ale.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *A Bedchamber &c.*] From the original stage direction in the first folio it appears that Sly and the other persons mentioned in the Induction, were intended to be exhibited here, and during the representation of the comedy, in a balcony above the stage. The direction here is—*Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, &c.* So afterwards, at the end of this scene—*The Presenters above speak.* See the Account of our old Theatres, Vol. II.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Sly is discovered &c.*] Thus, in the original play :

“ *Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other, with Sly asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the musick plaieng.*

“ *One.* So, sirha, now go call my lord;

“ And tell him all things are ready as he will'd it.



1 *SERV.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *SERV.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *SERV.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

*SLY.* I am Christophero Sly; call not me—honour,

“ *Another.* Set thou some wine upon the boord,  
“ And then Ile go fetch my lord presently. [Exit.

“ *Enter the Lord and his men.*

“ *Lord.* How now, what is all things readie?

“ *One.* Yea, my lord.

“ *Lord.* Then sound the musicke, and Ile wake him strait,

“ And see you doe as earst I gave in charge.

“ My lord, my lord, (he sleeps soundly,) my lord.

“ *Slie.* Tapster, give's a little small ale: heigh ho.

“ *Lord.* Heere's wine, my lord, the purest of the grape.

“ *Slie.* For which lord?

“ *Lord.* For your honor, my lord.

“ *Slie.* Who I, am I a lord?—Iesus, what fine apparell have I got!

“ *Lord.* More richer far your honour hath to weare,

“ And if it please you, I will fetch them straight.

“ *Wil.* And if your honour please to ride abroad,

“ Ile fetch your lustie steedes more swift of pace

“ Then winged Pegasus in all his pride,

“ That ran so swiftlie over Persian plaines.

“ *Tom.* And if your honour please to hunt the decre,

“ Your hounds stands readie cuppled at the doore,

“ Who in running will oretake the row,

“ And make the long-breathde tygre broken-winded.”

STEEVENS.

6 ——— *small ale.*] This beverage is mentioned in the accounts of the Stationers' Company in the year 1558: “ For a stande of *small ale* ;” I suppose it was what we now call *small beer*, no mention of that liquor being made on the same books, though *duble bere*, and *duble duble ale*, are frequently recorded.

STEEVENS.

It appears from *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act IV. sc. ii. that *single beer* and *small beer* were synonymous terms. MALONE.

nor lordship: I never drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

*LORD.* Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

O, that a mighty man, of such descent,  
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,  
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

*SLY.* What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath;<sup>7</sup> by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present pro-

<sup>7</sup> — of Burton-heath;—*Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,*] I suspect we should read—*Barton-heath.* *Barton* and *Woodmancot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Woncot*, are both of them in Gloucestershire, near the residence of Shakspeare's old enemy, Justice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character. STEEVENS.

*Wilnecotte* is a village in Warwickshire, with which Shakspeare was well acquainted, near Stratford. The house kept by our genial hostess, still remains, but is at present a mill. The meanest hovel to which Shakspeare has an allusion, interests curiosity, and acquires an importance: at least, it becomes the object of a poetical antiquarian's inquiries. T. WARTON.

Burton Dorset is a village in Warwickshire. RITSON.

There is likewise a village in Warwickshire called *Burton Hastings*.

Among Sir A. Cockayn's *Poems* (as Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens have observed,) there is an epigram on Sly and his ale, addressed to Mr. Clement Fisher of *Wincot*.

The text is undoubtedly right.

There is a village in Warwickshire called *Barton on the Heath*, where Mr. Dover, the founder of the Cotswold games, lived.

MALONE.



fession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught:<sup>s</sup> Here's——

1 *SERV.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *SERV.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

*LORD.* Hence comes it that your kindred shun  
your house,  
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.  
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;  
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,  
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:  
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,  
Each in his office ready at thy beck.

<sup>s</sup> —— *I am not bestraught:]* I once thought that if our poet did not design to put a corrupted word into the mouth of the Tinker, we ought to read—*distraught*, i. e. *distracted*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ O, if I wake, shall I not be *distraught*,” &c.

For there is no verb extant from which the participle *bestraught* can be formed. In *Albion's England*, however, by Warner, 1602, I meet with the word as spelt by Shakspeare :

“ Now teares had drowned further speech, till she as one  
*bestrought*

“ Did crie,” &c.

Again, in the old song, beginning: “ When griping grief,” &c. No. 53. *Paradyse of dainty Deuises*, edit. 1576:

“ *Be-straighted* heads relyef hath founde.”

Again, in Lord Surrey's translation of the 4th Book of Virgil's *Æneid* :

“ Well near *bestraught*, upstart his heare for dread.”

STEEVENS.

*Bestraught* seems to have been synonymous to *distraught* or *distracted*. See Minshew's *Dict.* 1617: “ *Bestract*, a Lat. *distractus mente*. Vi. *Mad* and *Bedlam*.” MALONE.

Wilt thou have musick? hark! Apollo plays,  
[*Musick.*]

And twenty caged nightingales do sing :  
 Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,  
 Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed  
 On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.  
 Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:  
 Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,  
 Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.  
 Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar  
 Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?  
 Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,  
 And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *SERV.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds  
                   are as swift  
 As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *SERV.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch  
                   thee straight  
 Adonis, painted by a running brook :  
 And Cytherea all in sedges hid ;  
 Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,  
 Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

*LORD.* We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;  
 And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,  
 As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *SERV.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny  
                   wood ;  
 Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds :  
 And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,  
 So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

*LORD.* Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord :  
 Thou hast a lady far more beautiful  
 Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *SERV.* And, till the tears that she hath shed  
   for thee,  
 Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,  
 She was the fairest creature in the world;  
 And yet she is inferior to none.

*SLY.* Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?  
 Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?  
 I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;  
 I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—  
 Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;  
 And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—  
 Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;  
 And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *SERV.* Will't please your mightiness to wash  
   your hands?

[*Servants present an ewer, bason, and napkin.*  
 O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!  
 O, that once more you knew but what you are!  
 These fifteen years you have been in a dream;  
 Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

*SLY.* These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly  
   nap.  
 But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *SERV.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—  
 For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,  
 Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;  
 And rail upon the hostess of the house;  
 And say, you would present her at the leet,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ———leet,] At the *Court-leet*, or courts of the manor.

JOHNSON.

*And say, you would present her at the leet,  
 Because she brought stone jugs, and no seal'd quarts:]* The  
*leet* is the *Court-leet*, or *View of frank pledge*, held anciently  
 once a year, within a particular hundred, manor, or lordship,  
 before the steward of the leet. See Kitchen, *On Courts*, 4th  
 edit. 1663: "The residue of the matters of the charge which

Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:  
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

*SLY.* Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *SERV.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no  
such maid;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—  
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,<sup>1</sup>

ensue," says that writer, on Court Leets, p. 21, "are enquirable and *presentable*, and also punishable in a leet." He then enumerates the various articles, of which the following is the twenty-seventh: "Also if tiplers sell by *cups and dishes, or measures sealed, or not sealed, is inquirable.*" See also, *Characterismi*, or *Lenton's Leasures*, 12mo. 1631: "He [an former] transforms himselfe into several shapes, to avoid suspicion of *inne-holders*, and inwardly joyes at the sight of a blacke pot or *jugge*, knowing that their sale by *scaled quarts*, spoyles his market." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — [John Naps of Greece,] A hart of Greece, was a fat hart. *Graisse*, Fr. So, in the old ballad of *Adam Bell*, &c.

"Eche of them slew a hart of *graece.*"

Again, in Ives's *Select Papers*, at the coronation feast of Elizabeth of York, queen of King Henry VII. among other dishes were "capons of *high Greece.*"

Again, in Arthur Hall's translation of the seventh *Iliad*, 4to. 1581:

"A bull of *grease* of five yeares olde the yoke that never bare."

Perhaps this expression was used to imply that *John Naps* (who might have been a real character,) was a *fat man*: or as Poins calls the associates of Falstaff, *Trojans*, John Naps might be called a *Grecian* for such another reason. STEEVENS.

For *old John Naps* of Greece, read—*old John Naps* o' th' Green. BLACKSTONE.

The addition seems to have been a common one. So, in our author's *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"Who is next?—Peter Bullcalf of the *Green.*"

In *The London Chanticleers*, a comedy, 1659, a ballad, entitled "George o' the *Green*" is mentioned. Again, in our author's *King Henry IV.* P. II: "I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot, against Clement Perkes o' the

And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell ;  
And twenty more such names and men as these,  
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

SLY. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

ALL. Amen.<sup>2</sup>

SLY. I thank thee ; thou shalt not lose by it.

*Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.*<sup>3</sup>

PAGE. How fares my noble lord ?

*hill.*”—The emendation proposed by Sir W. Blackstone was also suggested in Theobald’s edition, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer.

MALONE.

\* In this place, Mr. Pope, and after him other editors, had introduced the three following speeches, from the old play 1607. I have already observed that it is by no means probable, that this former comedy of *The Taming of the Shrew* was written by Shakspeare, and have therefore removed them from the text :

“ *Sly.* By the mass, I think I am a lord indeed :

“ What is thy name ?

“ Man. *Sim*, an it please your honour.

“ *Sly.* *Sim*? that’s as much as to say, *Simeon*, or *Simon*.

“ Put forth thy hand, and fill the pot.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Enter the Page, &c.*] Thus, in the original play :

“ *Enter the Boy in woman’s attire.*

“ *Slie.* *Sim*, is this she ?

“ *Lord.* I, my lord.

“ *Slie.* Masse ’tis a pretty wench ; what’s her name ?

“ *Boy.* Oh that my lovelie lord would once vouchsafe

“ To looke on me, and leave these frantike fits !

“ Or were I now but halfe so eloquent

“ To paint in words what Ile performe in deedes,

“ I know your honour then would pittie me.

“ *Slie.* Harke you, mistresse ; will you eat a peece of bread ?

“ Come, sit downe on my knee : *Sim*, drinke to her, *Sim* ;

“ For she and I will go to bed anon.

“ *Lord.* May it please you, your honour’s plaiers be come

“ To offer your honour a plaie.

“ *Slie.* A plaie, *Sim*, O brave ! be they my plaiers ?

“ *Lord.* I my lord.

*SLY.* Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.  
Where is my wife?

*PAGE.* Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

*SLY.* Are you my wife, and will not call me—  
husband?  
My men should call me—lord; I am your good-  
man.

*PAGE.* My husband and my lord, my lord and  
husband;  
I am your wife in all obedience.

*SLY.* I know it well:—What must I call her?

*LORD.* Madam.

*SLY.* Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

*LORD.* Madam, and nothing else; so lords call  
ladies.

*SLY.* Madam wife,<sup>4</sup> they say that I have dream'd,  
and slept  
Above some fifteen year and more.

“*Slie.* Is there not a foole in the plaie?

“*Lord.* Yes, my lord.

“*Slie.* When will they plaie, *Sim*?

“*Lord.* Even when it please your honour; they be readie.

“*Boy.* My lord, Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

“*Slie.* Doo, but looke that you come againe.

“*Boy.* I warrant you, my lord; I will not leave you thus.

[*Exit Boy.*]

“*Slie.* Come, *Sim*, where be the plaiers? *Sim*, stand by me,

“And we'll flowt the plaiers out of their coates.

“*Lord.* Ile cal them my lord. Ho, where are you there?

“*Sound trumpets.*

“*Enter two young gentlemen, and a man, and a boy.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Madam wife,*] Mr. Pope gives likewise the following prefix  
to this speech from the elder play:

“*Sly.* Come, sit down on my knee. *Sim*, drink to her.”  
Madam, &c. STEEVENS.

*PAGE.* Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me ;  
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

*SLY.* 'Tis much ;——Servants, leave me and her  
alone.——

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.<sup>5</sup>

*PAGE.* Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,  
To pardon me yet for a night or two ;  
Or, if not so, until the sun be set :  
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,  
In peril to incur your former malady,  
That I should yet absent me from your bed :  
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

*SLY.* Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry  
so long. But I would be loath to fall into my  
dreams again ; I will therefore tarry, in despite of  
the flesh and the blood.

*Enter a Servant.*

*SERV.* Your honour's players, hearing your  
amendment,  
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,  
For so your doctors hold it very meet ;  
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your  
blood,  
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,  
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,  
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

*SLY.* Marry, I will ; let them play it : Is not a  
commonty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-  
trick ?<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> —— *come now to bed.*] Here Mr. Pope adds again,—*Sim, drink to her.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling*



*PAGE.* No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

*SLY.* What, houshold stuff?

*PAGE.* It is a kind of history.

*SLY.* Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger. [*They sit down.*]

*trick?]* Thus the old copies; the modern ones read—*It is not a commodity, &c. Commonly* for comedy, &c. STEEVENS.

In the old play the players themselves use the word *commodity* corruptly for a *comedy*. BLACKSTONE.



## ACT I. SCENE I.

Padua. *A public Place.**Enter* LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

LUC. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had  
 To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—  
 I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,<sup>7</sup>  
 The pleasant garden of great Italy;  
 And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd  
 With his good will, and thy good company,  
 Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;  
 Here let us breathe, and happily institute  
 A course of learning, and ingenious<sup>8</sup> studies.  
 Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,  
 Gave me my being, and my father first,  
 A merchant of great traffick through the world,

<sup>7</sup> ——— for *fruitful Lombardy*,] Mr. Theobald reads *from*.  
 The former editions, instead of *from* had *for*. JOHNSON.

Padua is a city of Lombardy, therefore Mr. Theobald's emendation is unnecessary. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *ingenious*—] I rather think it was written—*ingenuous* studies, but of this and a thousand such observations there is little certainty. JOHNSON.

In Cole's *Dictionary*, 1677, it is remarked—" *ingenuous* and *ingenious* are too often confounded."

Thus, in *The Match at Midnight*, by Rowley, 1633:—"Methinks he dwells in my opinion: a right *ingenious* spirit, veil'd merely with the variety of youth, and wildness."

Again, in *The Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

"———deal *ingeniously*, sweet lady."

Again, so late as the time of the *Spectator*, No. 437, 1st edit.  
 "A parent who forces a child of a liberal and *ingenious* spirit," &c.

REED.

Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.<sup>9</sup>  
 Vincentio his son,<sup>1</sup> brought up in Florence,  
 It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,<sup>2</sup>  
 To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :  
 And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,  
 Virtue, and that part of philosophy<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Pisa, renowned for grave citizens, &c.*] This passage, I think, should be read and pointed thus :

*Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,  
 Gave me my being, and my father first,  
 A merchant of great traffick through the world,  
 Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.*

In the next line, which should begin a new sentence, *Vincentio his son*, is the same as *Vincentio's son*, which Mr. Heath not apprehending, has proposed to alter Vincentio into Lucentio. It may be added, that Shakspeare in other places expresses the genitive case in the same improper manner. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. sc. i: "*Mars his idiot.*" And *Twelfth-Night*, Act III. sc. iii: "*The Count his gallies.*" TYRWHITT.

Vincentio, *come of the Bentivolii.*] The old copy reads—*Vincentio's*. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. I am not sure that it is right. Our author might have written :

*Vincentio's son, come of the Bentivolii.*

If that be the true reading, this line should be connected with the following, and a colon placed after *world* in the preceding line ; as is the case in the original copy, which adds some support to the emendation now proposed :

*Vincentio's son, come of the Bentivolii,  
 Vincentio's son brought up in Florence,  
 It shall become, &c.* MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Vincentio his son,*] The old copy reads—*Vincentio's*.

STEEVENS.

*Vincentio's* is here used as a quadrisyllable. Mr. Pope, I suppose, not perceiving this, unnecessarily reads—*Vincentio his son*, which has been too hastily adopted by the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

Could I have read the line, as a verse, without Mr. Pope's emendation, I would not have admitted it. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *to serve all hopes conceiv'd,*] To fulfil the expectations of his friends. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Virtue, and that part of philosophy—*] Sir Thomas Han-

Will I apply, that treats of happiness  
 By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.  
 Tell me thy mind : for I have Pisa left,  
 And am to Padua come ; as he that leaves  
 A shallow plash ; to plunge him in the deep,  
 And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

TRA. *Mi perdonate*,<sup>4</sup> gentle master mine,  
 I am in all affected as yourself ;  
 Glad that you thus continue your resolve,  
 To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.  
 Only, good master, while we do admire  
 This virtue, and this moral discipline,  
 Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray ;  
 Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,<sup>5</sup>

mer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—to virtue ; but formerly *ply* and *apply* were indifferently used, as to *ply* or *apply* his studies. JOHNSON.

The word *ply* is afterwards used in this scene, and in the same manner, by Tranio :

“ For who shall bear your part, &c.

“ Keep house and *ply* his book !” M. MASON.

So, in *The Nice Wanton*, an ancient interlude, 1560 :

“ O ye children, let your time be well spent,

“ *Applye* your learning, and your elders obey.”

Again, in Gascoigne's *Supposes*, 1566 : “ I feare he *applies* his study so, that he will not leave the minute of an houre from his booke.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Mi perdonate*,] Old copy—*Me pardonato*. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *Aristotle's checks*,] Are, I suppose, the harsh rules of Aristotle. STEEVENS.

Such as tend to *check* and restrain the indulgence of the passions. MALONE.

Tranio is here descanting on academical learning, and mentions by name six of the seven liberal sciences. I suspect this to be a mis-print, made by some copyist or compositor, for *ethicks*. The sense confirms it. BLACKSTONE.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Act IV. sc. iv : “ I, in some cases ; but in these they are best, and Aristotle's *ethicks*.”

STEEVENS.

As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd :  
 Talk logick<sup>6</sup> with acquaintance that you have,  
 And practice rhetorick in your common talk :  
 Musick and poesy use, to quicken you ;<sup>7</sup>  
 The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,  
 Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you :  
 No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en ;—  
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

*LUC.* Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.  
 If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,  
 We could at once put us in readiness ;  
 And take a lodging, fit to entertain  
 Such friends, as time in Padua shall beget.  
 But stay awhile : What company is this ?

*TRA.* Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO,  
 and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand  
 aside.*

*BAP.* Gentlemen, impórtune me no further,  
 For how I firmly am resolv'd you know ;  
 That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,  
 Before I have a husband for the elder :  
 If either of you both love Katharina,  
 Because I know you well, and love you well,  
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

*GRE.* To cart her rather : She's too rough for  
 me :—  
 There, there Hortensio, will you any wife ?

<sup>6</sup> Talk *logick* —] Old copy—*Balk*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.  
 MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ———to quicken you ;] i. e. *animate*. So, in *All's well that  
 ends well* :

“ Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary.”

STEEVENS.

*KATH.* I pray you, sir, [*To BAP.*] is it your will  
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

*HOR.* Mates, maid! how mean you that? no  
mates for you,  
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

*KATH.* I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;  
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:  
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be  
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,  
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

*HOR.* From all such devils, good Lord, deliver  
us!

*GRE.* And me too, good Lord!

*TRA.* Hush, master! here is some good pastime  
toward;  
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

*LUC.* But in the other's silence I do see  
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.  
Peace, Tranio.

*TRA.* Well said, master; mum! and gaze your  
fill.

*BAP.* Gentlemen, that I may soon make good  
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:  
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;  
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

*KATH.* A pretty peat!<sup>8</sup> 'tis best  
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

<sup>8</sup> *A pretty peat!*] *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit*, *little*, as if it meant pretty little thing. JOHNSON.

This word is used in the old play of *King Leir*, (not Shakespeare's:)

“*Gon.* I marvel, Ragan, how you can endure

“To see that proud, pert *peat*, our youngest sister,” &c.

BIAN. Sister, content you in my discontent.—  
Sir, to vour pleasure humbly I subscribe :  
My books, and instruments, shall be my company ;  
On them to look, and practise by myself.

LUC. Hark, Tranio ! thou may'st hear Minerva  
speak. [Aside.

HOR. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ?<sup>9</sup>  
Sorry am I, that our good will effects  
Bianca's grief.

GRE. Why, will you mew her up,  
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,  
And make her bear the penance of her tongue ?

BAP. Gentlemen, content ye ; I am resolv'd :—  
Go in, Bianca. [Exit BIANCA.  
And for I know, she taketh most delight  
In musick, instruments, and poetry,  
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,  
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,  
Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,  
Prefer them hither ; for to cunning men<sup>1</sup>  
I will be very kind, and liberal  
To mine own children in good bringing-up ;

Again, in *Coridon's Song*, by Thomas Lodge ; published in  
*England's Helicon*, 1600 :

“ And God send every *pretty peate*,

“ Heigh hoe the *pretty peate*,” &c.

and is, I believe, of Scotch extraction. I find it in one of the  
proverbs of that country, where it signifies *darling* :

“ He has fault of a wife, that marries man's *pet*.” i. e. He is  
in great want of a wife who marries one that is her mother's  
darling. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *so strange?*] That is, so odd, so different from others  
in your conduct. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *cunning men*,] *Cunning* had not yet lost its original  
signification of *knowing*, *learned*, as may be observed in the  
translation of the Bible. JOHNSON.



And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay ;  
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

KATH. Why, and I trust, I may go too ; May I  
not ?

What, shall I be appointed hours ; as though, be-  
like,

I knew not what to take, and what to leave ? Ha !  
[*Exit.*

GRE. You may go to the devil's dam ; your gifts<sup>2</sup>  
are so good, here is none will hold you. Their love  
is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our  
nails together, and fast it fairly out ;<sup>3</sup> our cake's  
dough on both sides. Farewell :—Yet, for the love  
I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light  
on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she delights,  
I will wish him to her father.<sup>4</sup>

HOR. So will I, signior Gremio : But a word, I  
pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never

<sup>2</sup> ——— your gifts —] *Gifts for endowments.* MALONE.

So, before in this comedy :

“ ——— a woman's gift,

“ To rain a shower of commanded tears.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow  
our nails together, and fast it fairly out ;] I cannot conceive  
whose love Gremio can mean by the words *their love*, as they had  
been talking of no love but that which they themselves felt for  
Bianca. We must therefore read, *our love*, instead of *their*.

M. MASON.

Perhaps we should read—*Your love*. In the old manner of  
writing *yr* stood for either *their* or *your*. The editor of the third  
folio and some modern editors, with, I think, less probability,  
read *our*. If *their* love be right, it must mean—the good will of  
Baptista and Bianca towards us. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— I will wish him to her father.] i. e. I will recommend  
him. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing* :

“ To wish him wrestle with affection.” REED.

brook'd parle, know now, upon advice,<sup>5</sup> it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

*GRE.* What's that, I pray?

*HOR.* Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

*GRE.* A husband! a devil.

*HOR.* I say, a husband.

*GRE.* I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

*HOR.* Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

*GRE.* I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

*HOR.* 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole!<sup>6</sup> He that runs fastest, gets the ring.<sup>7</sup> How say you, signior Gremio?

<sup>5</sup> — upon advice,] i. e. on consideration, or reflection. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“How shall I dote on her, with more *advice*,

“That thus, without *advice*, begin to love her!”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Happy man be his dole!*] A proverbial expression. It is used in *Damon and Pithias*, 1571. *Dole* is any thing dealt out or



GRE. I am agreed : and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* GREMIO and HORTENSIO.

TRA. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible  
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

LUC. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,  
I never thought it possible, or likely ;  
But see ! while idly I stood looking on,  
I found the effect of love in idleness :  
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—  
'That art to me as secret, and as dear,  
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—  
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,  
If I achieve not this young modest girl :  
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst ;  
Assist me, 'Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

TRA. Master, it is no time to chide you now ;  
Affection is not rated<sup>8</sup> from the heart :

distributed, though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. STEEVENS.

In *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, we meet with a similar expression, which may serve to explain that before us :  
" Then happy man be his fortune !" i. e. May his fortune be that of a happy man ! MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — He that runs fastest, gets the ring.] An allusion to the sport of running at the ring. DOUCE.

<sup>8</sup> — is not rated —] Is not driven out by chiding.

MALONE.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

" — 'tis to be chid,

" As we rate boys." STEEVENS.

If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,<sup>9</sup>—  
*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*<sup>1</sup>

LUC. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;  
 The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

TRA. Master, you look'd so longly<sup>2</sup> on the maid,  
 Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

LUC. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,  
 Such as the daughter of Agenor<sup>3</sup> had,  
 That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,  
 When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

TRA. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how  
 her sister

<sup>9</sup> *If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,*] The next line from Terence shows that we should read:

*If Love hath toyl'd you,*——  
 i. e. taken you in his toils, his nets. Alluding to the *captus est, habet*, of the same author. WARBURTON.

It is a common expression at this day to say, when a bailiff has arrested a man, that he has *touched* him on the shoulder. Therefore *touch'd* is as good a translation of *captus*, as *toyl'd* would be. Thus, in *As you like it*, Rosalind says to Orlando: "Cupid hath *clapt* him on the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole."

M. MASON.

<sup>1</sup> *Redime* &c.] Our author had this line from *Lilly*, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument for his learning. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer's pamphlet affords an additional proof that this line was taken from *Lilly*, and not from Terence; because it is quoted, as it appears in the *grammarian*, and not as it appears in the *poet*. It is introduced also in Decker's *Bellman's Night-Walk*, &c. It may be added, that *captus est, habet*, is not in the same play which furnished the quotation. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —— *longly* —] i. e. longingly. I have met with no example of this adverb. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —— *daughter of Agenor* —] Europa, for whose sake Jupiter transformed himself into a bull. STEEVENS.

Began to scold ; and raise up such a storm,  
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

*LUC.* Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,  
And with her breath she did perfume the air ;  
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

*TRA.* Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his  
trance.

I pray, awake, sir ; If you love the maid,  
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it  
stands :—

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,  
That, till the father rid his hands of her,  
Master, your love must live a maid at home ;  
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,  
Because she shall not be annoy'd<sup>4</sup> with suitors.

*LUC.* Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he !  
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care  
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her ?

*TRA.* Ay, marry, am I, sir ; and now 'tis plotted.

*LUC.* I have it, Tranio.

*TRA.* Master, for my hand,  
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

*LUC.* Tell me thine first.

*TRA.* You will be schoolmaster,  
And undertake the teaching of the maid :  
That's your device.

*LUC.* It is : May it be done ?

*TRA.* Not possible ; For who shall bear your part,  
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son ?

<sup>4</sup> — *she shall not be annoy'd* —] Old copy—*she will not*.  
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;  
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

*LUC.* Basta;<sup>5</sup> content thee; for I have it full.<sup>6</sup>  
We have not yet been seen in any house;  
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,  
For man, or master: then it follows thus;—  
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,  
Keep house, and port,<sup>7</sup> and servants, as I should:  
I will some other be; some Florentine,  
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.<sup>8</sup>  
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once  
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:  
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;  
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

*TRA.* So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*  
In brief then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,  
And I am tied to be obedient;  
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;  
*Be serviceable to my son*, quoth he,  
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)  
I am content to be Lucentio,  
Because so well I love Lucentio.

<sup>5</sup> *Basta*;] i. e. 'tis enough; Italian and Spanish. This expression occurs in *The Mad Lover*, and *The Little French Lawyer*, of Beaumont and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *I have it full.*] i. e. conceive our stratagem in its full extent, I have already planned the whole of it. So, in *Othello*:

“ I have it, 'tis engender'd—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *port*,] *Port* is figure, show, appearance. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,

“ How much I have disabled mine estate

“ By something showing a more swelling *port*

“ Than my faint means would grant continuance.”

REED.

<sup>8</sup> — *or mean man of Pisa.*] The old copy, regardless of metre, reads—*meaner*. STEEVENS.

*LUC.* Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves :  
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid  
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you  
been?

*BION.* Where have I been? Nay, how now,  
where are you?  
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?  
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

*LUC.* Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,  
And therefore frame your manners to the time.  
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,  
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,  
And I for my escape have put on his;  
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,  
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried :<sup>9</sup>  
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,  
While I make way from hence to save my life :  
You understand me?

*BION.* I, sir? ne'er a whit.

*LUC.* And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth ;  
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

*BION.* The better for him ; 'Would I were so  
too!

*TRA.* So would I,<sup>1</sup> 'faith, boy, to have the next  
wish after,—

<sup>9</sup> ——— and fear I was descried:] i. e. I fear I was observed in  
the act of killing him. The editor of the third folio reads—I  
am descried; which has been adopted by the modern editors.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> So would I,] The old copy has—could. Corrected by Mr.  
Rowe. MALONE.

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—  
I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies :

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio ;  
But in all places else, your master<sup>2</sup> Lucentio.

*LUC.* Tranio, let's go :—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute ;—  
To make one among these wooers : If thou ask me  
why,—

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.<sup>3</sup>  
[*Exeunt.*<sup>4</sup>

1 SERV. *My lord, you nod ; you do not mind the play.*

SLY. *Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely ; Comes there any more of it ?*

PAGE. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

SLY. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady ; 'Would't were done !*

<sup>2</sup> ——— your *master* —] Old copy—*you* master. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *good and weighty.*] The division for the second Act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions. Shakspeare seems to have meant the first Act to conclude here, where the speeches of the Tinker are introduced ; though they have been hitherto thrown to the end of the first Act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Exeunt.*] Here in the old copy we have—" The Presenters above speak." —meaning Sly, &c. who were placed in a balcony raised at the back of the stage. After the words—" Would it were done," the marginal direction is—*They sit and mark.*

MALONE.

## SCENE II.

*The same. Before Hortensio's House.*

*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.*

PET. Verona, for a while I take my leave,  
To see my friends in Padua ; but, of all,  
My best beloved and approved friend,  
Hortensio ; and, I trow, this is his house :—  
Here, sirrah Grumio ; knock, I say.

GRU. Knock, sir ! whom should I knock ? is there any man has rebused your worship ?<sup>5</sup>

PET. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

GRU. Knock you here,<sup>6</sup> sir ? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir ?

PET. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,  
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

GRU. My master is grown quarrelsome : I should  
knock you first,  
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

PET. Will it not be ?  
'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it ;<sup>7</sup>  
I'll try how you can *sol*, *fâ*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*

<sup>5</sup> — has rebused your worship ?] What is the meaning of rebused ? or is it a false print for abused ? TYRWHITT.

<sup>6</sup> Knock you here,] Grumio's pretensions to wit have a strong resemblance to those of Dromio in *The Comedy of Errors* ; and this circumstance makes it the more probable that these two plays were written at no great distance of time from each other.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — wring it ;] Here seems to be a quibble between *ringing* at a door, and *wringing* a man's ears. STEEVENS.



GRU. Help, masters,<sup>8</sup> help! my master is mad.

PET. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

*Enter* HORTENSIO.

HOR. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

PET. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

*Con tutto il core bene trovato*, may I say.

HOR. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,  
Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.*  
Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

GRU. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.<sup>9</sup>—If this be not a lawful cause for me to

<sup>8</sup> *Help, masters,*] The old copy reads—*here*; and in several other places in this play *mistress*, instead of *masters*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In the MSS. of our author's age, *M* was the common abbreviation of *Master* and *Mistress*. Hence the mistake. See *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V. 1600, and 1623:

“What ho, M. [Master] Lorenzo, and M. [Mistress] Lorenzo.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *what he 'leges in Latin.*] i. e. I suppose, what he *alleges* in Latin. Petruchio has been just speaking Italian to Hortensio, which Grumio mistakes for the other language.

STEEVENS.

I cannot help suspecting that we should read—*Nay, 'tis no matter what he leges in Latin, if this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service. Look you, sir.*—That is, 'Tis no matter what is *law*, if this be not a lawful cause,” &c. TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt's amendment and explanation of this passage is evidently right. Mr. Steevens appears to have been a little absent when he wrote his note on it. He forgot that Italian was Grumio's native language, and that therefore he could not possibly mistake it for Latin. M. MASON.

I am grateful to Mr. M. Mason for his hint, which may prove

leave his service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir : Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so ; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two and thirty,—a pip out ?<sup>1</sup> Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

PET. A senseless villain !—Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

GRU. Knock at the gate ?—O heavens ! Spake you not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here, Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly ?*<sup>2</sup> And come you now with—knocking at the gate ?

PET. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

HOR. Petruchio, patience ; I am Grumio's pledge :

beneficial to me on some future occasion, though at the present moment it will not operate so forcibly as to change my opinion. I was well aware that Italian was Grumio's native language, but was not, nor am now, certain of our author's attention to this circumstance, because his Italians necessarily speak English throughout the play, with the exception of a few colloquial sentences. So little regard does our author pay to petty proprieties, that as often as *Signior*, the Italian appellation, does not occur to him, or suit the measure of his verse, he gives us in its room, "*Sir Vincentio*," and "*Sir Lucentio*." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — a pip out ?] The old copy has—*peepe*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — knock me *soundly* ?] Shakspeare seems to design a ridicule on this clipped and ungrammatical phraseology ; which yet he has introduced in *Othello* :

" I pray *talk me* of Cassio."

It occurs again, and more improperly, in heroic translation :

" — upon advantage *spide*,

" Did wound *me* Molphey on the leg," &c.

Arthur Golding's *Ovid*, B. V. p. 66, b.  
STEEVENS.

Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;<sup>3</sup>  
 Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.  
 And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale  
 Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

PET. Such wind as scatters young men through  
   the world,  
 To seek their fortunes further than at home,  
 Where small experience grows. But, in a few,<sup>4</sup>  
 Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—  
 Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;  
 And I have thrust myself into this maze,  
 Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:  
 Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,  
 And so am come abroad to see the world.

HOR. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to  
   thee,  
 And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?  
 Thoud'st thank me but a little for my counsel:  
 And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,  
 And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,  
 And I'll not wish thee to her.

PET. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as  
   we,  
 Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know  
 One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,  
 (As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,<sup>5</sup>)

<sup>3</sup> *Why, this a heavy chance &c.]* I should read:

*Why this so heavy chance &c.* M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> *Where small experience grows. But, in a few,]* *In a few,*  
 means the same as *in short, in few words.* JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV. Part II*:

“In few;—his death, whose spirit lent a fire,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> (*As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,])* The *burthen* of  
 a dance is an expression which I have never heard; the *burthen*  
 of his wooing song had been more proper. JOHNSON.

Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,<sup>6</sup>  
As old as Sybil, and as curst and shrewd

<sup>6</sup> *Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,*] I suppose this alludes to the story of a Florentine, which is met with in the eleventh Book of Thomas Lupton's *Thousand Notable Things*, and perhaps in other Collections:

"39. A *Florentine* young gentleman was so deceived by the lustre and orientness of her jewels, pearls, rings, lawns, scarfes, laces, gold spangles, and other gaudy devices, that he was ravished overnight, and was mad till the marriage was solemnized. But next morning by light viewing her before she was so gorgeously trim'd up, she was such a leane, yellow, riveled, deformed creature, that he never lay with her, nor lived with her afterwards; and would say that he had married himself to a stinking house of office, painted over, and set out with fine garments: and so for grief consumed away in melancholy, and at last poisoned himself. *Gomesius, Lib. 3, de Sal. Gen. cap. 22.*"

FARMER.

The allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first Book *De Confessione Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of a knight who had bound himself to marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended. The following is the description of her:

"*Florent* his wofull heed up lifte,  
" And saw this vecke, where that she sit,  
" Which was the lothest wighte  
" That ever man caste on his eye:  
" Hir nose baas, hir browes hie,  
" Hir eyes small, and depe sette,  
" Hir chekes ben with teres wette,  
" And rivelyn as an empty skyn,  
" Hangyng downe unto the chyn;  
" Hir lippes shronken ben for age,  
" There was no grace in hir visage.  
" Hir front was narowe, hir lockes hore,  
" She loketh foorth as doth a more:  
" Hir necke is shorte, hir sholders courbe,  
" That might a mans luste distourbe:  
" Hir bodie great, and no thyng small,  
" And shortly to describe hir all,  
" She hath no lith without a lacke,  
" But like unto the woll sacke:" &c.—

" Though she be the *foulest* of all," &c.

This story might have been borrowed by Gower from an older

As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,  
 She moves me not, or not removes, at least,  
 Affection's edge in me; were she as rough<sup>7</sup>  
 As are the swelling Adriatick seas:  
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;  
 If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

*GRU.* Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby;<sup>8</sup> or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses:<sup>9</sup> why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

*HOR.* Petruchio, since we have stepp'd thus farin,  
 I will continue that I broach'd in jest.  
 I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife  
 With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;

narrative in the *Gesta Romanorum*. See the Introductory Discourse to *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition, Vol. IV. p. 153. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ———*were she as rough*—] The old copy reads—*were she is as rough*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ———*aglet-baby*;] i. e. a diminutive being, not exceeding in size the tag of a point.

So, in *Jeronimo*, 1605:

“ And all those stars that gaze upon her face,  
 “ Are aglets on her sleeve-pins and her train.”

STEEVENS.

An *aglet-baby* was a small image or head cut on the tag of a point, or lace. That such figures were sometimes appended to them, Dr. Warburton has proved, by a passage in Mezeray, the French historian:—“ *portant meme sur les aiguillettes [points] des petites tetes de mort.*” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ———*as many diseases as two and fifty horses*:] I suspect this passage to be corrupt, though I know not how to rectify it.—*The fifty diseases of a horse* seem to have been proverbial. So, in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608: “ O stumbling jade! the spavin o’ertake thee! the *fifty diseases* stop thee!” MALONE.

Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman :  
 Her only fault (and that is faults enough,)<sup>1</sup>  
 Is,—that she is intolerably curst,  
 And shrewd,<sup>2</sup> and froward; so beyond all measure,  
 That, were my state far worser than it is,  
 I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

PET. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's  
 effect :—

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;  
 For I will board her, though she chide as loud  
 As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

HOR. Her father is Baptista Minola,  
 An affable and courteous gentleman :  
 Her name is Katharina Minola,  
 Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PET. I know her father, though I know not her ;  
 And he knew my deceased father well :—  
 I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her ;  
 And therefore let me be thus bold with you,  
 To give you over at this first encounter,  
 Unless you will accompany me thither.

GRU. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour  
 lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I  
 do, she would think scolding would do little good  
 upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score

<sup>1</sup> ——— (and that is faults enough,)] And that one is itself a host of faults. The editor of the second folio, who has been copied by all the subsequent editors, unnecessarily reads—and that is fault enough. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *shrewd*,] Here means, having the qualities of a *shrew*. The adjective is now used only in the sense of *acute*, *intelligent*. MALONE.

I believe *shrewd* only signifies *bitter*, *severe*. So, in *As you like it*, sc. ult:

“ That have endur'd *shrewd* days and nights with us.”

STEEVENS.



knaves, or so : why, that's nothing ; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.<sup>3</sup> I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him<sup>4</sup> but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat : <sup>5</sup> You know him not, sir.

<sup>3</sup> — *an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.*] This is obscure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*he'll rail in his rhetoric* ; *I'll tell you*, &c. Rhetorick agrees very well with *figure* in the succeeding part of the speech, yet I am inclined to believe that *rope-tricks* is the true word. JOHNSON.

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspeare uses *ropery* for *roguery*, and therefore certainly wrote *rope-tricks*.

*Rope-tricks* we may suppose to mean tricks of which the contriver would deserve the *rope*. STEEVENS.

*Rope-tricks* is certainly right.—*Ropery* or *rope-tricks* originally signified abusive language, without any determinate idea ; such language as parrots are taught to speak. So, in *Hudibras* :

“ Could tell what subt'lest parrots mean,  
 “ That speak, and think contrary clean ;  
 “ What member 'tis of whom they talk,  
 “ When they cry *rope*, and walk, knave walk.”

The following passage in Wilson's *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553, shews that this was the meaning of the term : “ Another good fellow in the countrey, being an officer and maiour of a toun, and desirous to speak like a fine learned man, having just occasion to rebuke a runnegate fellow, said after this wise in great heate: Thou yngram and vacation knave, if I take thee any more within the circumcision of my damnacion, I will so corrupte thee that all vacation knaves shall take ill sample by thee.” So, in *May-day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1611 : “ Lord ! how you roll in your *rope-ripe* terms.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — stand him—] i. e. withstand, resist him. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat :*] The humour of this passage I do not understand. This animal is remarkable for the keenness of its sight. In *The Castell of Laboure*, however, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1506, is the following line : “ That was as *blereyed* as a cat.”

There are two proverbs which any reader who can may apply to this allusion of Grumio :



HOR. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee ;  
 For in Baptista's keep<sup>6</sup> my treasure is :  
 He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca ;  
 And her withholds from me, and other more  
 Suitors to her, and rivals in my love :<sup>7</sup>  
 Supposing it a thing impossible,  
 (For those defects I have before rehears'd,)  
 That ever Katharina will be woo'd,  
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en ;<sup>8</sup>—  
 That none shall have access unto Bianca,  
 Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

GRU. Katharine the curst !  
 A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

HOR. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace ;  
 And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,  
 To old Baptista as a schoolmaster  
 Well seen in musick,<sup>9</sup> to instruct Bianca :

“ Well might the *cat* wink when both her eyes were out.”

“ A *muffled* cat was never a good hunter.”

The first is in Ray's *Collection*, the second in Kelly's.

STEEVENS.

It may mean, that he shall swell up her eyes with blows, till she shall seem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the light. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —in *Baptista's keep* —] *Keep* is custody. The strongest part of an ancient castle was called the *keep*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And her withholds &c.*] It stood thus:

*And her withholds from me,*

*Other more suitors to her, and rivals in my love, &c.*

The regulation which I have given to the text, was dictated to me by the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> *Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en ;*] To take order is to take measures. So, in *Othello*:

“ Honest Iago hath *ta'en order* for it.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Well seen in musick,*] *Seen* is versed, practised. So, in a

That so I may by this device, at least,  
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,  
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter GREMIO ; with him LUCENTIO disguised, with  
books under his arm.*

GRU. Here's no knavery ! See ; to beguile the  
old folks, how the young folks lay their heads to-  
gether ! Master, master, look about you : Who goes  
there ? ha !

HOR. Peace, Grumio ; 'tis the rival of my love :—  
Petruchio, stand by a while.

GRU. A proper stripling, and an amorous !  
[*They retire.*]

GRE. O, very well ; I have perus'd the note.  
Hark you, sir ; I'll have them very fairly bound :  
All books of love, see that at any hand ;<sup>1</sup>  
And see you read no other lectures to her :  
You understand me :—Over and beside  
Signior Baptista's liberality,

very ancient comedy called *The longer thou livest the more Fool  
thou art* :

“ Sum would have you *seen* in stories,

“ Sum to feates of arms will you allure, &c.

“ Sum will move you to reade Scripture.

“ Marry, I would have you *seene* in cardes and dise.”

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV. c. ii :

“ Well *seene* in every science that mote bee.”

Again, in Chapman's version of the 19th *Iliad* :

“ Seven ladies *excellently seen* in all Minerva's skill.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— at any hand ;] i. e. at all events. So, in *All's well that  
ends well* :

“ ——— let him fetch off his drum, in any hand.”

STEEVENS.

I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,  
And let me have them very well perfum'd;  
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,  
To whom they go.<sup>2</sup> What will you read to her?

*LUC.* Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,  
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)  
As firmly as yourself were still in place:  
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words  
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

*GRE.* O this learning! what a thing it is!

*GRU.* O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

*PET.* Peace, sirrah.

*HOR.* Grunio, mum!—God save you, signior  
Gremio!

*GRE.* And you're well met, signior Hortensio.  
Trow you,  
Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.  
I promis'd to enquire carefully  
About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca:<sup>3</sup>  
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well  
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,  
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,  
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

*HOR.* 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,  
Hath promis'd me to help me<sup>4</sup> to another,  
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;

<sup>2</sup> *To whom they go.*] The old copy reads—*To whom they go to.*  
STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *for fair Bianca:*] The old copy redundantly reads—  
“for the fair Bianca.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *help me —*] The old copy reads—*help one.*  
STEEVENS.

So shall I no whit be behind in duty  
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

*GRE.* Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall  
prove.

*GRU.* And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*

*HOR.* Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:  
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,  
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.  
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,  
Upon agreement from us to his liking,  
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;  
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

*GRE.* So said, so done, is well:—  
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

*PET.* I know, she is an irksome brawling scold;  
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

*GRE.* No, say'st me so, friend? What country-  
man?

*PET.* Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:<sup>s</sup>  
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;  
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

*GRE.* O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were  
strange:  
But, if you have a stomach, to't o'God's name;  
You shall have me assisting you in all.  
But will you woo this wild cat?

*PET.* Will I live?

*GRU.* Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.  
[*Aside.*

*PET.* Why came I hither, but to that intent?

<sup>s</sup> ——— *old Antonio's son:*] The old copy reads—*Butonio's son.*  
STEEVENS.

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?  
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?  
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,  
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?  
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,  
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?  
Have I not in a pitched battle heard  
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets'  
                clang?<sup>6</sup>

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;  
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ——— and trumpets' clang?] Probably the word *clang* is here used adjectively, as in the *Paradise Lost*, B. XI. v. 834, and not as a verb:

“——an island salt and bare,

“The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews *clang*.”

T. WARTON.

I believe Mr. Warton is mistaken. *Clang*, as a substantive, is used in *The Noble Gentleman* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I hear the *clang* of trumpets in this house."

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590:

"——hear you the *clang*

“Of Scythian trumpets?”—

Again, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

“The trumpets *clang*, and roaring noise of drums.”

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"Hath not the *clang* of harsh Armenian troops," &c.

Again, in Drant's translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 1567:

“ Fit for a chorus, and as yet the boystus sounde and  
shryll

“Of trumpetes *clang* the stalles was not accustomed to fill.”

Lastly, in Turberville's translation of Ovid's epistle from *Medea to Jason*:

“Doleful to me than is the trumpet’s *clang*.”

*The Trumpet's clang* is certainly the *clang of trumpets*, and not an epithet bestowed on those instruments. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— so great a blow to the ear,] The old copy reads—to hear. STEEVENS.

As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?  
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.<sup>8</sup>

GRU. For he fears none.  
[*Aside.*

GRE. Hortensio, hark!  
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,  
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

HOR. I promis'd; we would be contributors,  
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

GRE. And so we will; provided, that he win her.

GRU. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.  
[*Aside.*

*Enter* TRANIO, *bravely apparell'd*; and BIONDELLO.

TRA. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be  
bold,  
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way  
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

GRE. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't  
[*Aside to* TRANIO.] he you mean?<sup>9</sup>

This aukward phrase could never come from Shakspeare. He wrote, without question:

— *so great a blow to th' ear.* WARBURTON.

The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

So, in *King John*:

“Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his

“But buffets better than a fist of France.” STEEVENS.

\* — *with bugs.*] i. e. with bug-bears.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

“—are become

“The mortal bugs o' the field.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *He that has the two fair daughters: &c.*] In the old copy, this speech is given to *Biondello*. STEEVENS.

*TRA.* Even he. Biondello!

*GRE.* Hark you, sir; You mean not her to——

*TRA.* Perhaps, him and her, sir; What have you to do?

*PET.* Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

*TRA.* I love no chiders, sir :—Biondello, let's away.

*LUC.* Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*

*HOR.* Sir, a word ere you go ;—  
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

*TRA.* An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

*GRE.* No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.

*TRA.* Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free  
For me, as for you?

*GRE.* But so is not she.

*TRA.* For what reason, I beseech you?

It should rather be given to Gremio; to whom, with the others, Tranio has addressed himself. The following passages might be written thus:

*Tra.* *Even he. Biondello!*

*Gre.* *Hark you, sir; you mean not her too.*

TYRWHITT.

I think the old copy, both here and in the preceding speech, is right. Biondello adds to what his master had said, the words—“He that has the two fair daughters,” to ascertain more precisely the person for whom he had enquired; and then addresses Tranio: “is't he you mean?”

— *You mean not her to* —] I believe, an abrupt sentence was intended; or perhaps Shakspeare might have written—*her to woo*. Tranio in his answer might mean, that he would *woo* the father, to obtain his consent, and the daughter for herself. This, however, will not complete the metre. I incline, therefore, to my first supposition. MALONE.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation. STEEVENS.



*GRE.* For this reason, if you'll know,—  
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

*HOR.* That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

*TRA.* Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,  
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.  
Baptista is a noble gentleman,  
To whom my father is not all unknown;  
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,  
She may more suitors have, and me for one.  
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;  
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:  
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,  
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

*GRE.* What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

*LUC.* Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

*PET.* Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

*HOR.* Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,  
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

*TRA.* No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;  
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,  
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

*PET.* Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

*GRE.* Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;  
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

*PET.* Sir, understand you this of me, insooth;—  
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,  
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;  
And will not promise her to any man,  
Until the elder sister first be wed:  
The younger then is free, and not before.

*TRA.* If it be so, sir, that you are the man

Must stead us all, and me among the rest ;  
 An if you break the ice, and do this feat,<sup>1</sup>—  
 Achieve the elder, set the younger free  
 For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,  
 Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

*HOR.* Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive ;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,  
 You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,  
 To whom we all rest generally beholden.

*TRA.* Sir, I shall not be slack : in sign whereof,  
 Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,<sup>2</sup>  
 And quaff carouses to our mistress' health ;  
 And do as adversaries do in law,<sup>3</sup>—  
 Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *this feat,*] The old copy reads—*this seek*. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,*] Mr. Theobald asks *what they were to contrive?* and then says, *a foolish corruption possesses the place,* and so alters it to *convive*; in which he is followed, as he pretty constantly is, when wrong, by the Oxford editor. But the common reading is right, and the critic was only ignorant of the meaning of it. *Contrive* does not signify here to *project* but to *spend*, and *wear out*. As in this passage of Spenser :

“ Three ages such as mortal men *contrive*.”

*Fairy Queen*, B. XI. ch. ix. WARBURTON.

The word is used in the same sense of *spending* or *wearing out*, in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Damon and Pithias*, 1571 :

“ In travelling countries, we three have *contrived*

“ Full many a year,” &c.

*Contrive*, I suppose, is from *contero*. So, in the *Hecyra* of Terence : “ Totum hunc *contrivi* diem.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *as adversaries do in law,*] By *adversaries in law*, I believe, our author means not suitors, but *barristers*, who, how-

GRU. BION. O excellent motion ! Fellows, let's begone.<sup>4</sup>

HOR. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—  
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.

[*Exeunt.*

ever warm in their opposition to each other in the courts of law, live in greater harmony and friendship in private, than perhaps those of any other of the liberal professions. Their *clients* seldom “eat and drink with their adversaries as friends.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— Fellows, *let's begone.*] *Fellows* means *fellow-servants*. Grumio and Biondello address each other, and also the disguised Lucentio. MALONE.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The same. A Room in Baptista's House.*

*Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.*

BIAN. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong  
yourself,<sup>5</sup>  
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;  
That I disdain : but for these other gawds,<sup>6</sup>  
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,  
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;  
Or, what you will command me, will I do,  
So well I know my duty to my elders.

KATH. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee,<sup>7</sup>  
tell  
Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

BIAN. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,  
I never yet beheld that special face  
Which I could fancy more than any other.

KATH. Minion, thou liest ; Is't not Hortensio ?

BIAN. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,  
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

<sup>5</sup> — *nor wrong yourself,*] Do not act in a manner unbecoming a woman and a sister. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* : " Master Ford, this *wrongs* you." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *but for these other gawds,*] The old copy reads—*these other goods.* STEEVENS.

This is so trifling and unexpressive a word, that I am satisfied our author wrote *gawds*, (i. e. toys, trifling ornaments ; ) a term that he frequently uses and seems fond of. THEOBALD.

<sup>7</sup> — *I charge thee,*] *Thee*, which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

*KATH.* O then, belike, you fancy riches more ;  
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.<sup>6</sup>

*BIAN.* Is it for him you do envy me so ?  
Nay, then you jest ; and now I well perceive,  
You have but jested with me all this while :  
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

*KATH.* If that be jest, then all the rest was so.  
[*Strikes her.*]

*Enter BAPTISTA.*

*BAP.* Why, how now, dame ! whence grows this  
insolence ?——

Bianca, stand aside ;—poor girl ! she weeps :—  
Go ply thy needle ; meddle not with her.—  
For shame, thou hilding<sup>9</sup> of a devilish spirit,  
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong  
thee ?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word ?

*KATH.* Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.  
[*Flies after BIANCA.*]

*BAP.* What, in my sight ?—Bianca, get thee in.  
[*Exit BIANCA.*]

*KATH.* Will you not suffer me ?<sup>1</sup> Nay, now I see,  
She is your treasure, she must have a husband ;  
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,

<sup>6</sup> —— *to keep you fair.*] I wish to read—*to keep you fine.* But either word may serve. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> —— *hilding*—] The word *hilding* or *hinderling*, is a *low wretch* ; it is applied to Katharine for the coarseness of her behaviour. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Will you not suffer me ?*] The old copy reads—*What, will, &c.* The compositor probably caught the former word from the preceding line. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.<sup>2</sup>  
 Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,  
 Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[*Exit KATHARINA.*

BAP. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?  
 But who comes here?

*Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a Musician; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.*

GRE. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

BAP. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen!

PET. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter  
 Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

BAP. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

GRE. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

PET. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,

\* *And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.*] “To lead apes” was in our author’s time, as at present, one of the employments of a bear-herd, who often carries about one of those animals along with his bear: but I know not how this phrase came to be applied to old maids. We meet with it again in *Much Ado about Nothing*: “Therefore (says Beatrice,) I will even take six-pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes to hell.” MALONE.

That women who refused to bear children, should, after death, be condemned to the care of apes in leading-strings, might have been considered as an act of posthumous retribution.

That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,  
 Her affability, and bashful modesty,  
 Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—  
 Am bold to show myself a forward guest  
 Within your house, to make mine eye the witness  
 Of that report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,  
 I do present you with a man of mine,  
[Presenting HORTENSIO.]

Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,  
 To instruct her fully in those sciences,  
 Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant :  
 Accept of him, or else you do me wrong ;  
 His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

BAP. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good  
 sake :

But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,  
 She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

PET. I see, you do not mean to part with her ;  
 Or else you like not of my company.

BAP. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.  
 Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

PET. Petruchio is my name ; Antonio's son,  
 A man well known throughout all Italy.

BAP. I know him well: you are welcome for  
 his sake.

GRE. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,  
 Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too :  
 Baccare! you are marvellous forward.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Baccare! *you are marvellous forward.*] We must read—*Baccalare*; by which the Italians mean, thou arrogant, presumptuous man! the word is used scornfully upon any one that would assume a port of grandeur. WARBURTON.

The word is neither wrong nor Italian: it was an old prover-



PET. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

GRE. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.—

Neighbour,<sup>4</sup> this is a gift<sup>5</sup> very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar,<sup>6</sup> [*Present-*

bial one, used by John Heywood; who hath made, what he pleases to call, *Epigrams* upon it. Take two of them, such as they are:

“*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow,

“Went that sow *backe* at that bidding, trow you?”

“*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow: se,

“Mortimer’s sow speaketh as good Latin as he.”

Howel takes this from Heywood, in his *Old Sawes and Adages*: and Philpot introduces it into the proverbs collected by Camden.

FARMER.

Again, in the ancient Enterlude of *The Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1567:

“Nay, hoa there, *Backare*, you must stand apart:

“You love me best, I trow, mistresse Mary.”

Again, in John Lyly’s *Midas*, 1592: “The masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine, and therefore, Licio, *Backare*.”

Again, in John Grange’s *Golden Aphroditis*, 1577: “—yet wrested he so his effeminate bande to the siege of *backward* affection, that both trumpe and drumme sounded nothing for their larum, but *Baccare*, *Baccare*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Neighbour*,] The old copy has—*neighbours*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing*.—

*Neighbour, this is a gift*—] The old copy gives the passage as follows:

*I doubt it not, sir. But you will curse*

*Your wooing neighbors: this is a gift*—. STEEVENS.

This nonsense may be rectified by only pointing it thus: *I doubt it not, sir, but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift*, &c. addressing himself to Baptista. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *I freely give unto you this young scholar*,] Our modern edi-

*ing* LUCENTIO.] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in musick and mathematicks: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

BAP. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*To* TRANIO.] methinks, you walk like a stranger; May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

TRA. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own; That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous. Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister: This liberty is all that I request,— That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo, And free access and favour as the rest. And, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument,

tors had been long content with the following sophisticated reading:—*free leave give to this young scholar*—. STEEVENS.

This is an injudicious correction of the first folio, which reads —*freely give unto this young scholar*. We should read, I believe:

*I freely give unto you this young scholar,  
That hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning  
In Greek, &c.* TYRWHITT.

If this emendation wanted any support, it might be had in the preceding part of this scene, where Petruchio, presenting Hortensio to Baptista, uses almost the same form of words:

“And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

“*I do present you with a man of mine,*

“*Cunning in musick,*” &c.

*Free leave give*, &c. was the absurd correction of the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:<sup>7</sup>  
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

BAP. Lucentio is your name?<sup>8</sup> of whence, I  
pray?

TRA. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

BAP. A mighty man of Pisa; by report  
I know him well:<sup>9</sup> you are very welcome, sir.—

<sup>7</sup> ——— *this small packet of Greek and Latin books:*] In Queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the learned languages, if any pains were bestowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Grey and her sisters, Queen Elizabeth, &c. are trite instances. PERCY.

\* Lucentio *is your name?*] How should Baptista know this? Perhaps a line is lost, or perhaps our author was negligent. Mr. Theobald supposes they converse privately, and that thus the name is learned; but then the action must stand still; for there is no speech interposed between that of Tranio and this of Baptista. Another editor imagines that Lucentio's name was written on the packet of books. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *I know him well:*] It appears in a subsequent part of this play, that Baptista was not *personally* acquainted with Vincentio. The pedant indeed talks of Vincentio and Baptista having lodged together twenty years before at an inn in Genoa; but this appears to have been a fiction for the *nonce*; for when the pretended Vincentio is introduced, Baptista expresses no surprise at his not being the same man with whom he had formerly been acquainted; and, when the real Vincentio appears, he supposes him an impostor. The words therefore, *I know him well*, must mean, "I know well who he is." Baptista uses the same words before, speaking of Petruchio's father: "I know him well; you are welcome for his sake"—where they must have the same meaning; viz. *I know who he was*; for Petruchio's father is supposed to have died before the commencement of this play.

Some of the modern editors point the passage before us thus:

*A mighty man of Pisa; by report*

*I know him well.—*

but it is not so pointed in the old copy, and the regulation seems unnecessary, the very same words having been before used with equal licence concerning the father of Petruchio.

Again, in *Timon of Athens*: "We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him." MALONE.

Take you [*To Hor.*] the lute, and you [*To Luc.*]  
   the set of books,  
 You shall go see your pupils presently.  
 Holla, within!

*Enter a Servant.*

Sirrah, lead  
 These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them  
   both,  
 These are their tutors; bid them use them well.  
                           [*Exit Servant, with HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO,*  
   *and BIONDELLO.*

We will go walk a little in the orchard,  
 And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,  
 And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

*PET.* Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,  
 And every day I cannot come to woo.<sup>1</sup>  
 You knew my father well; and in him, me,  
 Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,  
 Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:  
 Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,  
 What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

*BAP.* After my death, the one half of my lands:  
 And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

*PET.* And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of  
 Her widowhood,<sup>2</sup>—be it that she survive me,—

<sup>1</sup> *And every day I cannot come to woo,*] This is the burthen of part of an old ballad entitled *The Ingenious Braggadocio*:

“And I cannot come every day to wooe.”

It appears also from a quotation in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, that it was a line in his Interlude, entitled *The Woer*:

“Iche praye you good mother tell our young dame

“Whence I am come, and what is my name;

“*I cannot come a woing every day.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ————— *I'll assure her of*  
*Her widowhood,*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*for her widowhood.*

In all my lands and leases whatsoever :  
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,  
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

*BAP.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,  
This is,—her love ; for that is all in all.

*PET.* Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, fa-  
ther,  
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;  
And where two raging fires meet together,  
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :  
Though little fire grows great with little wind,  
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :  
So I to her, and so she yields to me ;  
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

*BAP.* Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy  
speed !  
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

*PET.* Ay, to the proof ; as mountains are for  
winds,  
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.*

*BAP.* How now, my friend ? why dost thou look  
so pale ?

*HOR.* For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

*BAP.* What, will my daughter prove a good  
musician ?

The reading of the old copy is harsh to our ears, but it might have been the phraseology of the time. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—*on* her widowhood. In the old copies *on* and *of* are not unfrequently confounded, through the printers' inattention. STEEVENS.

*HOR.* I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier ;  
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

*BAP.* Why, then thou canst not break her to the  
lute ?

*HOR.* Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to  
me.

I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,<sup>3</sup>  
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering ;  
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,  
*Frets, call you these?* quoth she : *I'll fume with*  
*them :*

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,  
And through the instrument my pate made way ;  
And there I stood amazed for a while,  
As on a pillory, looking through the lute :  
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,  
And—twangling Jack ;<sup>4</sup> with twenty such vile terms,  
As she had<sup>5</sup> studied to misuse me so.

*PET.* Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench ;

<sup>3</sup> — her frets,] A fret is that stop of a musical instrument which causes or regulates the vibration of the string. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> And—twangling Jack ;] Of this contemptuous appellation I know not the precise meaning. Something like it, however, occurs in *Magnificence*, an ancient folio interlude by Skelton, printed by Rastell :

“ — ye wene I were some hafter,

“ Or allys some *jangelynge jacke* of the vale.”

STEEVENS.

To *twangle* is a provincial expression, and signifies to flourish capriciously on an instrument, as performers often do after having tuned it, previous to their beginning a regular composition.

HENLEY.

*Twangling Jack* is, mean, *paltry lutanist*. MALONE.

I do not see with Mr. Malone, that *twangling Jack* means “ *paltry lutanist*,” though it may “ *paltry musician*.” DOUCE.

<sup>5</sup> — she had —] In the old copy these words are accidentally transposed. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.



I love her ten times more than e'er I did :  
O, how I long to have some chat with her !

BAP. Well, go with me, and be not so discom-  
fited :

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter ;  
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—  
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us ;  
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

PET. I pray you do ; I will attend her here,—  
[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO,  
and HORTENSIO.

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.  
Say, that she rail ; Why, then I'll tell her plain,  
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :  
Say, that she frown ; I'll say, she looks as clear  
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew :<sup>6</sup>  
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;  
Then I'll commend her volubility,  
And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence :  
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
As though she bid me stay by her a week ;  
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married :—  
But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

*Enter* KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate ;<sup>7</sup> for that's your name, I hear.

<sup>6</sup> *As morning roses newly wash'd with dew :*] Milton has honoured this image by adopting it in his *Allegro* :

“ And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Good-morrow, Kate ; &c.*] Thus, in the original play :

“ *Feran*. Twenty good-morrows to my lovely *Kate*.

“ *Kate*. You jeast I am sure ; is she yours already ?

“ *Feran*. I tel thee *Kate*, I know thou lov'st me well.



*KATH.* Well have you heard, but something hard  
of hearing ;<sup>8</sup>  
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

“ *Kate.* The divel you do ; who told you so ?

“ *Feran.* My mind, sweet *Kate*, doth say I am the man,

“ Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate*.

“ *Kate.* Was ever seene so grosse an asse as this ?

“ *Feran.* I, to stand so long and never get a kisse.

“ *Kate.* Hands off, I say, and get you from this place ;

“ Or I will set my ten commandements in your face.

“ *Feran.* I prithy do, *Kate* ; they say thou art a shrew,

“ And I like thee better, for I would have thee so.

“ *Kate.* Let go my hand, for feare it reach your eare.

“ *Feran.* No, *Kate*, this hand is mine, and I thy love.

“ *Kate.* Yfaith, sir, no ; the woodcoke wants his taile.

“ *Feran.* But yet his bil will serve, if the other faile.

“ *Alfon.* How now, *Ferando*? what [says] my daughter?

“ *Feran.* Shee’s willing, sir, and loves me as her life.

“ *Kate.* ’Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

“ *Alfon.* Come hither, *Kate*, and let me give thy hand,

“ To him that I have chosen for thy love ;

“ And thou to-morrow shalt be wed to him.

“ *Kate.* Why, father, what do you mean to do with me,

“ To give me thus unto this brainsicke man,

“ That in his mood cares not to murder me ?

[*She turnes aside and speaks.*

“ But yet I will consent and marry him,

“ (For I methinkes have liv’d too long a maide,) )

“ And match him too, or else his manhood’s good.

“ *Alfon.* Give me thy hand : *Ferando* loves thee well,

“ And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state.

“ Here *Ferando*, take her for thy wife,

“ And Sunday next shall be our wedding-day.

“ *Feran.* Why so, did I not tel thee I should be the man ?

“ Father, I leave my lovely *Kate* with you.

“ Provide yourselves against our marriage day,

“ For I must hie me to my country-house

“ In haste, to see provision may be made

“ To entertaine my *Kate* when she doth come,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing ;*] A poor quibble was here intended. It appears from many old English books that *heard* was pronounced in our author’s time, as if it were written *hard*. MALONE.

PET. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain  
 Kate,  
 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;  
 But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,  
 Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,  
 For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,  
 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—  
 Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,  
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,  
 (Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)  
 Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

KATH. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd  
 you hither,  
 Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,  
 You were a moveable.

PET. Why, what's a moveable?

KATH. A joint-stool.<sup>9</sup>

PET. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

KATH. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PET. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATH. No such jade, sir,<sup>1</sup> as you, if me you  
 mean.

<sup>9</sup> *A joint-stool.*] This is a proverbial expression:

“Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd stool.”

See Ray's *Collection*. It is likewise repeated as a proverb in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, by Lyly, 1594, and by the Fool in *King Lear*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *No such jade, sir,*] The latter word, which is not in the old copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—no such *jack*. However, there is authority for *jade* in a male sense. So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, *Piston* says of *Basilisco*, “He just like a *knight*! He'll just like a *jade*.” FARMER.

So, before, p. 68: “I know *he'll* prove a *jade*.” MALONE.

PET. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee :  
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

KATH. Too light for such a swain as you to  
catch ;  
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PET. Should be? should buz.

KATH. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

PET. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard  
take thee?

KATH. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.<sup>2</sup>

PET. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are  
too angry.

KATH. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PET. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

KATH. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PET. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear  
his sting?

In his tail.

KATH. In his tongue.

PET. Whose tongue?

KATH. Yours, if you talk of tails;<sup>3</sup> and so fare-  
well.

<sup>2</sup> *Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.*] Perhaps we may read better—

*Ay, for a turtle, and he takes a buzzard.*

That is, he may take me for a *turtle*, and he shall find me a *hawk*. JOHNSON.

This kind of expression likewise seems to have been proverbial. So, in *The Three Lords of London*, 1590:

“—hast no more skill,

“Than take a *faulcon* for a *buzzard*?” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Yours, if you talk of tails;*] The old copy reads—*tales*, and it may perhaps be right.—“Yours, if your talk be no better than an *idle tale*.” Our author is very fond of using words of

PET. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay,  
come again,  
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

KATH. That I'll try.  
[Striking him.]

PET. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

KATH. So may you lose your arms:  
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;  
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

PET. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

KATH. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

PET. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

KATH. No cock of mine, you crow too like a  
craven.<sup>4</sup>

PET. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not  
look so sour.

KATH. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

PET. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look  
not sour.

KATH. There is, there is.

PET. Then show it me.

similar sounds in different senses.—I have, however, followed the emendation made by Mr. Pope, which all the modern editors have adopted. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— a craven.] A *craven* is a degenerate, dispirited cock. So, in *Rhodon and Iris*, 1631:

“That he will pull the *craven* from his nest.”

STEEVENS.

*Craven* was a term also applied to those who in appeals of battle became recreant, and by pronouncing this word, called for quarter from their opponents; the consequence of which was, that they for ever after were deemed infamous.

See note on 'Tis *Pity she's a Whore*. Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. VIII, p. 10, edit. 1780. REED.

*KATH.* Had I a glass, I would.

*PET.* What, you mean my face?

*KATH.* Well aim'd of such a young one.

*PET.* Now, by Saint George, I am too young  
for you.

*KATH.* Yet you are wither'd.

*PET.* 'Tis with cares.

*KATH.* I care not.

*PET.* Nay, hear you, Kate : in sooth, you 'scape  
not so.

*KATH.* I chafe you, if I tarry ; let me go.

*PET.* No, not a whit ; I find you passing gentle.  
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,  
And now I find report a very liar ;  
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous ;  
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers :  
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,  
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will ;  
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;  
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,  
With gentle conference, soft and affable.  
Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp ?  
O slanderous world ! Kate, like the hazle-twig,  
Is straight, and slender ; and as brown in hue  
As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.  
O, let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

*KATH.* Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st com-  
mand.<sup>5</sup>

*PET.* Did ever Dian so become a grove,  
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?

<sup>5</sup> *Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.*] This is exactly the *Παράμειν' & επιτάσσε* of Theocritus, Eid. xv. v. 90, and yet I would not be positive that Shakspeare had ever read even a translation of Theocritus. TYRWHITT.

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate ;  
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful !

KATH. Where did you study all this goodly speech ?

PET. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

KATH. A witty mother ! witless else her son.

PET. Am I not wise ?

KATH. Yes ; keep you warm.<sup>6</sup>

PET. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine in thy bed :

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,  
Thus in plain terms :—Your father hath consented  
That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on ;  
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.  
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn ;  
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,  
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)   
Thou must be married to no man but me :  
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate ;  
And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Pet. *Am I not wise ?*

Kath. *Yes ; keep you warm.*] So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady* :

“ — your house has been kept warm, sir.

“ I am glad to hear it ; pray God, you are wise too.”

Again, in our poet's *Much Ado about Nothing* :

“ — that if he has wit enough to keep himself warm.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — nill you,] So, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601 :

“ Will you or nill you, you must yet go in.”

Again, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1571 :

“ Neede hath no law ; will I, or nill I, it must be done.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — a wild cat to a Kate—] The first folio reads :

— a wild Kate to a Kate, &c.

The second folio—

— a wild Kat to a Kate &c. STEEVENS.

Conformable, as other household Kates.  
 Here comes your father ; never make denial,  
 I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

*Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.*

BAP. Now,  
 Signior Petruchio : How speed you with  
 My daughter ?

PET.                    How but well, sir ? how but well ?  
 It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

BAP. Why, how now, daughter Katharine ? in  
    your dumps ?

KATH. Call you me, daughter ? now I promise  
    you,  
 You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,  
 To wish me wed to one half lunatick ;  
 A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,  
 That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

PET. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the  
    world,  
 That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her ;  
 If she be curst, it is for policy :  
 For she's not froward, but modest as the dove ;  
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;  
 For patience she will prove a second Grissel ;<sup>9</sup>

The editor of the second folio with some probability reads—  
*from a wild Kat* (meaning certainly *cat*). So before: “But will  
 you woo this *wild cat*?” MALONE.

\* ——— a second Grissel ; &c.] So, in *The Fair Maid of Bris-*  
*tow*, 1604, bl. 1 :

“ I will become as mild and dutiful

“ As ever *Grissel* was unto her lord,

“ And for my constancy as *Lucrece* was.”

There is a play entered at Stationers' Hall, May 28, 1599, called



And Roman Lucrece for her chastity :  
 And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,  
 That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

KATH. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

GRE. Hark, Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

TRA. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

PET. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?  
 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
 That she shall still be curst in company.  
 I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe  
 How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!—  
 She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss  
 She vied so fast,<sup>1</sup> protesting oath on oath,

“The plaie of *Patient Grissel*.” Bocaccio was the first known writer of the story, and Chaucer copied it in his *Clerke of Oxenforde's Tale*. STEEVENS.

The story of *Grisel* is older than Bocaccio, and is to be found among the compositions of the French Fabliers. DOUCE.

<sup>1</sup> ——— kiss on kiss

*She vied so fast*] *Vye* and *revye* were terms at cards, now superseded by the more modern word, *brag*. Our author has in another place: “time *revyes* us,” which has been unnecessarily altered. The words were frequently used in a sense somewhat remote from the original one. In the famous trial of the seven bishops, the chief justice says: “We must not permit *vying* and *revying* upon one another.” FARMER.

It appears from a passage in Green's *Tu Quoque*, that to *vie* was one of the terms used at the game of *Gleck*—“I *vie* it.”—“I'll none of it;” “nor I.”

The same expression occurs in Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, 1632:

That in a twink she won me to her love.  
 O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see;<sup>2</sup>  
 How tame, when men and women are alone,  
 A meacock wretch<sup>3</sup> can make the curstest shrew.—  
 Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,  
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—  
 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;  
 I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

BAP. I know not what to say: but give me your  
 hands;  
 God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

GRE. TRA. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

PET. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;  
 I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:—

“All that I have is thine, though I could *vie*,  
 “For every silver hair upon my head,  
 “A piece of gold.” STEEVENS.

*Vie* and *Revie* were terms at *Primero*, the fashionable game in our author's time. See Florio's *Second Frutes*, quarto, 1591: “S. Let us play at *Primero* then. A. What shall we play for? S. One shilling stake and three rest.—I *vye* it; will you hould it? A. Yea, sir, I hould it, and *revye* it.”

To *out-vie* Howel explains in his Dictionary, 1660, thus: “Faire peur ou intimider avec un vray ou feint *envy*, et faire quitter le jeu a la partie contraire.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — ‘tis a world to see,] i. e. it is wonderful to see. This expression is often met with in old historians as well as dramatic writers. So, in Holinshed, Vol. I. p. 209: “It is a world to see how many strange heartes,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> A meacock wretch —] i. e. a timorous dastardly creature. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1604:

“A woman's well holp up with such a meacock.”  
 Again, in Glaphthorne's *Hollander*, 1640:  
 “They are like my husband; mere meacocks verily.”  
 Again, in *Apus and Virginia*, 1575:

“As stout as a stockfish, as meek as a meacock.”

STEEVENS.

We will have rings, and things, and fine array;  
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE, *severally*.]

GRE. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

BAP. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

TRA. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:  
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

BAP. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.<sup>4</sup>

GRE. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.  
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;—  
Now is the day we long have looked for;  
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

TRA. And I am one, that love Bianca more  
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can  
guess.

GRE. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

TRA. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

GRE. But thine doth fry.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— in *the match*.] Old copy—*me* the match. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *But thine doth fry*.] Old Gremio's notions are confirmed by Shadwell:

“ The fire of love in youthful blood,  
“ Like what is kindled in brush-wood,  
“ But for the moment burns:—  
“ But when crept into aged veins,  
“ It slowly burns, and long remains;  
“ It glows, and with a sullen heat,  
“ Like fire in logs, it burns, and warms us long;  
“ And though the flame be not so great,  
“ Yet is the heat as strong.” JOHNSON.

So also, in *A Wonder, a Woman never vex'd*, a comedy, by Rowley, 1632:

Skipper, stand back ; 'tis age, that nourisheth.

*TRA.* But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

*BAP.* Content you, gentlemen ; I'll compound this strife :

'Tis deeds, must win the prize ; and he, of both,  
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,  
Shall have Bianca's love.—

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

*GRE.* First, as you know, my house within the  
city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;  
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands ;  
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry :  
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;  
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,<sup>6</sup>

“ My old dry wood shall make a lusty bonfire, when thy green chips lie hissing in the chimney-corner.”

The thought, however, might originate from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II :

“ Let not old age disgrace my high desire,

“ O heavenly soule in humane shape contain'd !

“ Old wood inflam'd doth yeeld the bravest fire,

“ When yonger doth in smoke his vertue spend.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — counterpoints,] So, in *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594 :

“ Then I will have rich *counterpoints* and musk.”

These coverings for beds are at present called *counterpanes* ; but either mode of spelling is proper.

*Counterpoint* is the monkish term for a particular species of musick, in which, notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are set in opposition to each other.

In like manner *counterpanes* were anciently composed of patchwork, and so contrived that every *pane* or partition in them, was contrasted with one of a different colour, though of the same dimensions. STEEVENS.

*Counterpoints* were in ancient times extremely costly. In Wat Tyler's rebellion, Stowe informs us, when the insurgents broke into the wardrobe in the Savoy, they destroyed a coverlet, worth a thousand marks. MALONE.

Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,<sup>7</sup>  
 Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,  
 Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,  
 Pewter<sup>8</sup> and brass, and all things that belong  
 To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,  
 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
 Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,  
 And all things answerable to this portion.  
 Myself am struck in years, I must confess;  
 And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,  
 If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

*TRA.* That, only, came well in——Sir, list to me,  
 I am my father's heir, and only son:  
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one  
 Old signior Gremio has in Padua;  
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year,  
 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—  
 What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

<sup>7</sup> ——tents, and canopies,] I suppose by *tents* old Gremio means work of that kind which the ladies call *tent-stitch*. He would hardly enumerate *tents* (in their common acceptation) among his domestick riches. STEEVENS.

I suspect, the furniture of some kind of bed, in the form of a pavillion, was known by this name in our author's time.

MALONE.

I conceive, the *pavillon*, or tent-bed, to have been an article of furniture unknown in the age of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Pewter*—] We may suppose that *pewter* was, even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, too costly to be used in common. It appears from "The regulations and establishment of the household of Henry Algernon Percy, the fifth Earl of Northumberland," &c. that vessels of *pewter* were hired by the year. *This Household Book* was begun in the year 1512. See Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 188, and 189. STEEVENS.

*GRE.* Two thousand ducats by the year, of land !  
 My land amounts not to so much in all :  
 That she shall have ; besides<sup>1</sup> an argosy,  
 That now is lying in Marseilles' road :——  
 What, have I chok'd you with an argosy ?

*TRA.* Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less  
 Than three great argosies ; besides two galliasses,<sup>2</sup>  
 And twelve tight gallies : these I will assure her,  
 And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

*GRE.* Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more ;

<sup>1</sup> *Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land !*

*My land amounts not to so much in all :*

*That she shall have ; besides —*] Though all copies concur in this reading, surely, if we examine the reasoning, something will be found wrong. Gremio is startled at the high settlement Tranio proposes : says, his whole estate in land can't match it, yet he'll settle so much a year upon her, &c. This is playing at cross purposes. The change of the *negative* in the second line salves the absurdity, and sets the passage right. Gremio and Tranio vying in their offers to carry Bianca, the latter boldly proposes to settle land to the amount of two thousand ducats per annum. My whole estate, says the other, in land, amounts *but* to that value ; yet she shall have *that* : I'll endow her with the *whole* ; and consign a rich vessel to her use over and above. Thus all is intelligible, and he goes on to out-bid his rival.

WARBURTON.

Gremio only says, his whole estate in land doth not indeed amount to two thousand ducats a year, but she shall have that, whatever be its value, and an argosy over and above ; which argosy must be understood to be of very great value from his subjoining :

*What, have I chok'd you with an argosy ?* HEATH.

<sup>2</sup> —— *two galliasses,*] A *galcas* or *galliass*, is a heavy low-built vessel of burthen, with both sails and oars, partaking at once of the nature of a ship and a galley. So, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634 :

“ — to have rich gulls come aboard their pinnaces, for then they are sure to build *galliasses*.” STEEVENS.



And she can have no more than all I have ;—  
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

TRA. Why, then the maid is mine from all the  
world,  
By your firm promise ; Gremio is out-vied.<sup>3</sup>

BAP. I must confess, your offer is the best ;  
And, let your father make her the assurance,  
She is your own ; else, you must pardon me :  
If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

TRA. That's but a cavil ; he is old, I young.

GRE. And may not young men die, as well as  
old ?

BAP. Well, gentlemen,  
I am thus resolv'd :—On Sunday next you know,  
My daughter Katharine is to be married :  
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca  
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;  
If not, to signior Gremio :  
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

[Exit.

GRE. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee  
not ;  
Sirrah, young gamester,<sup>4</sup> your father were a fool

<sup>3</sup> ——— *out-vied.*] This is a term at the old game of *gleek*. When one man was *vied* upon another, he was said to be *out-vied*. So, in Greene's *Art of Coneycatching*, 1592: " They draw a card, and the barnacle *vies* upon him," &c.

Again, in *The Jealous Lovers*, by Randolph, 1632 :

" Thou canst not finde out wayes enow to spend it ;

" They will *out-vie* thy pleasures." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Sirrah, young gamester,*] Perhaps alluding to the pretended Lucentio's having before talked of *out-ying* him. See the last note. MALONE.

*Gamester*, in the present instance, has no reference to gaming,



To give thee all, and, in his waning age,  
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

TRA. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!  
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.<sup>5</sup>

and only signifies—a wag, a frolicksome character. So, in *King Henry VIII.*:

“You are a merry gamester, my lord Sands.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.] That is, with the highest card, in the old simple games of our ancestors. So that this became a proverbial expression. So, Skelton:

“Fyrste pycke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,

“And so outface him with a card of ten.”

And, Ben Jonson, in his *Sad Shepherd*:

“—— a hart of ten

“I trow he be.”

i. e. an extraordinary good one. WARBURTON.

A hart of ten has no reference to cards, but is an expression taken from *The Laws of the Forest*, and relates to the age of the deer. When a hart is past six years old, he is generally called a hart of ten. See *Forest Laws*, 4to. 1598.

Again, in the sixth scene of *The Sad Shepherd*:

“—— a great large deer!

“Rob. What head?

“John. Forked. A hart of ten.”

The former expression is very common. So, in *Law-Tricks*, &c. 1608:

“I may be out-fac'd with a card of ten.”

Mr. Malone is of opinion that the phrase was “applied to those persons who gained their ends by impudence, and bold confident assertion.”

As we are on the subject of cards, it may not be amiss to take notice of a common blunder relative to their names. We call the king, queen, and knave, court-cards, whereas they were anciently denominated coats or coat-cards, from their coats or dresses. So, Ben Jonson, in his *New Inn*:

“When she is pleas'd to trick or trump mankind,

“Some may be coats, as in the cards.”

Again, in *May-day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1611:

“She had in her hand the ace of harts and a coat-card. She led the board with her coat; I plaid the varlet, and took up her

'Tis in my head to do my master good :—  
 I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio  
 Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio ;  
 And that's a wonder : fathers, commonly,  
 Do get their children ; but, in this case of wooing,  
 A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.<sup>6</sup>  
 [Exit.]

*coat* ; and meaning to lay my fingers on her ace of hearts, up started a quite contrary card."

Again, in Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, 1621 :

" You have been at *noddy*, I see.

" Ay, and the first *card* comes to my hand is a *knave*.

" I am a *coat-card*, indeed.

" Then thou must needs be a *knave*, for thou art neither  
*queen* nor *king*." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *if I fail not of my cunning*.] As this is the conclusion of an act, I suspect that the poet designed a rhyming couplet. Instead of *cunning* we might read—*doing*, which is often used by Shakspeare in the sense here wanted, and agrees perfectly well with the beginning of the line—" a child shall get a sire."

After this, the former editors add—

" *Sly*. Sim, when will the fool come again ? \*

" *Sim*. Anon, my lord.

" *Sly*. Give us some more drink here ; where's the tapster ?

" Here, Sim, eat some of these things.

" *Sim*. I do, my lord.

" *Sly*. Here, Sim, I drink to thee."

These speeches of the presenters, (as they are called,) are not in the folio. Mr. Pope, as in some former instances, introduced them from the old spurious play of the same name ; and therefore we may easily account for their want of connection with the present comedy. I have degraded them as usual into the note. By the *fool* in the original piece, might be meant *Sander* the servant to *Ferando*, (who is the *Petruchio* of Shakspeare,) or *Ferando* himself.

It appears, however, from the following passage, in the eleventh

\* — *when will the fool come again?*] The character of the *fool* has not been introduced in this drama, therefore I believe that the word *again* should be omitted, and that *Sly* asks, *When will the fool come?* the *fool* being the favourite of the vulgar, or, as we now phrase it, of the upper gallery, was naturally expected in every interlude. JOHNSON.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Room in Baptista's House.*

*Enter* LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

*LUC.* Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward,  
sir:

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

*HOR.* But, wrangling pedant, this is<sup>7</sup>  
The patroness of heavenly harmony:  
Then give me leave to have prerogative;  
And when in musick we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

*LUC.* Preposterous ass! that never read so far  
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd!  
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,  
After his studies, or his usual pain?

Book of Thomas Lupton's *Notable Things*, edit. 1660, that it was the constant office of the fool to preserve the stage from vacancy:

"79. When Stage-plays were in use, there was in every place one that was called the *Foole*; as the Proverb saies, *Like a Fool in a Play*. At the Red Bull Play-house it did chance that the *Clown* or the *Fool*, being in the attiring house, was suddenly called upon the stage, for it was empty. He suddenly going, forgot his Fooles-cap. One of the players bad his boy take it, and put it on his head as he was speaking. No such matter (saies the Boy,) there's no manners nor wit in that, nor wisdom neither; and my master needs no cap, for he is known to be a Fool without it, as well as with it." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *this is* —] Probably our author wrote—*this lady is*, which completes the metre, *wrangling* being used as a trisyllable.

MALONE.

We should read, with Sir T. Hanmer:

*But, wrangling pedant, know this lady is.* RITSON.

Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

*HOR.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

*BIAN.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice :  
I am no breeching scholar<sup>8</sup> in the schools ;  
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please myself.  
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :—  
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;  
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

*HOR.* You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune ?  
[*To BIANCA.*—*HORTENSIO retires.*

*LUC.* That will be never ;—tune your instrument.

*BIAN.* Where left we last ?

*LUC.* Here madam :—

*Hac ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;  
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

*BIAN.* Construe them.

*LUC.* *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love ;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my

<sup>8</sup> — no breeching scholar —] i. e. no school-boy liable to corporal correction. So, in *King Edward the Second*, by Marlow, 1598 :

“ Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.”  
Again, in *The Hog has lost his Pearl*, 1614 :

“ — he went to fetch whips, I think, and, not respecting my honour, he would have breech'd me.”

Again, in *Amends for Ladies*, 1618 :

“ If I had had a son of fourteen that had served me so, I would have breech'd him.” STEEVENS.

port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.<sup>9</sup>

HOR. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[*Returning.*

BIAN. Let's hear ;— [HORTENSIO *plays.*  
O fye ! the treble jars.

LUC. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

BIAN. Now let me see if I can construe it : *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not ; *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not ;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not ;—*regia*, presume not ;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

HOR. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

LUC. All but the base.

HOR. The base is right ; 'tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is !  
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love :  
*Pedascule*,<sup>1</sup> I'll watch you better yet.

BIAN. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.<sup>2</sup>

LUC. Mistrust it not ; for, sure, *Æacides*  
Was Ajax,<sup>3</sup>—call'd so from his grandfather.

\* ——— *pantaloon.*] The old cully in Italian farces.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Pedascule*,] He should have said, *Didascule*, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedascule*, in imitation of it, from *pedant*. WARBURTON.

I believe it is no coinage of Shakspeare's, it is more probable that it *lay in his way, and he found it.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.*] This and the seven verses that follow, have in all the editions been stupidly shuffled and misplaced to wrong speakers ; so that every word said was glaringly out of character. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *for, sure, Æacides &c.*] This is only said to deceive

*BIAN.* I must believe my master ; else, I promise you,  
 I should be arguing still upon that doubt :  
 But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you :—  
 Good masters,<sup>4</sup> take it not unkindly, pray,  
 That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

*HOR.* You may go walk, [*To LUCENTIO.*] and  
 give me leave awhile ;  
 My lessons make no musick in three parts.

*LUC.* Are you so formal, sir ? well, I must wait,  
 And watch withal ; for, but I be deceiv'd,<sup>5</sup>  
 Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*]

*HOR.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,  
 To learn the order of my fingering,  
 I must begin with rudiments of art ;  
 To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,  
 More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,  
 Than hath been taught by any of my trade :  
 And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

*BIAN.* Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

*HOR.* Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Hortensio, who is supposed to listen. The pedigree of *Ajax*, however, is properly made out, and might have been taken from Golding's version of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, Book XIII :

“ ——— The highest Jove of all

“ Acknowledgeth this *Æacus*, and dooth his sonne him call.

“ Thus am I *Ajax* third from Jove.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Good masters,*] Old copy—*master*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— but *I be deceiv'd,*] *But* has here the signification of *unless*. MALONE.

BIAN. [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*

*A re, to plead Hortensio's passion ;*

*B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,*

*C faut, that loves with all affection :*

*D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I ;*

*E la mi, show pity, or I die.*

Call you this—gamut ? tut ! I like it not :

Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice,

To change true rules for odd inventions.<sup>6</sup>

*Enter a Servant.*<sup>7</sup>

SERV. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up ;

You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

BIAN. Farewell, sweet masters, both ; I must be gone. [*Exeunt BIANCA and Servant.*

LUC. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

HOR. But I have cause to pry into this pedant ; Methinks, he looks as though he were in love :—

<sup>6</sup> *To change true rules for odd inventions.*] The old copy reads—*To charge true rules for old inventions*: The former emendation was made by the editor of the second folio ; the latter by Mr. Theobald. *Old*, however, may be right. I believe, an opposition was intended. As *change* was corrupted into *charge*, why might not *true* have been put instead of *new* ? Perhaps the author wrote :

*To change new rules for old inventions.*

i. e. to accept of new rules in exchange for old inventions.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Enter a Servant.*] The old copy reads—*Enter a Messenger*—who, at the beginning of his speech is called—*Nicke*.

RITSON.

Meaning, I suppose, *Nicholas Tooley*. See Mr. Malone's *Historical Account of the English Stage*. STEEVENS.



Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,  
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,  
Seize thee, that list : If once I find thee ranging,  
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.  
[Exit.

SCENE II.

*The same. Before Baptista's House.*

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINE,  
BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.*

BAP. Signior Lucentio, [*To TRANIO.*] this is the  
'pointed day  
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,  
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:  
What will be said ? what mockery will it be,  
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends  
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage ?  
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours ?

KATH. No shame but mine : I must, forsooth,  
be forc'd  
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,  
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen ;<sup>\*</sup>  
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.  
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,  
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour :  
And, to be noted for a merry man,  
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,

\* ——— *full of spleen* ;] That is, *full of humour, caprice, and inconstancy.* JOHNSON.

So, in *The First Part of King Henry IV.*

“ A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.”

M. MASON.

Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns ;<sup>9</sup>  
 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.  
 Now must the world point at poor Katharine,  
 And say,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*  
*If it would please him come and marry her.*

TRA. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too ;  
 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,  
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word :  
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;  
 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

KATH. 'Would Katharine had never seen him  
 though !

[*Exit, weeping, followed by* BIANCA, *and others.*

BAP. Go, girl ; I cannot blame thee now to weep ;  
 For such an injury would vex a saint,<sup>1</sup>  
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.<sup>2</sup>

*Enter* BIONDELLO.

BION. Master, master ! news, old news,<sup>3</sup> and such  
 news as you never heard of !

<sup>9</sup> *Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns ;*] Mr. Malone reads :

*Make friends, invite them, &c.* STEEVENS.

*Them* is not in the old copy. For this emendation I am answerable. The editor of the second folio, to supply the defect in the metre, reads, with less probability in my opinion—

*Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim &c.* MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *vex a saint,*] The old copy redundantly reads—*vex a very saint.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *of thy impatient humour.*] *Thy*, which is not in the old copy, was inserted by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *old news,*] These words were added by Mr. Rowe, and necessarily, for the reply of Baptista supposes them to have

*BAP.* Is it new and old too? how may that be?

*BION.* Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

*BAP.* Is he come?

*BION.* Why, no, sir.

*BAP.* What then?

*BION.* He is coming.

*BAP.* When will he be here?

*BION.* When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

*TRA.* But, say, what :—To thine old news.

*BION.* Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points:<sup>4</sup> His horse

been already spoken; *old laughing—old utis*, &c. are expressions of that time merely hyperbolical, and have been more than once used by Shakspeare. See note on *Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. sc. iv.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *a pair of boots—one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points:]* How a sword should have two broken points, I cannot tell. There is, I think, a transposition caused by the seeming relation of *point* to *sword*. I read, *a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced with two broken points; an old rusty sword—with a broken hilt, and chapeless.* JOHNSON.

I suspect that several words giving an account of Petruchio's belt are wanting. The belt was then broad and rich, and worn on the outside of the doublet.—*Two broken points* might therefore have concluded the description of its ostentatious meanness.

STEEVENS.

The *broken points* might be the two broken tags to the laces.

TOLLET.

——— *that have been candle-cases,]* That is, I suppose, boots

hipped with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred:<sup>5</sup> besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, ipfected with the fashions, full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives,<sup>6</sup> stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back,<sup>7</sup> and

long left off, and after having been converted into cases to hold the ends of candles, returning to their first office. I do not know that I have ever met with the word *candle-case* in any other place, except the following preface to a dramatic dialogue, 1604, entitled, *The Case is Alter'd, How?*—"I write upon cases, neither knife-cases, pin-cases, nor *candle-cases*."

And again, in *How to choose a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1602:

"A bow-case, a cap-case, a comb-case, a lute-case, a fiddle-case, and a *candle-case*." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *the stirrups of no kindred*:] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. III: "To this purpose many willing hands were about him, letting him have reynes, pettrell, with the rest of the furniture, and very brave bases; but all comming from divers horses, neither in colour nor fashion showing *any kindred* one with the other." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *infected with the fashions, — past cure of the fives*.] *Fashions*. So called in the West of England, but by the best writers on farriery, *farcens*, or *farcy*.

*Fives*. So called in the West: *vives* elsewhere, and *avives* by the French; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles. GREY.

Shakspeare is not the only writer who uses *fashions* for *farcy*. So, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

"Shad. What shall we learn by travel?

"Andel. *Fashions*.

"Shad. That's a beastly disease."

Again, in *The New Ordinary*, by Brome:

"My old beast is infected with the *fashions*, fashion-sick."

Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "*Fashions* was then counted a disease, and *horses* died of it." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *swayed in the back*,] The old copy has—*waid*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

So, in Philemon Holland's translation of the 28th Book of

shoulder-shotten; ne'er-legged before,<sup>8</sup> and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,<sup>9</sup> which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

BAP. Who comes with him?

BION. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock<sup>1</sup> on one leg, and<sup>2</sup> a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather:<sup>2</sup>

Pliny's *Natural History*, ch. iv. p. 300: "—for let them be swaied in the backe, or hipped by some stripe," &c.

STEEVENS.

\* — ne'er legg'd before,] i. e. founder'd in his fore-feet; having, as the jockies term it, *never a fore leg* to stand on. The subsequent words—"which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling;"—seem to countenance this interpretation. The modern editors read—*near-legg'd* before; but to go near before is not reckoned a defect, but a perfection, in a horse.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — crupper of velure,] *Velure* is velvet. *Velours*, Fr. So, in *The World tossed at Tennis*, by Middleton and Rowley:

"Come, my well-lined soldier (with valour,

"Not *velure*,) keep me warm."

Again, in *The Noble Gentleman*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—an old hat,

"Lin'd with *velure*." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — stock —] i. e. stocking. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: "—it [his leg] does indifferent well in a flame-coloured *stock*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather:] This was some ballad or drollery at that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's hat for a feather. His speakers are perpetually quoting scraps and stanzas of old ballads, and often very

a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

obscurely; for, so well are they adapted to the occasion, that they seem of a piece with the rest. In Shakspeare's time, the kingdom was over-run with these doggrel compositions, and he seems to have borne them a very particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers, with excellent humour. In *Much Ado about Nothing*, he makes Benedick say: "Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I get again with drinking, prick out my eyes with a ballad-maker's pen." As the bluntness of it would make the execution of it extremely painful. And again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Pandarus in his distress having repeated a very stupid stanza from an old ballad, says, with the highest humour: "There never was a truer rhyme; let's cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse. We see it, we see it." WARBURTON.

I have some doubts concerning this interpretation. A *fancy* appears to have been some ornament worn formerly in the hat. So, Peacham, in his *Worth of a Penny*, describing "an indigent and discontented soldat," says, "he walks with his arms folded, his belt without a sword or rapier, that perhaps being somewhere in trouble; a *hat* without a band, hanging over his eyes; only it wears a weather-beaten *fancy* for fashion-sake." This lackey therefore did not wear a common *fancy* in his hat, but some fantastical ornament, comprizing the humour of forty different fancies. Such, I believe, is the meaning. A couplet in one of Sir John Davies's *Epigrams*, 1598, may also add support to my interpretation:

"Nor for thy love will I once gnash a bricke,

"Or some *pie'd colours* in my bonnet *sticke*."

A *fancy*, however, meant also a love-song or sonnet, or other poem. So, in *Sapho and Phao*, 1591: "I must now fall from love to labour, and endeavour with mine oar to get a fare, not with my pen to write a *fancy*." If the word was used here in this sense, the meaning is, that the lackey had stuck forty ballads together, and made something like a feather out of them.

MALONE.

Dr. Warburton might have strengthened his supposition by observing, that the *Humour of Forty Fancies* was probably a collection of those short poems which are called *Fancies*, by Falstaff, in *The Second Part of King Henry IV*: "—sung those tunes which he heard the carmen whistle, and swore they were his *Fancies*, his good-nights." Nor is the *Humour of Forty*



TRA. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;—

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

BAP. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

BION. Why, sir, he comes not.

BAP. Didst thou not say, he comes?

BION. Who? that Petruchio came?

BAP. Ay, that Petruchio came.

BION. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

BAP. Why, that's all one.

BION. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,  
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.*<sup>3</sup>

PET. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

*Fancies a more extraordinary title to a collection of poems, than the well-known Hundred sundrie Flowers bounde up in one small Poesie.—A Paradise of dainty Devises.—The Arbor of amorous Conceits.—The gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions.—The Forest of Histories.—The Ordinary of Humors, &c. Chance, at some future period, may establish as a certainty what is now offered as a conjecture. A penny book, containing forty short poems, would, properly managed, furnish no unapt imitation of a plume of feathers for the hat of a humourist's servant.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Enter Petruchio and Grumio,]* Thus, in the original play;

“*Enter Ferando, basely attired, and a red cap on his head.*

“*Feran. Good morrow, father: Polidor well met,*

“*You wonder, I know, that I have staide so long.*

“*Alfon. Yea, marry sonne: we were almost persuaded*

“*That we should scarce have had our bridegroom heere:*

“*But say, why art thou thus basely attired?*

“*Feran. Thus richly, father, you should have saide;*



*BAP.* You are welcome, sir.

*PET.* And yet I come not well.

*BAP.* And yet you halt not.

*TRA.* Not so well apparell'd  
As I wish you were.

*PET.* Were it better I should rush in thus.  
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—  
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you  
frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company;  
As if they saw some wondrous monument,  
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

*BAP.* Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-  
day:

“ For when my wife and I are married once,  
“ Shee’s such a shrew, if we should once fall out,  
“ Sheele pull my costly sutes over mine ears,  
“ And therefore I am thus attir’d a while:  
“ For many things I tell you’s in my head,  
“ And none must know thereof but *Kate* and I;  
“ For we shall live like lambes and lions sure:  
“ Nor lambes to lions never were so tame,  
“ If once they lie within the lions pawes,  
“ As *Kate* to me, if we were married once:  
“ And therefore, come, let’s to church presently.  
“ *Pol.* Fie, *Ferando!* not thus attired: for shame,  
“ Come to my chamber, and there suite thyselfe,  
“ Of twenty sutes that I did never weare.  
“ *Feran.* Tush, *Polidor*: I have as many sutes  
“ Fantastike made to fit my humour so,  
“ As any in *Athens*; and as richly wrought  
“ As was the massie robe that late adorn’d  
“ The stately legat of the *Persian* king,  
“ And this from them I have made choise to weare.  
“ *Alfon.* I prethee, *Ferando*, let me intreat,  
“ Before thou go’st unto the church with us,  
“ To put some other sute upon thy backe.  
“ *Feran.* Not for the world,” &c. STEEVENS.

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;  
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.  
Fye! doff this habit, shame to your estate,  
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

*TRA.* And tell us, what occasion of import  
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,  
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

*PET.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear :  
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,  
Though in some part enforced to digress;<sup>4</sup>  
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse  
As you shall well be satisfied withal.  
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;  
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

*TRA.* See not your bride in these unreverent  
robes;  
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

*PET.* Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

*BAP.* But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

*PET.* Good sooth, even thus; therefore have  
done with words;  
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:  
Could I repair what she will wear in me,  
As I can change these poor accoutrements,  
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.  
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,  
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,  
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, and BIONDELLO.*]

*TRA.* He hath some meaning in his mad attire:  
We will persuade him, be it possible,  
To put on better ere he go to church.

<sup>4</sup> — to digress ;] To deviate from my promise. JOHNSON.

BAP. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[Exit.

TRA. But, sir, to her love<sup>5</sup> concerneth us to add  
Her father's liking : Which to bring to pass,  
As I before imparted<sup>6</sup> to your worship,  
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,  
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—  
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;  
And make assurance, here in Padua,  
Of greater sums than I have promised.  
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,  
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

<sup>5</sup> Tra. *But, sir, to her love* —] Mr. Theobald reads—*our love*.  
STEEVENS.

*Our* is an injudicious interpolation. The first folio reads—*But, sir, love concerneth us to add, Her father's liking*—which, I think, should be thus corrected :

*But sir, to her love concerneth us to add  
Her father's liking.*—

We must suppose, that Lucentio had before informed Tranio in private of his having obtained Bianca's love; and Tranio here resumes the conversation, by observing, that to *her love* it concerns them to add *her father's consent*; and then goes on to propose a scheme for obtaining the latter. TYRWHITT.

The nominative case to the verb *concerneth* is here understood. A similar licence may be found in *Coriolanus* :

“ *Remains* that in the official marks invested,  
“ You anon do meet the senate.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ The beauty that is borne here in the face  
“ The bearer knows not, but *commends* itself  
“ To others' eyes.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *As I before imparted*—] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio; but with his usual inaccuracy was inserted in the wrong place.

MALONE.

The second folio reads :

*As before I imparted, &c.*

As this passage is now pointed, where is the inaccuracy of it? or, if there be any, might it not have happened through the carelessness of the compositor? STEEVENS.

*LUC.* Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster  
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,  
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;  
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,  
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

*TRA.* That by degrees we mean to look into,  
And watch our vantage in this business:  
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,  
The narrow-prying father, Minola;  
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;  
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

*Re-enter GREMIO.*

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

*GRE.* As willingly as e'er I came from school.<sup>7</sup>

*TRA.* And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

*GRE.* A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

*TRA.* Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

*GRE.* Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

*TRA.* Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

*GRE.* Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.  
I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest  
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,  
*Ay, by gogs-wouns,* quoth he; and swore so loud,  
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:  
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

<sup>7</sup> *As willingly &c.*] This is a proverbial saying. See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,  
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;  
*Now take them up*, quoth he, *if any list*.

TRA. What said the wench, when he arose again?

GRE. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd,  
and swore,  
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.  
But after many ceremonies done,  
He calls for wine:—*A health*, quoth he; as if  
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates  
After a storm:—Quaff'd off the muscadel,<sup>s</sup>

<sup>s</sup> — *Quaff'd off the muscadel*,] It appears from this passage, and the following one in *The History of the Two Maids of Moreclacke*, a comedy, by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the custom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony. Armin's play begins thus:

“*Enter a Maid strewing flowers, and a serving-man perfuming the door.*

“*Maid.* Strew, strew,

“*Man.* The *muscadine* stays for the bride at church.

“The priest and Hymen's ceremonies 'tend

“To make them man and wife.”

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

“—and when we are at church, bring the *wine* and cakes.”

In Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*, the wine drank on this occasion is called a “*knitting cup*.”

Again, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, by Middleton:

“Even when my lip touch'd the *contracting cup*.”

There was likewise a flower that borrowed its name from this ceremony:

“Bring sweet carnations, and *sops in wine*,

“Worne of paramours.”

*Hobbinol's Dittie*, &c. by Spenser.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*:

“Were the rosemary branches dipp'd, and all

“The *hippocras* and *cakes* eat and drunk off;

“Were these two arms encompass'd with the hands

“Of bachelors to lead me to the church,” &c.

Again, in *The Articles ordained by King Henry VII. for the Regulation of his Household*: Article—“For the Marriage of a

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;  
Having no other reason,—  
But that his beard grew thin and hungrily,

Princess.”—“ Then pottes of *Ipocrice* to bee ready, and to bee putt into the cupps with *soppe*, and to bee borne to the estates ; and to take a *soppe* and drinke,” &c. STEEVENS.

So, in an old canzonet on a wedding, set to musick by Morley, 1606 :

“ *Sops in wine*, spice-cakes are a dealing.” FARMER.

The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding, to be drank by the bride and bridegroom and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony ; and, as appears from this passage, not abolished in our author's age. We find it practised at the magnificent marriage of Queen Mary and Philip, in Winchester Cathedral, 1554 : “ The trumpetts sounded, and they both returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remayned untill masse was done : at which tyme, *wyne* and *sopes* were hallowed and delyvered to them both.” Leland's *Collect. Append.* Vol. IV. p. 400, edit. 1770. T. WARTON.

I insert the following quotation merely to show that the custom remained in Shakspeare's time. At the marriage of the Elector Palatine to King James's daughter, the 14th day of February, 1612-13, we are told by one who assisted at the ceremonial : “ —In conclusion, a joy pronounced by the king and queen, and seconded with congratulation of the lords there present, which crowned with draughts of *Ippocras* out of a great golden bowle, as an health to the prosperity of the marriage, (began by the prince Palatine and answered by the princess.) After which were served up by six or seven barons so many bowles filled with wafers, so much of that work was consummate.” Finet's *Philoxenis*, 1656, p. 11. REED.

This custom is of very high antiquity ; for it subsisted among our Gothick ancestors :—“ Ingressus domum convivalem sponsus cum pronubo suo, sumpto poculo, quod maritale vocant, ac paucis a pronubo de mutato vitæ genere prefatis, in signum constantiæ, virtutis, defensionis et tutelæ *propinat* sponsæ & simul morgennaticam [*dotalitium* ob virginitatem] promittit, quod ipsa grato animo recolens, pari ratione & modo, paulo post mutato in uxorium habitum operculo capitis, ingressa, *poculum*, uti nostrates vocant, *uxorium leviter delibans*, amorem, fidem, diligentiam, & subjectionem promittit.” Stiernhook *de Jure Sueonum & Gothorum vetusto*, p. 163, quarto, 1672. MALONE.



And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.  
This done, he took the bride about the neck ;  
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,  
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.<sup>9</sup>  
I, seeing this,<sup>1</sup> came thence for very shame ;  
And after me, I know, the rout is coming :  
Such a mad marriage never was before ;  
Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*]

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,  
HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and *Train*.

*PET.* Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for  
your pains :  
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,  
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer ;  
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,  
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

*BAP.* Is't possible, you will away to-night?

*PET.* I must away to-day, before night come:—  
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,

<sup>9</sup> And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,  
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.] It appears from the following passage in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, that this was also part of the marriage ceremonial:

"The *kisse* thou gav'st me in the church, here take."

STEEVENS.

This also is a very ancient custom, as appears from the following rubrick, with which I was furnished by the late Reverend Mr. Bowle: "Surgant ambo, sponsus et sponsa, et accipiat sponsus pacem a sacerdote, et ferat sponsæ, *osculans eam*, et neminem alium, nec ipsæ." *Manuale Sarum*, Paris, 1533, 4to. fol. 69. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> I, *seeing this*,] The old copy has—*And I seeing. And* was probably caught from the beginning of the next line. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.



You would entreat me rather go than stay.  
 And, honest company, I thank you all,  
 That have beheld me give away myself  
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife :  
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me ;  
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

TRA. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PET. It may not be.

GRE. Let me entreat you.<sup>2</sup>

PET. It cannot be.

KATH. Let me entreat you.

PET. I am content.

KATH. Are you content to stay ?

PET. I am content you shall entreat me stay ;  
 But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

KATH. Now, if you love me, stay.

PET. Grumio, my horses.<sup>3</sup>

GRU. Ay, sir, they be ready ; the oats have eaten  
 the horses.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Let me entreat you.*] At the end of this speech, as well as of the next but one, a syllable is wanting to complete the measure. I have no doubt of our poet's having written—in both instances—

*Let me entreat you stay.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *my horses.*] Old copy—*horse.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *the oats have eaten the horses.*] There is still a ludicrous expression used when horses have staid so long in a place as to have eaten more than they are worth—viz. *that their heads are too big for the stable-door.* I suppose Grumio has some such meaning, though it is more openly expressed, as follows, in the original play :

“ *Enter Ferando and Kate, and Alfonso and Polidor, and Emilia, and Aurelius and Phylema.*

“ *Feran.* Father, farewell ; my *Kate* and I must home :

“ *Sirra,* go make ready my horse presently.

**KATH.** Nay, then,  
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;  
No, nor to-morrow, nor till<sup>a</sup> I please myself.  
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,

"*Alfon.* Your horse! what son, I hope you do but jest;  
"I am sure you will not go so suddainely.

"*Kate.* Let him go or tarry, I am resolv'd to stay;  
"And not to travel on my wedding day.

"*Feran.* Tut, *Kate*, I tel thee we must needes go home:  
"Vilaine, hast thou saddled my horse?

"*San.* Which horse? your curtall?

"*Feran.* Souns you slave, stand you prating here?  
"Saddle the bay gelding for your mistris.

"*Kate.* Not for me, for I wil not go.

"*San.* *The ostler will not let me have him: you owe ten pence*  
"For his meate, and 6 pence for stuffing my mistris saddle.

"*Feran.* Here villaine; goe pay him strait.

"*San.* Shall I give them another pecke of lavender?

"*Feran.* Out slave, and bring them presently to the dore.

"*Alfon.* Why son, I hope at least youle dine with us.

"*San.* I pray you, master, lets stay til dinner be donè.

"*Feran.* Sounes vilaine, art thou here yet? [*Exit Sander.*  
"Come, *Kate*, our dinner is provided at home.

"*Kate.* But not for me, for here I meane to dine:

"He have my wil in this as wel as you;

"Though you in madding mood would leave your frinds,

"Despite of you He tarry with them still.

"*Feran.* I *Kate* so thou shalt, but at some other time:

"When as thy sisters here shall be espoused,

"Then thou and I wil keepe our wedding-day,

"In better sort then now we can provide;

"For heere I promise thee before them all,

"We will ere longe returne to them againe:

"Come, *Kate*, stand not on termes; we will away;

"This is my day, to-morrow thou shalt rule,

"And I will doe whatever thou commandes.

"Gentlemen, farewell, wee'l take our leaves;

"It will be late before that we come home.

[*Exeunt Ferando and Kate.*

"*Pol.* Farewell *Ferando*, since you will be gone.

"*Alfon.* So mad a couple did I never see," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> — nor till —] Old copy—not till. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.  
MALONE.

You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green ;  
 For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself :—  
 'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,  
 That take it on you at the first so roundly.

PET. O, Kate, content thee ; pr'ythee, be not  
 angry.

KATH. I will be angry ; What hast thou to do ?—  
 Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.

GRE. Ay, marry, sir : now it begins to work.

KATH. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner :—

I see, a woman may be made a fool,  
 If she had not a spirit to resist.

PET. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command :—

Obey the bride, you that attend on her :  
 Go to the feast, revel and domineer,  
 Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,  
 Be mad and merry,——or go hang yourselves ;  
 But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.  
 Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;  
 I will be master of what is mine own :  
 She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,  
 My household-stuff, my field, my barn,<sup>6</sup>  
 My horse, my ox, my ass,<sup>7</sup> my any thing ;  
 And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;

<sup>6</sup> *My household-stuff, my field, my barn,*] This defective verse might be completed by reading, with Hammer :

She is my household-stuff, my field, my barn ;  
 or,

*My household-stuff, my field, my barn, my stable—.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —— *my house,——my ox, my ass,*] Alluding to the tenth commandment : “ — thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, —nor his ox, nor his ass,—” RITSON.

I'll bring my action on the proudest he  
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,  
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves ;  
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man :—  
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,  
Kate ;

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, and GRUMIO.]

*BAP.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

*GRE.* Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

*T<sub>RA</sub>*. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

*LUC.* Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

*BIAN.* That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

*GRE.* I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

*BAP.* Neighbours and friends, though bride and  
bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,  
You know, there wants no junkets at the feast ;—  
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place ;  
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

*TRA.* Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

*BAP.* She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen,  
let's go. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.*

*Enter GRUMIO.*

GRU. Fye, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed?<sup>8</sup> was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot,<sup>9</sup> my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

<sup>8</sup> — *was ever man so rayed?*] That is, was ever man so mark'd with lashes. JOHNSON.

It rather means *bewrayed*, i. e. made dirty. So, Spenser, speaking of a fountain:

“Which she increased with her bleeding heart,

“And the clean waves with purple gore did ray.”

Again, in B. III. c. viii. st. 32:

“Who whiles the piticous lady up did rise,

“Ruffled and foully ray'd with filthy soil.” TOLLET.

So, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600: “Let there be a few rushes laid in the place where Backwinter shall tumble, for fear of *raying* his clothes.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *a little pot, and soon hot,*] This is a proverbial expression. It is introduced in *The Isle of Gulls*, 1606:

“—Though I be but a *little pot*, I shall be as *soon hot*, as another.” STEEVENS.

*Enter CURTIS.*

*CURT.* Who is that, calls so coldly?

*GRU.* A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

*CURT.* Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

*GRU.* O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.<sup>1</sup>

*CURT.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

*GRU.* She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — fire, fire; cast on no water.] There is an old popular catch of three parts in these words:

“Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.

“Fire, fire;—Fire, fire;

“Cast on some more water.” BLACKSTONE.

<sup>2</sup> — winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis, &c.] “Winter, says Grumio, tames man, woman, and beast; for it has tamed my old master, my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.—Away, you three-inch fool, replies Curtis, I am no beast.” Why, asks Dr. Warburton, had Grumio called him one? he alters therefore *myself* to *thyself*, and all the editors follow him. But there is no necessity; if Grumio calls *himself* a *beast*, and *Curtis*, *fellow*; surely he calls *Curtis* a *beast* likewise. Malvolio takes this sense of the word: “let this *fellow* be look'd to! — *Fellow!* not *Malvolio*, after my degree, but *fellow!*”

In Ben Jonson's *Case is Altered*: “What says my *Fellow Onion?*” quoth *Christophero*.—“All of a house,” replies *Onion*, “but not *fellows*.”

In the old play, called *The Return from Parnassus*, we have



CURT. Away, you three-inch fool!<sup>3</sup> I am no beast.

GRU. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least.<sup>4</sup> But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand,) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

CURT. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

GRU. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have

a curious passage, which shows the opinion of contemporaries concerning the *learning* of Shakspeare; this use of the word *fellow* brings it to my remembrance. Burbage and Kempe are introduced to teach the university men the art of acting, and are represented (particularly Kempe) as *leadenspouts*—very *illiterate*. “Few of the university (says Kempe) pen plays well; they smell too much of that writer *Ovid*, and that writer *Metamorphosis*:—why here’s our *Fellow Shakspeare* puts them all down.” FARMER.

The sentence delivered by Grumio, is proverbial:

“Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beast.”

See Ray’s *Collection*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Away, you three-inch fool!*] i. e. with a skull three inches thick; a phrase taken from the thicker sort of planks.

WARBURTON.

This contemptuous expression alludes to Grumio’s diminutive size. He has already mentioned it himself: “Now, were not I a *little pot*—” His answer likewise: “—and so *long* am I, at the least,”—shows that this is the meaning, and that Dr. Warburton was mistaken in supposing that these words allude to the *thickness* of Grumio’s *skull*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least.*] Though all the copies agree in this reading, Mr. Theobald says, yet he cannot find what horn Curtis had; therefore he alters it to *my horn*. But the common reading is right, and the meaning is, that he had made Curtis a cuckold.

WARBURTON.



thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

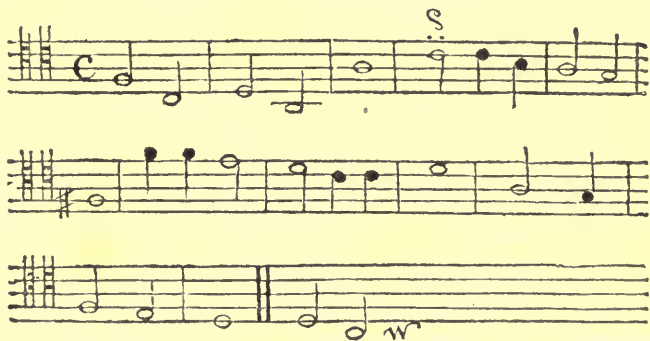
*CURT.* There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

*GRU.* Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!*<sup>5</sup> and as much news as thou wilt.<sup>6</sup>

*CURT.* Come, you are so full of conycatching:—

*GRU.* Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings,<sup>7</sup> and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,<sup>8</sup> the carpets laid,<sup>9</sup> and every thing in order?

<sup>5</sup> — *Jack boy! ho boy!*] Is the beginning of an old round in three parts:



SIR J. HAWKINS.

<sup>6</sup> — *as thou wilt.*] Old copy—*wilt thou*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *their white stockings,*] The old copy reads—*the white*. —Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,*] i. e. are the drinking vessels clean, and the maid servants dressed?

CURT. All ready ; And therefore, I pray thee, news ?<sup>1</sup>

GRU. First, know, my horse is tired ; my master and mistress fallen out.

CURT. How ?

GRU. Out of their saddles into the dirt ; And thereby hangs a tale.

CURT. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

GRU. Lend thine ear.

But the Oxford editor alters it thus :

*Are the Jacks fair without, and the Jills fair within?*

What his conceit is in this, I confess I know not.

WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer's meaning seems to be this : " Are the men who are waiting without the house to receive my master, dressed ; and the maids, who are waiting within, dressed too ?"

I believe the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which signify *two drinking measures*, as well as *men* and *maid servants*. The distinction made in the questions concerning them, was owing to this : The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outside, but were very apt to contract foulness within ; whereas, the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inside, like the leather.

The quibble on the former of these words I find in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, by C. Tourner, 1611 :

" — have you drunk yourselves mad ?

" 1. *Ser.* My lord, the *Jacks* abus'd me.

" *D'Am.* I think they are *Jacks* indeed that have abus'd thee."

Again, in *The Puritan*, 1607 : " I owe money to several hostesses, and you know such *jills* will quickly be upon a man's *jack*." In this last instance, the allusion to drinking measures is evident. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *the carpets laid,*] In our author's time it was customary to cover tables with carpets. Floors, as appears from the present passage and others, were strewed with rushes. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *I pray thee, news?*] I believe the author wrote—*I pray, thy news.* MALONE.

CURT. Here.

GRU. There. [Striking him.

CURT. This is<sup>2</sup> to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

GRU. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale : and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin : *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress :—

CURT. Both on one horse ?<sup>3</sup>

GRU. What's that to thee ?

CURT. Why, a horse.

GRU. Tell thou the tale :—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse ; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place : how she was bemoiled ;<sup>4</sup> how he left her with the horse upon her ; how he beat me because her horse stumbled ; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me ; how he swore ; how she prayed—that never prayed before ;<sup>5</sup> how I cried ; how the horses ran away ; how her bridle was burst ;<sup>6</sup> how I lost my crupper ;—with many things of worthy memory ; which now shall die in

<sup>2</sup> *This is —*] Old copy—*This 'tis—*. Corrected by Mr. Pope.  
MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ———on one horse ?] The old copy reads—*of* one horse ?  
STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ———*bemoiled* ;] i. e. be-draggled ; bemired. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ———*how he swore ; how she prayed—that never prayed before* ;] These lines, with little variation, are found in the old copy of *King Leir*, published before that of Shakspeare.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ———*was burst* ;] i. e. broken. So, in the first scene of this play : “ You will not pay for the glasses you have *burst* ?”

STEEVENS.

oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

CURT. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.<sup>7</sup>

GRU. Ay; and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed,<sup>8</sup> and their garters of an indifferent knit:<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — *he is more shrew than she.*] The term *shrew* was anciently applicable to either sex. Thus, in the ancient metrical romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, p. 66:

“Lest that lurdeynes come skulkyng oute

“For ever they have bene *shrewes*,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *their blue coats brushed.*] The dress of servants at the time. So, in Decker’s *Belman’s Night Walkes*, sig. E. 3: “—the other act their parts in *blew coates*, as they were their *serving men*, though indeed they be all fellows.” Again, in *The Curtain Drawer of the World*, 1612, p. 2: “Not a *serving man* dare appeare in a *blew coat*, not because it is the livery of charity, but lest he should be thought a retainer to their enemy.”

REED.

<sup>9</sup> — *garters of an indifferent knit.*] What is the sense of this, I know not, unless it means, that their *garters* should be fellows: *indifferent*, or *not different*, one from the other.

JOHNSON.

This is rightly explained. So, in *Hamlet*:

“As the *indifferent* children of the earth.”

Again, in *King Richard II*:

“Look on my wrongs with an *indifferent* eye.”

i. e. an impartial one.

In Donne’s *Paradoxes*, p. 56, Dr. Farmer observes, that we find “one *indifferent* shoe;” meaning, I suppose, a shoe that would fit either the right or left foot.

So, in Reynolds’s *God’s Revenge against Murder*, B. V. Hist. 22: “Their sister Ceciliana (aged of some twenty years,) was of an *indifferent* height, but growing to corpulency and fatness.”

STEEVENS.

Perhaps by “garters of an *indifferent* knit,” the author meant

let them curtsey with their left legs ; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready ?

CURT. They are.

GRU. Call them forth.

CURT. Do you hear, ho ? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

GRU. Why, she hath a face of her own.

CURT. Who knows not that ?

GRU. Thou, it seems ; that callest for company to countenance her.

CURT. I call them forth to credit her.

GRU. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Enter several Servants.*

NATH. Welcome home, Grumio.

PHIL. How now, Grumio ?

JOS. What, Grumio !

NICH. Fellow Grumio !

NATH. How now, old lad ?

GRU. Welcome, you ;—how now, you ; what, you ;—fellow, you ;—and thus much for greeting.

*parti-coloured garters* ; garters of a *different* knit. In Shakespeare's time *indifferent* was sometimes used for *different*. Thus Speed, (*Hist. of Gr. Brit.* p. 770,) describing the French and English armies at the battle of Agincourt, says, "—the face of these hoasts were diverse and *indifferent*."

That garters of a *different knit* were formerly worn appears from *TEXNOFAMIA, or the Marriage of the Arts*, by Barton Holyday, 1630, where the following stage direction occurs : "Phantastes in a branched velvet jerkin,—red silk stockings, and *parti-coloured garters*." MALONE.

Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

NATH. All things is ready:<sup>1</sup> How near is our master?

GRU. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,——Cock's passion, silence!——I hear my master.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.*<sup>2</sup>

PET. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *All things is ready:]* Though in general it is proper to correct the false concords that are found in almost every page of the old copy, here it would be improper; because the language suits the character. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Enter Petruchio &c.]* Thus, the original play:

“ *Enter Ferando and Kate.*

“ *Ferand.* Now welcome *Kate*. Wheres these villaines,

“ Heere? what, not supper yet upon the boord!

“ Nor table spread, nor nothing done at all!

“ Where's that villaine that I sent before?

“ *San.* Now, adsum, sir.

“ *Feran.* Come hither you villaine; Ile cut your nose

“ You rogue: help me off with my bootes: wil't please

“ You to lay the cloth? Sowns the villaine

“ Hurts my foote: pull easily I say: yet againe?

[*He beats them all. They cover the boord, and fetch in the meate.*

“ Sowns, burnt and scorch't! who drest this meate?

“ *Will.* Forsooth, *John Cooke.*

[*He throwes downe the table and meate, and all, and beates them all.*

“ *Feran.* Goe, you villaines; bring me such meate?

“ Out of my sight, I say, and bear it hence.

“ Come, *Kate*, wee'l have other meate provided:

“ Is there a fire in my chamber, sir?

“ *San.* I, forsooth. [*Exeunt Ferando and Kate.*

“ *Manent serving men, and eate up all the meate.*

“ *Tom.* Sownes, I thinke of my conscience my master's madde since he was married.



To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!  
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

*ALL SERV.* Here, here, sir; here, sir.

*PET.* Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!—  
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!  
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—  
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

*GRU.* Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

*PET.* You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!  
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,  
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

*GRU.* Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,  
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i'the heel;  
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,<sup>4</sup>

" *Will.* I laft what a box he gave *Sander*  
" For pulling off his booties?

" *Enter Ferando again.*

" *San.* I hurt his foot for the nonce, man.

" *Feran.* Did you so, you damned villaine?

[*He beates them all out again.*

" This humour must I hold to me a while,  
" To bridle and holde back my head-strong wife,  
" With curbes of hunger, ease, and want of sleepe:  
" Nor sleep nor meate shall she enjoy to-night;  
" Ile mew her up as men do mew their hawkes,  
" And make her gently come unto the lewre:  
" Were she as stubborne, or as full of strength  
" As was the Thracian horse Alcides tamde,  
" That king *Egeus* fed with flesh of men,  
" Yet would I pull her downe and make her come,  
" As hungry hawkes do flie unto their lewre."

[*Exit.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — at door,] *Door* is here, and in other places, used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — no link to colour *Peter's hat*,] A link is a torch of pitch. Greene, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, says—"This cozenage is



And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:  
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;  
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

PET. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

Where is the life that late I led<sup>5</sup>— [Sings.

Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.  
Soud, soud, soud, soud!<sup>6</sup>

used likewise in selling old hats found upon dung-hills, instead of newe, blackt over with the *smoake of an old linke*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Where &c.*] A scrap of some old ballad. Ancient Pistol elsewhere quotes the same line. In an old black letter book intituled, *A gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions*, London, 1578, 4to. is a song to the tune of *Where is the life that late I led*.

RITSON.

This ballad was peculiarly suited to Petruchio's present situation: for it appears to have been descriptive of the state of a lover who had newly resigned his freedom. In an old collection of Sonnets, entitled *A handeful of pleasant Delites, containing sundrie new Sonets, &c.* by Clement Robinson, 1584, is "Dame Beautie's replie to the lover late at libertie, and now complaineth himselfe to be her captive, intituled, *Where is the life that late I led*:"

"The life that erst thou led'st, my friend,

"Was pleasant to thine eyes," &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Soud, soud, &c.*] That is, *sweet, sweet*. Soot, and sometimes *sooth*, is *sweet*. So, in Milton, *to sing soothly*, is to sing sweetly. JOHNSON.

So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"He'll hang handsome young men for the soote sinne of love." STEEVENS.

These words seem merely intended to denote the humming of a tune, or some kind of ejaculation, for which it is not necessary to find out a meaning. M. MASON.

This, I believe, is a word coined by our poet, to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued. MALONE.

*Re-enter Servants, with supper.*

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

*It was the friar of orders grey,*<sup>7</sup> [Sings.  
*As he forth walked on his way:—*

Out, out, you rogue!<sup>8</sup> you pluck my foot awry:  
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what, ho!—  
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither :<sup>9</sup>—

[*Exit Servant.*

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—

<sup>7</sup> *It was the friar of orders grey,*] Dispersed through Shakespeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, Dr. Percy has selected some of them, and connected them together with a few supplemental stanzas; a work, which at once demonstrates his own poetical abilities, as well as his respect to the truly venerable remains of our most ancient bards. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Out, out, you rogue!*] The second word was inserted by Mr. Pope, to complete the metre. When a word occurs twice in the same line, the compositor very frequently omits one of them. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:]* This cousin Ferdinand, who does not make his personal appearance on the scene, is mentioned, I suppose, for no other reason than to give Katharine a hint, that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his spaniel Troilus.

STEEVENS.

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

[*A bason is presented to him.*

Come, Kate, and wash,<sup>1</sup> and welcome heartily:—

[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

[*Strikes him.*

KATH. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

PET. A whoreson, beetleheaded, flap-ear'd knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach. Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—What is this? mutton?

1 SERV.

Ay.

<sup>1</sup> *Come, Kate, and wash,*] It was the custom in our author's time, (and long before,) to wash the hands immediately before dinner and supper, as well as afterwards. So, in Ives's *Select Papers*, p. 139: "And after that the Queen [Elizabeth, the wife of King Henry VII.] was retourned and washed, the Archbishop said grace." Again, in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: "C. The meate is coming, let us sit downe. S. I would wash first—. What ho, bring us some water to wash our hands.—Give me a faire, cleane and white towel." From the same dialogue it appears that it was customary to wash after meals likewise, and that setting the water on the table was then (as at present) peculiar to Great Britain and Ireland: "Bring some water (says one of the company,) when dinner is ended, to wash our hands, and set the bacin upon the board, *after the English fashion*, that all may wash."

That it was the practice to wash the hands immediately before supper, as well as before dinner, is ascertained by the following passage in *The Fountayne of Fame, erected in an Orcharde of amorous Adventures*, by Anthony Mundy, 1580: "Then was our supper brought up very orderly, and she brought me water to washe my handes. And after I had washed, I sat downe, and she also; but concerning what good cheere we had, I need not make good report." MALONE.

As our ancestors eat with their fingers, which might not be over-clean before meals, and after them must be greasy, we cannot wonder at such repeated ablutions. STEEVENS.

PET.

Who brought it?

1 SERV.

I.

PET. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:  
What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook?  
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,  
And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*]

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!  
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

KATH. I pray, you, husband, be not so disquiet;  
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

PET. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried  
away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,  
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;  
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—  
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,—  
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.  
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,  
And, for this night; we'll fast for company:—  
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and  
CURTIS.*]

NATH. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the  
like?

PETER. He kills her in her own humour.

*Re-enter CURTIS.*

GRU. Where is he?

CURT. In her chamber,  
Making a sermon of continency to her:  
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poorsoul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak ;  
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.  
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* PETRUCHIO.

PET. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfully :  
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty ;  
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,<sup>2</sup>  
For then she never looks upon her lure.  
Another way I have to man my haggard,<sup>3</sup>  
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,  
That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites,<sup>4</sup>  
That bate,<sup>5</sup> and beat, and will not be obedient.

<sup>2</sup> — *full-gorg'd*, &c.] A hawk too much fed was never tractable. So, in the *The Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604 :

“ And like a hooded hawk, *gorg'd* with vain pleasures,

“ At random flies, and wots not where he is.”

Again, in *The Booke of Haukyng*, bl. l. no date :

“ —ye shall say your hauke is *full-gorg'd*, and not cropped.”

The *lure* was only a thing stuffed like that kind of bird which the hawk was designed to pursue. The use of the *lure* was to tempt him back after he had flown. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *to man my haggard*,] A *haggard* is a *wild-hawk* ; to *man* a hawk is to *tame* her. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *watch her, as we watch these kites*,] Thus, in the same book of *Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. commonly called *The Book of St. Albans* : “ And then the same night after the teding, *wake* her all night, and on the morrowe all day.”

Again, in *The Lady Errant*, by Cartwright : “ We'll keep you as they do *hawks* ; *watching* you until you leave your wildness.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *That bate*,] i. e. flutter. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I :

“ *Bated* like eagles having lately bath'd.” STEEVENS.

To *bate* is to flutter as a hawk does when it swoops upon its prey. Minshew supposes it to be derived either from *batre*, Fr. to beat, or from *s'abatre*, to descend. MALONE.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;  
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;  
 As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
 I'll find about the making of the bed;  
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—  
 Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,<sup>6</sup>  
 That all is done in reverend care of her;  
 And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:  
 And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,  
 And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;  
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong hu-  
                         mour :—

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
 Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*]

<sup>6</sup> ——— *amid this hurly, I intend,*] *Intend* is sometimes used by our author for *pretend*, and is, I believe, so used here. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
 “ *Intending* deep suspicion.” MALONE.

SCENE II.<sup>7</sup>

Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

*Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.*

TRA. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca<sup>8</sup>  
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?  
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

HOR. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,  
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.  
[*They stand aside.*]

<sup>7</sup> *Scene II. Padua, &c.]* This scene, Mr. Pope, upon what authority I cannot pretend to guess, has in his editions made the *first* of the *fifth* Act: in doing which, he has shown the very power and force of criticism. The consequence of this judicious regulation is, that two unpardonable absurdities are fixed upon the author, which he could not possibly have committed. For, in the first place, by this shuffling the scenes out of their true position, we find Hortensio, in the fourth Act, already gone from Baptista's to Petruchio's country-house; and afterwards in the beginning of the fifth Act we find him first forming the resolution of quitting Bianca; and Tranio immediately informs us, he is gone to the Taming-school to Petruchio. There is a figure, indeed, in rhetorick, called *ὑπερον πρότερον*, but this is an abuse of it, which the rhetoricians will never adopt upon Mr. Pope's authority. Again, by this misplacing, the Pedant makes his first entrance, and quits the stage with Tranio in order to go and dress himself like Vincentio, whom he was to personate: but his second *entrance* is upon the very heels of his *exit*; and without any interval of an *Act*, or one word intervening, he comes out again equipped like Vincentio. If such a critic be fit to publish a stage-writer, I shall not envy Mr. Pope's admirers, if they should think fit to applaud his sagacity. I have replaced the scenes in that order in which I found them in the old books.

THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> — *that Bianca*—] The old copy redundantly reads—that *mistress Bianca*. STEEVENS.



*Enter* BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

*LUC.* Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

*BIAN.* What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

*LUC.* I read that I profess, the art to love.

*BIAN.* And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

*LUC.* While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. [*They retire.*]

*HOR.* Quick proceeders, marry!<sup>9</sup> Now, tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca  
Lov'd none<sup>1</sup> in the world so well as Lucentio.

*TRA.* O spiteful love! unconstant woman-kind!—

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

*HOR.* Mistake no more: I am not Licio,  
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;  
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,  
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,  
And makes a god of such a cullion:<sup>2</sup>  
Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

<sup>9</sup> *Quick proceeders, marry!*] Perhaps here an equivoke was intended. To *proceed* Master of Arts, &c. is the academical term. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Lov'd none* —] Old copy—*Lov'd me*.—Mr. Rowe made this necessary correction. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *cullion*.:] A term of degradation, with no very decided meaning; a despicable fellow, a fool, &c. So, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, bl. 1:

“It is an old saying Praise at parting.

“I think I have made the *cullion* to wring.”

STEEVENS.

*TRA.* Signior Hortensio, I have often heard  
Of your entire affection to Bianca ;  
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,  
I will with you,—If you be so contented,—  
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

*HOR.* See, how they kiss and court !——Signior  
Lucentio,  
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—  
Never to woo her more ; but do forswear her,  
As one unworthy all the former favours  
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.<sup>3</sup>

*TRA.* And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—  
Ne'er to marry with her though she would entreat :  
Fye on her ! see, how beastly she doth court him.

*HOR.* 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite  
forsworn !  
For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,  
I will be married to a wealthy widow,  
Ere three days pass ; which hath as long lov'd me,  
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard :  
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—  
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
Shall win my love :—and so I take my leave,  
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit* HORTENSIO.—LUCENTIO and BIANCA  
advance.]

*TRA.* Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace  
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case !  
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love ;  
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

*BIAN.* Tranio, you jest ; But have you both for-  
sworn me ?

<sup>3</sup> *That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.*] The old copy reads  
—them withal. The emendation was made by the editor of the  
third folio. MALONE.

TRA. Mistress, we have.

LUC. Then we are rid of Licio.

TRA. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,  
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

BIAN. God give him joy!

TRA. Ay, and he'll tame her.<sup>4</sup>

BIAN. He says so, Tranio.

TRA. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

BIAN. The taming-school! what, is there such  
a place?

TRA. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;  
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—  
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.<sup>5</sup>

*Enter BIONDELLO, running.*

BION. O master, master, I have watch'd so long  
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied  
An ancient angel<sup>6</sup> coming down the hill,  
Will serve the turn.

<sup>4</sup> *Ay, and he'll tame her. &c.*] Thus, in the original play:

“ — he means to tame his wife ere long.

“ *Val.* Hee saies so.

“ *Aurel.* Faith he's gon unto the taming-schoole.

“ *Val.* The taming-schoole! why is there such a place?

“ *Aurel.* I; and *Ferando* is the maister of the schoole.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — charm *her chattering tongue.*] So, in *King Henry VI.*  
P. III:

“ Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm* your tongue.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *An ancient angel* —] For *angel* Mr. Theobald, and after him  
Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, read *engle*. JOHNSON.

It is true that the word *enghle*, which Sir T. Hanmer calls a  
gull, (deriving it from *engluer*, Fr. to catch with bird-lime,) is  
sometimes used by Ben Jonson. It cannot, however, bear that

TRA. What is he, Biondello?

BION. Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,<sup>7</sup>

meaning at present, as Biondello confesses his ignorance of the quality of the person who is afterwards persuaded to represent the father of Lucentio. The precise meaning of it is not ascertained in Jonson, neither is the word to be found in any of the original copies of Shakspeare. I have also reason to suppose that the true import of the word *enghle* is such as can have no connection with this passage, and will not bear explanation.

*Angel* primitively signifies a *messenger*, but perhaps this sense is inapplicable to the passage before us. So, Ben Jonson, in *The Sad Shepherd*:

“—— the dear good *angel* of the spring,

“The nightingale—.”

And Chapman, in his translation of Homer, always calls a messenger an *angel*. See particularly B. XXIV.

In *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher, an old usurer is indeed called—

“—— old *angel* of gold.”

It is possible, however, that instead of *ancient angel*, our author might have written—*angel-merchant*, one whose business it was to negotiate money. He is afterwards called a *mercatantè*, and professes himself to be one who has bills of exchange about him. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,*] The old editions read *marcantant*. The Italian word *mercatantè* is frequently used in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no scruple of placing it here. The modern editors, who printed the word as they found it spelt in the folio, were obliged to supply a syllable to make out the verse, which the Italian pronunciation renders unnecessary. A *pedant* was the common name for a teacher of languages. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: “He loves to have a fencer, a *pedant*, and a musician, seen in his lodgings.” STEEVENS.

*Mercatantè,*] So, Spenser, in the third Book of his *Fairy Queen*:

Sleeves dependant Albanesè wise.”

And our author has *Veronesè* in his *Othello*. FARMER.

—— *pedant,*] *Charon*, the sage *Charon*, as Pope calls him, describes a *pedant*, as synonymous to a *household schoolmaster*, and adds a general character of the fraternity by no means to their advantage. See *Charon on Wisdom*, 4to. 1640. Lennard's *Translation*, p. 158. REED.

I know not what ; but formal in apparel,  
In gait and countenance surely like a father.<sup>8</sup>

LUC. And what of him, Tranio ?

TRA. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,  
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio ;  
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,  
As if he were the right Vincentio.  
Take in your love, and then let me alone.<sup>9</sup>  
[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

*Enter a Pedant.*

PED. God save you, sir !

TRA. And you, sir ! you are welcome.  
'Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest ?

PED. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two :  
But then up further ; and as far as Rome ;  
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

TRA. What countryman, I pray ?

PED. Of Mantua.

TRA. Of Mantua, sir ?—marry, God forbid !  
And come to Padua, careless of your life ?

\* — surely *like a father*.] I know not what he is, says the speaker, however this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man. WARBURTON.

The editor of the second folio reads—*surly*, which Mr. Theobald adopted, and has quoted the following lines, addressed by Tranio to the Pedant, in support of the emendation :

“ 'Tis well ; and hold your own in any case,  
“ With such *austerity* as 'longeth to a *father*.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Take in your love, and then let me alone.*] The old copies exhibit this line as follows, disjoining it from its predecessors :

Par. *Take me your love, and then let me alone.*

STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

*PED.* My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

*TRA.* 'Tis death for any one in Mantua  
To come to Padua; <sup>1</sup> Know you not the cause?  
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke  
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)  
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:  
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,  
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

*PED.* Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;  
For I have bills for money by exchange  
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

*TRA.* Well, sir, to do you courtesy,  
This will I do, and this will I advise you;—  
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

*PED.* Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;  
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens. <sup>2</sup>

*TRA.* Among them, know you one Vincentio?

*PED.* I know him not, but I have heard of him;  
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

*TRA.* He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,  
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

*BION.* As much as an apple doth an oyster, and  
all one. [Aside.

*TRA.* To save your life in this extremity,  
This favour will I do you for his sake;  
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,  
That you are like to sir Vincentio.

<sup>1</sup> 'Tis death for any one in Mantua &c.] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ ——— if any Syracusan born

“ Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.*] This line has been already used by Lucentio. See Act I. sc. i. RITSON.

His name and credit shall you undertake,  
 And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd ;—  
 Look, that you take upon you as you should ;  
 You understand me, sir ;—so shall you stay  
 Till you have done your business in the city :  
 If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

PED. O, sir, I do ; and will repute you ever  
 The patron of my life and liberty.

TRA. Then go with me, to make the matter good.  
 This, by the way, I let you understand ;—  
 My father is here look'd for every day,  
 To pass assurance<sup>3</sup> of a dower in marriage  
 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here :  
 In all these circumstances I'll instruct you :  
 Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.<sup>4</sup>  
[*Exeunt.*

<sup>3</sup> *To pass assurance* —] *To pass assurance* means to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called, "The common assurances of the realm," because thereby each man's property is *assured* to him. So, in a subsequent scene of this Act : "they are busied about a counterfeit assurance." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Go with me, sir, &c.*] Thus the second folio. The first omits the word—*sir*. STEEVENS.

*Go with me, &c.*] There is an old comedy called *Supposes*, translated from Ariosto, by George Gascoigne. Thence Shakespeare borrowed this part of the plot, (as well as some of the phraseology,) though Theobald pronounces it his own invention. There, likewise, he found the quaint name of Petruchio. My young master and his man exchange habits, and persuade a *Scenæse*, as he is called, to personate *the father*, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from *Sienna* to *Ferrara*, contrary to the order of the government. FARMER.

In the same play our author likewise found the name of *Licio*. MALONE.



SCENE III.

*A Room in Petruchio's House.*

*Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.*<sup>5</sup>

GRU. No, no ; forsooth ; I dare not, for my life.

KATH. The more my wrong, the more his spite  
appears :

<sup>5</sup> *Enter Katharina and Grumio.*] Thus the original play:

“ *Enter Sander and his mistress.*

“ *San.* Come, mistress.

“ *Kate.* Sander, I prethee helpe me to some meat ;

“ I am so faint that I can scarcely stand.

“ *San.* I marry mistress : but you know my maister

“ Has given me a charge that you must eat nothing,

“ But that which he himself giveth you.

“ *Kate.* Why man, thy master needs never know it.

“ *San.* You say true, indeed. Why looke you, mistress ;

“ What say you to a pece of bieffe and mustard now ?

“ *Kate.* Why, I say, 'tis excellent meat ; canst thou helpe  
me to some ?

“ *San.* I, I could helpe you to some, but that I doubt

“ The mustard is too chollerick for you.

“ But what say you to a sheepes head and garlicke ?

“ *Kate.* Why any thing ; I care not what it be.

“ *San.* I, but the garlicke I doubt will make your breath  
stincke ; and then my master will course me for letting you eate  
it. But what say you to a fat capon ?

“ *Kate.* That's meat for a king ; sweete Sander help me to  
some of it.

“ *San.* Nay, berlady, then 'tis too deere for us ; we must not  
meddle with the king's meate.

“ *Kate.* Out villaine ! dost thou mocke me ?

“ Take that for thy sawsinesse. [*She beates him.*

“ *San.* Sounes are you so light-fingred, with a murrin ;

“ Ile keepe you fasting for it these two daies.

“ *Kate.* I tell thee villaine, Ile tear the flesh off

“ Thy face and eate it, and thou prate to me thus.

“ *San.* Here comes my master now : heele course you.

What, did he marry me to famish me?  
 Beggars, that come unto my father's door,  
 Upon entreaty, have a present alms;  
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:  
 But I,—who never knew how to entreat,—  
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;  
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:  
 And that which spites me more than all these wants,  
 He does it under name of perfect love;  
 As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,  
 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—

“ *Enter Ferando with a piece of meate upon his dagger point, and Polidor with him.*

“ *Feran.* See here, *Kate*, I have provided meat for thee:

“ Here, take it: what, is't not worthy thanks?

“ Go, sirha, take it away againe, you shall be

“ Thankful for the next you have.

“ *Kate.* Why, I thanke you for it.

“ *Feran.* Nay, now 'tis not worth a pin: go, sirha, and take it hence, I say.

“ *San.* Yes, sir, Ile carrie it hence: Master, let hir

“ Have none; for she can fight, as hungry as she is.

“ *Pol.* I pray you, sir, let it stand: for ile eat

“ Some with her myselfe.

“ *Feran.* Well, sirha, set it downe againe.

“ *Kate.* Nay, nay, I pray you, let him take it hence,

“ And keepe it for your own diet, for ile none;

“ Ile nere be beholding to you for your meat:

“ I tell thee flatly here unto thy teeth,

“ Thou shalt not keepe me nor feed me as thou list,

“ For I will home againe unto my father's house.

“ *Feran.* I, when y'are meeke and gentle, but not before:

“ I know your stomacke is not yet come downe,

“ Therefore no marvel thou canst not eat:

“ And I will go unto your father's house.

“ Come *Polidor*, let us go in againe;

“ And *Kate* come in with us: I know, ere long,

“ That thou and I shall lovingly agree.”

The circumstance of *Ferando* bringing meat to *Katharine* on the point of his dagger, is a ridicule on Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, who treats *Bajazet* in the same manner. STEEVENS.

I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast ;  
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

GRU. What say you to a neat's foot ?

KATH. 'Tis passing good ; I pr'ythee let me have it.

GRU. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat :<sup>6</sup>—  
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd ?

KATH. I like it well ; good Grumio, fetch it me.

GRU. I cannot tell ; I fear, 'tis cholerick.  
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard ?

KATH. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRU. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.<sup>7</sup>

KATH. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard  
rest.

GRU. Nay, then I will not ; you shall have the  
mustard,  
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

<sup>6</sup> *I fear, it is too cholerick a meat :*] So, before :

“ And I expressly am forbid to touch it ;

“ For it engenders *choler*.”

The editor of the second folio arbitrarily reads—too *phlegmatick* a meat ; which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

Though I have not displaced the oldest reading, that of the second folio may be right. It prevents the repetition of *cholerick*, and preserves its meaning ; for *phlegmatick*, irregularly derived from *φλεγμονή*, might anciently have been a word in physical use, signifying *inflammatory*, as *phlegmonous* is at present.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.*] This is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. In *The Glass of Humors*, no date, p. 60, it is said, “ But note here, that the first diet is not only in avoiding superfluity of meats, and surfeits of drinks, but also in eschewing such as are most obnoxious, and least agreeable with our happy temperate state ; as for a cholerick man to abstain from all salt, *scorched, dry meats*, from *mustard*, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours,” &c.

So Petruchio before objects to the over-roasted mutton. REED.

KATH. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

GRU. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

KATH. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [Beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat :

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery !

Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter PETRUCHIO with a dish of meat ; and*  
HORTENSIO.

PET. How fares my Kate ? What sweeting, all amourt ?<sup>s</sup>

HOR. Mistress, what cheer ?

KATH. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

PET. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love ; thou see'st how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee :

[Sets the dish on a table.

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word ? Nay then, thou lov'st it not ;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof :<sup>9</sup>——

Here, take away this dish.

<sup>s</sup> —— *What, sweeting, all amourt ?*] This gallicism is common to many of the old plays. So, in *Wily Beguiled* :

“ Why how now, Sophos, all amourt ? ”

Again, in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611 :

“ What all amourt ! What's the matter ? ” STEEVENS.

That is, all sunk and dispirited. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *And all my pains is sorted to no proof :*] And all my labour has ended in nothing, or proved nothing. “ We tried an experiment, but it sorted not.” Bacon. JOHNSON.

KATH. 'Pray you, let it stand.

PET. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;  
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

KATH. I thank you, sir.

HOR. Signior Petruchio, fye! you are to blame!  
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

PET. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—  
[*Aside.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!  
Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,  
Will we return unto thy father's house;  
And revel it as bravely as the best,  
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,  
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;<sup>1</sup>  
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,  
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.  
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy lei-  
sure,  
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — *farthingales, and things*;) Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the author had not another that would rhyme. I once thought to transpose the word *rings* and *things*, but it would make little improvement.

JOHNSON.

However poor the word, the poet must be answerable for it, as he had used it before, Act II. sc. v. when the rhyme did not force it upon him:

*We will have rings and things, and fine array.*

Again, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1632:

" 'Tis true that I am poor, and yet have *things*,

" And golden rings," &c.

A *thing* is a trifle too inconsiderable to deserve a particular discrimination. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *with his ruffling treasure*,] This is the reading of the old copy, which Mr. Pope changed to *rustling*, I think, without necessity. Our author has indeed in another play—" *Prouder*

*Enter Tailor.*

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments ;<sup>3</sup>

than *rustling*, in unpaid for silk ;” but *ruffling* is sometimes used in nearly the same sense. Thus, in *King Lear* :

“ — the high winds

“ Do sorely *ruffle*.”

There clearly the idea of noise as well as turbulence is annexed to the word. A *ruffler* in our author’s time signified a *noisy* and turbulent swaggerer ; and the word *ruffling* may here be applied in a kindred sense to dress. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II :

“ And his proud wife, high-minded Eleanor,

“ That *ruffles* it with such a troop of ladies,

“ As strangers in the court take her for queen.”

Again, more appositely, in Camden’s *Remaines*, 1605 : “ There was a nobleman merry conceited and riotously given, having lately sold a manor of a hundred tenements, came *ruffling* into the court in a *new sute*, saying, Am not I a mightie man that beare an hundred houses on my backe.”

Boyle speaks of the *ruffling* of silk, and *ruffled* is used by so late an author as Addison in the sense of *plaited* ; in which last signification perhaps the word *ruffling* should be understood here. Petruchio has just before told Katharine that she “ should revel it with *ruffs* and cuffs ;” from the former of which words, *ruffled*, in the sense of *plaited*, seems to be derived. As *ruffling* therefore may be understood either in this sense, or that first suggested, (which I incline to think the true one,) I have adhered to the reading of the old copy.

To the examples already given in support of the reading of the old copy, may be added this very apposite one from Lyly’s *Euphues and his England*, 1580 : “ Shall I *ruffle* in new devices, with chains, with *bracelets*, with *rings*, with *roabes* ?”

Again, in Drayton’s *Battaile of Agincourt*, 1627 :

“ With *ruffling* banners, that do brave the sky.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments ;*] In our poet’s time, women’s gowns were usually made by men. So, in the Epistle to the Ladies, prefixed to *Euphues and his England*, by John Lyly, 1580 : “ If a *taylor* make your gown too little, you cover his fault with a broad stomacher ; if too great, with a number of pleights ; if too short, with a fair guard ; if too long, with a false gathering.” MALONE.

*Enter Haberdasher.*<sup>4</sup>

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

*HAB.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

<sup>4</sup> *Enter Haberdasher.*] Thus, in the original play :

“*San.* Master, the haberdasher has brought my mistress home her cap here.

“*Feran.* Come hither, sirha : what have you there?

“*Haber.* A velvet cap, sir, and it please you.

“*Feran.* Who spoke for it? Didst thou, *Kate*?

“*Kate.* What if I did? Come hither, sirha, give me the cap ;  
Ile see if it will fit me. [*She sets it on her head.*

“*Feran.* O monstrous ! why it becomes thee not.

“Let me see it, *Kate* : here, sirha, take it hence ;

“This cap is out of fashion quite.

“*Kate.* The fashion is good enough : belike you mean to make a fool of me.

“*Feran.* Why true, he means to make a fool of thee,

“To have thee put on such a curtdald cap :

“Sirha, begone with it.

“*Enter the Taylor, with a gowne.*

“*San.* Here is the Taylor too with my mistress gowne.

“*Feran.* Let me see it, Taylor : What, with cuts and jags?

“*Sounes,* thou vilaine, thou hast spoil'd the gowne.

“*Taylor.* Why, sir, I made it as your man gave me direction ;

“You may read the note here.

“*Feran.* Come hither, sirha : Taylor, read the note.

“*Taylor.* Item, a faire round compass'd cape.

“*San.* I, that's true.

“*Taylor.* And a large truncke sleeve.

“*San.* That's a lie maister ; I said two truncke sleeves.

“*Feran.* Well, sir, go forward.

“*Taylor.* Item, a loose-bodied gowne.

“*San.* Maister, if ever I said loose bodies gowne,

“Sew me in a seame, and beat me to death

“With a bottom of browne thred.

“*Taylor.* I made it as the note bade me.

“*San.* I say the note lies in his throate, and thou too, an thou sayest it.

“*Tay.* Nay, nay, ne'er be so hot, sirha, for I feare you not.

“*San.* Doost thou heare, Taylor? thou hast braved many men :

“Brave not me. Th'ast fac'd many men.

“*Taylor.* Wel, sir.



*PET.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer;<sup>5</sup>  
 A velvet dish;—fye, fye! 'tis lewd and filthy:  
 Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnutshell,  
 A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;  
 Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

"*San.* Face not me: I'll neither be fac'd, nor braved, at thy hands, I can tell thee.

"*Kate.* Come, come, I like the fashion of it well inough;

"Heere's more adoe than needes; I'll have it, I;

"And if you doe not like it, hide your eies:

"I thinke I shall have nothing, by your will.

"*Feran.* Go, I say, and take it up for your maister's use!

"*San.* Souns villaine, not for thy life; touch it not:

"Souns, take up my mistris gowne to his maister's use!

"*Feran.* Well, sir, what's your conceit of it?

"*San.* I have a deeper conceit in it than you think for. Take up my mistris gowne to his maister's use!

"*Feran.* Taylor, come hither; for this time make it:

"Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

"*Taylor.* I thanke you, sir. [*Exit Tailer.*]

"*Feran.* Come, *Kate*, wee now will go see thy father's house,

"Even in these honest meane abiliments;

"Our purses shall be rich, our garments plaine,

"To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage;

"And that's inough, what should we care for more?

"Thy sisters, *Kate*, to-morrow must be wed,

"And I have promised them thou should'st be there:

"The morning is well up; let's haste away;

"It will be nine a clocke ere we come there.

"*Kate.* Nine a clocke! why 'tis already past two in the afternoon, by al the clockes in the towne.

"*Feran.* I say 'tis but nine a clocke in the morning.

"*Kate.* I say 'tis two a clocke in the afternoone.

"*Feran.* It shall be nine then ere you go to your fathers:

"Come backe againe; we will not go to day:

"Nothing but crossing me stil?

"Ile have you say as I doe, ere I goe.

[*Excunt omnes.*"]

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — on a porringer;] The same thought occurs in *King Henry VIII*: "—rail'd upon me till her pink'd *porringer* fell off her head." STEEVENS.

KATH. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,  
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

PET. When you are gentle, you shall have one  
too,  
And not till then.

HOR. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*]

KATH. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to  
speak;<sup>6</sup>

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:  
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;  
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.  
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;  
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:  
And, rather than it shall, I will be free  
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

PET. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,  
A custard-coffin,<sup>7</sup> a bauble, a silken pie:  
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

<sup>6</sup> *Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak; &c.*] Shakspeare has here copied nature with great skill. Petruchio, by frightening, starving, and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentleness and submission. And the audience expects to hear no more of the shrew: when on her being crossed, in the article of fashion and finery, the most inveterate folly of the sex, she flies out again, though for the last time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *A custard-coffin,*] A *coffin* was the ancient culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard. So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*:

"——— if you spend

"The red deer pies in your house, or sell them forth, sir,

"Cast so, that I may have their *coffins* all

"Return'd," &c.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gypsies Metamorphosed*:

"And *coffin'd in crust* 'till now she was hoary."

Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, has a similar term for a woman's cap: "—— for all her velvet *custard* on her head."

STEVENS.

*KATH.* Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;  
And it I will have, or I will have none.

*PET.* Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, tailor, let us  
see't.

O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?  
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:  
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?  
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,  
Like to a censer<sup>s</sup> in a barber's shop:—  
Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

*HOR.* I see, she's like to have neither cap nor  
gown. [*Aside.*]

*TAI.* You bid me make it orderly and well,  
According to the fashion, and the time.

*PET.* Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,  
I did not bid you mar it to the time.  
Go, hop me over every kennel home,  
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:  
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Again, in a receipt to bake lampreys. *MS. Book of Cookery*,  
Temp. Hen. 6:

“—and then cover the *coffyn*, but save a litell hole to blow  
into the *coffyn*, with thy mouth, a gode blast; and sodenly  
stoppe, that the wynde abyde withynne to ryse up the *coffyn*  
that it falle nott down.” DOUCE.

<sup>s</sup> — *censer* —] *Censers* in barber's shops are now disused,  
but they may easily be imagined to have been vessels which, for  
the emission of the smoke, were cut with great number and  
varieties of interstices. JOHNSON.

In *King Henry VI.* P. II. Doll calls the beadle “thou thin  
man in a *censer*.” MALONE.

I learn from an ancient print, that these *censers* resembled in  
shape our modern *brasicres*. They had pierced convex covers,  
and stood on feet. They not only served to sweeten a barber's  
shop, but to keep his water warm, and dry his cloths on. See  
note on *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act V. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

*KATH.* I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,  
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commend-  
able:

Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

*PET.* Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

*TAI.* She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

*PET.* O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,  
Thou thimble,<sup>9</sup>  
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,  
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:—  
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!  
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;  
Or I shall so be-mete thee<sup>1</sup> with thy yard,  
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!  
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

*TAI.* Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made  
Just as my master had direction:  
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

*GRU.* I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

*TAI.* But how did you desire it should be made?

*GRU.* Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

*TAI.* But did you not request to have it cut?

<sup>9</sup> ———— *thou thread,*

*Thou thimble,*] We should only read:

*O monstrous arrogance! thou liest, thou thimble.*  
He calls him afterwards—a skein of *thread*. RITSON.

The tailor's trade, having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged English, liable to sarcasms and contempt. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *be-mete* —] i. e. be-measure thee. STEEVENS.

GRU. Thou hast faced many things.<sup>2</sup>

TAI. I have.

GRU. Face not me: thou hast braved many men;<sup>3</sup> brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces:<sup>4</sup> *ergo*, thou liest.

TAI. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

PET. Read it.

GRU. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

TAI. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:*

GRU. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,<sup>5</sup> sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

PET. Proceed.

<sup>2</sup> —faced *many things*.] i. e. turned up many gowns, &c. with *facings*, &c. So, in *King Henry IV*:

“To *face* the garment of rebellion

“With some fine colour.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —braved *many men*;] i. e. made many men *fine*. *Bravery* was the ancient term for elegance of dress. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —*but I did not bid him cut it to pieces*.] This scene appears to have been borrowed from a story of Sir Philip Caulthrop, and John Drakes, a silly shoemaker of Norwich, which is related in Leigh’s *Accidence of Armorie*, and in Camden’s *Remaines*. DOUCE.

<sup>5</sup> —loose-bodied gown,] I think the joke is impaired, unless we read with the original play already quoted—a *loose body’s* gown. It appears, however, that *loose-bodied* gowns were the dress of *harlots*. Thus, in *The Michaelmas Term*, by Middleton, 1607: “Dost dream of virginity now? remember a *loose-bodied* gown, wench, and let it go.” STEEVENS.

See Dodsley’s *Old Plays*, Vol. III. p. 179, edit. 1780. REED.

TAI. *With a small compassed cape;*<sup>6</sup>

GRU. I confess the cape.

TAI. *With a trunk sleeve;*——

GRU. I confess two sleeves.

TAI. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

PET. Ay, there's the villainy.

GRU. Error i'the bill, sir; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

TAI. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shoud'st know it.

GRU. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill,<sup>7</sup> give me thy mete-yard,<sup>8</sup> and spare not me.

<sup>6</sup> —— *a small compassed cape;*] A *compassed cape* is a round cape. To *compass* is to *come round*. JOHNSON.

Thus in *Troilus and Cressida*, a circular bow window is called a—*compassed window*.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1565, gives a most elaborate description of the gowns of women; and adds, “Some have *cap*es reaching down to the midst of their backs, faced with velvet, or else with some fine wrought taffata, at the least, fringed about, very bravely.” STEEVENS.

So, in the Register of Mr. Henslowe, proprietor of the Rose Theatre, (a manuscript) of which an account has been given in Vol. II: “3 of June 1594. Lent, upon a womanes gowne of villet in grayne, with a velvet *cape* imbroidered with bugelles, for xxxvi s.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup>. —— *take thou the bill,*] The same quibble between the written *bill*, and *bill* the ancient weapon carried by foot-soldiers, is to be met with in *Timon of Athens*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— *thy mete-yard,*] i. e. thy measuring-yard. So, in *The Miseries of Inforc'd Marriage*, 1607:

“Be not a bar between us, or my sword

“Shall *mete* thy grave out.” STEEVENS.

*HOR.* God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

*PET.* Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

*GRU.* You are i'the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

*PET.* Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

*GRU.* Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

*PET.* Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

*GRU.* O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!  
O, fye, fye, fye!

*PET.* Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:—

[*Aside.*

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

*HOR.* Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tailor.*

*PET.* Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments;  
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:  
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;  
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.  
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,  
Because his feathers are more beautiful?  
Or is the adder better than the eel,  
Because his painted skin contents the eye?  
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse  
For this poor furniture, and mean array.



If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:  
 And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,  
 To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—  
 Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;  
 And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,  
 There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—  
 Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,  
 And well we may come there by dinner time.

*KATH.* I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;  
 And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there.

*PET.* It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:  
 Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,  
 You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone:  
 I will not go to-day; and ere I do,  
 It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

*HOR.* Why so! this gallant will command the  
 sun. [*Exeunt.*<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Exeunt.*] After this *exeunt*, the characters before whom the play is supposed to be exhibited, have been hitherto introduced from the original so often mentioned in the former notes.

“*Lord.* Who's within there?

“*Enter Servants.*

“Asleep again! go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But see you wake him not in any case.

“*Serv.* It shall be done, my lord; come help to bear him hence.” [*They bear off Sly.*

STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.<sup>1</sup>

Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

*Enter* TRANIO, *and the Pedant dressed like*  
VINCENTIO.

TRA. Sir, this is the house;<sup>2</sup> Please it you, that  
I call?

PED. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,<sup>3</sup>  
Signior Baptista may remember me,  
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where  
We were lodgers at the Pegasus.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I cannot but think that the direction about the Tinker, who is always introduced at the end of the Acts, together with the change of the scene, and the proportion of each Act to the rest, make it probable that the fifth Act begins here. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> Sir, *this is the house*;] The old copy has—*Sirs*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— but *I be deceived*,] *But*, in the present instance, signifies, *without, unless*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“*But* being charg’d, we will be still by land.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *We were lodgers at the Pegasus*.] This line has in all the editions hitherto been given to Tranio. But Tranio could with no propriety speak this, either in his assumed or real character. Lucentio was too young to know any thing of lodging with his father, twenty years before at Genoa: and Tranio must be as much too young, or very unfit to represent and personate Lucentio. I have ventured to place the line to the Pedant, to whom it must certainly belong, and is a sequel of what he was before saying. THEOBALD.

Shakspeare has taken a sign out of *London*, and hung it up in *Padua*:

“Meet me an hour hence at the sign of the *Pegasus* in Cheapside.” *Return from Parnassus*, 1606.

Again, in *The Jealous Lovers*, by Randolph, 1632:

*TRA.* 'Tis well ;  
And hold your own, in any case, with such  
Austerity as 'longeth to a father.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

*PED.* I warrant you : But, sir, here comes your  
boy ;  
'Twere good, he were school'd.

*TRA.* Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,  
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you ;  
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

*BION.* Tut ! fear not me.

*TRA.* But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?

*BION.* I told him, that your father was at Venice ;  
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

*TRA.* Thou'rt a tall fellow ; hold thee that to  
drink.  
Here comes Baptista :—set your countenance, sir.—

*Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.*<sup>5</sup>

Signior Baptista, you are happily met :—  
Sir, [*To the Pedant.*]

This is the gentleman I told you of ;  
I pray you, stand good father to me now,  
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

*PED.* Soft, son !—

“ A pottle of elixir at the *Pegasus*,  
“ Bravely carous'd, is more restorative.”

The *Pegasus* is the arms of the Middle-Temple : and, from  
that circumstance, became a popular sign. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Enter Baptista and Lucentio.*] and (according to the old  
copy,) *Pedant, booted and bareheaded.* RITSON.

Sir, by your leave ; having come to Padua  
 To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio  
 Made me acquainted with a weighty cause  
 Of love between your daughter and himself :  
 And,—for the good report I hear of you ;  
 And for the love he beareth to your daughter,  
 And she to him,—to stay him not too long,  
 I am content, in a good father's care,  
 To have him match'd ; and,—if you please to like  
 No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,  
 Me shall you find most ready and most willing<sup>6</sup>  
 With one consent to have her so bestow'd ;  
 For curious I cannot be with you,<sup>7</sup>  
 Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

BAP. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say ;—  
 Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.  
 Right true it is, your son Lucentio here  
 Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,  
 Or both dissemble deeply their affections :  
 And, therefore, if you say no more than this,  
 That like a father you will deal with him,  
 And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,<sup>8</sup>  
 The match is fully made, and all is done :<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Me shall you find most ready and most willing—*] The repeated word *most*, is not in the old copy, but was supplied by Sir T. Hanmer, to complete the measure. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *For curious I cannot be with you,*] *Curious* is scrupulous. So, in Ho'nshead, p. 888 : " The emperor obeying more compassion than the reason of things, was not *curious* to condescend to performe so good an office." Again, p. 890 : " —and was not *curious* to call him to eat with him at his table." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,*] To *pass* is, in this place, synonymous to *assure* or *convey* ; as it sometimes occurs in the covenant of a purchase deed, that the granter has power to bargain, sell, &c. " and thereby to *pass* and convey" the premises to the grantee. RITSON.

<sup>9</sup> *The match is fully made, and all is done :*] The word—

Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

*TRA.* I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,

We be affied ;<sup>1</sup> and such assurance ta'en,  
As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

*BAP.* Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know,  
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants :  
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still ;  
And, happily, we might be interrupted.<sup>2</sup>

*TRA.* Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir :<sup>3</sup>  
There doth my father lie ; and there, this night,  
We'll pass the business privately and well :  
Send for your daughter by your servant here,  
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.  
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,  
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

*BAP.* It likes me well :—Cambio, hie you home,  
And bid Bianca make her ready straight ;

*fully* (to complete the verse) was inserted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, who might have justified his emendation by a foregoing passage in this comedy :

“ Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not *fully made*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *We be affied* ;] i. e. betrothed. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II :

“ For daring to *affy* a mighty lord

“ Unto the daughter of a worthless king.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And, happily, we might be interrupted.*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope reads :

*And haply then we might be interrupted.* STEEVENS.

*Happily*, in Shakspeare's time, signified *accidentally*, as well as *fortunately*. It is rather surprising, that an editor should be guilty of so gross a corruption of his author's language, for the sake of *modernizing his orthography*. TYRWITT.

<sup>3</sup> — *an it like you, sir* ;] The latter word, which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

And, if you will, tell what hath happened :—  
 Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,  
 And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

LUC. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!<sup>4</sup>

TRA. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.<sup>5</sup>  
 Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?  
 Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer :  
 Come, sir ; we'll better it in Pisa.

BAP. I follow you.  
 [*Exeunt* TRANIO, Pedant, and BAPTISTA.]

BION. Cambio.—

LUC. What say'st thou, Biondello ?

BION. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you ?

LUC. Biondello, what of that ?

BION. 'Faith nothing ; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral<sup>6</sup> of his signs and tokens.

LUC. I pray thee, moralize them.

BION. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

<sup>4</sup> Luc. *I pray &c.*] In the old copy this line is by mistake given to Biondello. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.*] Here the old copy adds—*Enter Peter.* RITSON.

—*get thee gone.*] It seems odd management to make Lucentio go out here for nothing that appears, but that he may return again five lines lower. It would be better, I think, to suppose that he lingers upon the stage, till the rest are gone, in order to talk with Biondello in private. TYRWHITT.

I have availed myself of the regulation proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —*or moral*—] i. e. the secret purpose. See Vol. VI. p. 112. MALONE.

LUC. And what of him?

BION. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

LUC. And then?—

BION. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

LUC. And what of all this?

BION. I cannot tell; except<sup>7</sup> they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: Take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*:<sup>8</sup> to the church;<sup>9</sup>—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

[*Going.*

LUC. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

BION. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

LUC. I may, and will, if she be so contented:

<sup>7</sup> *I cannot tell; except —*] The first folio reads *expect*.

MALONE.

*Except* is the reading of the second folio. *Expect*, says Mr. Malone, means—wait the event. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum:*] It is scarce necessary to observe, that these are the words which commonly were put on books where an exclusive right had been granted to particular persons for printing them. REED.

<sup>9</sup> — *to the church:*] i. e. go to the church, &c.

TYRWHITT.



She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?  
 Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;  
 It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her.

[*Exit.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Exit.*] Here, in the original play, the *Tinker* speaks again, and the scene continues thus:

"*Slie.* Sim, must they be married now?"

"*Lord.* I, my lord.

"*Enter Ferando, and Kate, and Sander.*

"*Slie.* Looke, *Sim*, the foole is come againe now.

"*Feran.* Sirha, go fetch our horses forth; and bring them to the backe-gate presently.

"*San.* I wil, sir, I warrant you. [*Exit Sander.*

"*Feran.* Come, *Kate*: the moone shines cleere-to-night, methinkes.

"*Kate.* The moone; why husband you are deceiv'd; it is the sun.

"*Feran.* Yet againe? come backe againe; it shal be the moone ere we come at your fathers.

"*Kate.* Why Ile say as you say; it is the moone.

"*Feran.* *Iesus*, save the glorious moone!

"*Kate.* *Iesus*, save the glorious moone!

"*Feran.* I am glad, *Kate*, your stomacke is come downe;

"I know it well thou knowst it is the sun,

"But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,

"And crosse me now as thou hast done before:

"And trust me, *Kate*, hadst thou not namde the moone,

"We had gone backe againe as sure as death.

"But soft, who's this that's coming here?"

"*Enter the Duke of Cestus alone.*

"*Duke.* Thus al alone from Cestus am I come,

"And left my princely court, and noble traine,

"To come to *Athens*, and in this disguise

"To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes.

"But stay; here's some it may be travels thither:

"Good sir, can you direct me the way to *Athens*?"

[*Ferando speaks to the old man.*"]

His speech is very partially and incorrectly quoted by Mr. Pope in p. 169. STEEVENS.

SCENE V.

*A publick Road.*

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

PET. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

KATH. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

PET. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

KATH. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

PET. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,  
Or ere I journey to your father's house:—  
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—  
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

HOR. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

KATH. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:  
And if you please to call it a rush candle,  
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

PET. I say, it is the moon.

KATH. I know it is.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *I know it is.*] The old copy redundantly reads—I know it is the moon. STEEVENS.

The humour of this scene bears a very striking resemblance to what Mons. Bernier tells us of the Mogul Omrahs, who continually bear in mind the Persian Proverb: "If the King saith

PET. Nay, then you lie ; it is the blessed sun.<sup>3</sup>

KATH. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun :—

But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;  
And the moon changes, even as your mind.  
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is ;  
And so it shall be so,<sup>4</sup> for Katharine.

HOR. Petruchio, go thy ways ; the field is won.

PET. Well, forward, forward : thus the bowl  
should run,  
And not unluckily against the bias,—  
But soft ; what company is coming here ?<sup>5</sup>

*Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.*

Good-morrow, gentle mistress : Where away ?—  
[To VINCENTIO,  
Tell me, sweet Kate,<sup>6</sup> and tell me truly too,

at noon-day it is night, you are to behold the moon and the stars.”  
*History of the Mogul Empire*, Vol. IV. p. 45. DOUCE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *it is the blessed sun :*] For *is* the old copy has *in*.  
Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *And so it shall be so,*] A modern editor very plausibly reads :  
*And so it shall be*, Sir. MALONE.

Read :

*And so it shall be still, for Katharine.* RITSON.

<sup>5</sup> *But soft ; what company is coming here ?*] The pronoun—  
*what*, which is wanting in the old copy, I have inserted by the  
advice of Mr. Ritson, whose punctuation and supplement are  
countenanced by the corresponding passage in the elder play :

“ But soft ; who’s this that’s coming here ? ”

See p. 166. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Tell me, sweet Kate,*] In the first sketch of this play,  
printed in 1607, we find two speeches in this place worth pre-  
serving, and seeming to be of the hand of Shakspeare, though  
the rest of that play is far inferior :

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?  
 Such war of white and red within her cheeks!  
 What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,  
 As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—  
 Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—  
 Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

HOR. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman<sup>7</sup> of him.

KATH. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh,  
 and sweet,  
 Whither away; or where is thy abode?<sup>8</sup>

“ Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,  
 “ More clear of hue, and far more beautiful  
 “ Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks  
 “ Of amethysts, or glistening hyacinth——  
 “ —— Sweet Katharine, this lovely woman——  
 “ Kath. Fair lovely lady, bright and chrystalline,  
 “ Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;  
 “ As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,  
 “ Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,  
 “ And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks.  
 “ Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,  
 “ Lest that thy beauty make this stately town  
 “ Unhabitable as the burning zone,  
 “ With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.” POPE.

An attentive reader will perceive in this speech several words which are employed in none of the legitimate plays of Shakspeare. Such, I believe, are, *sardonyx*, *hyacinth*, *eye-train'd*, *radiations*, and especially *unhabitable*; our poet generally using *inhabitable* in its room, as in *King Richard II*:

“ Or any other ground *inhabitable*.”

These instances may serve as some slight proofs, that the former piece was not the work of Shakspeare: but I have since observed that Mr. Pope had changed *inhabitable* into *unhabitable*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —— *to make a woman* —] The old copy reads—*the woman*.  
 Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —— *where is thy abode?*] Instead of *where*, the printer of the old copy inadvertently repeated *whither*. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

Happy the parents of so fair a child ;  
 Happier the man, whom favourable stars  
 Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow !<sup>9</sup>

PET. Why, how now, Kate ! I hope thou art  
 not mad :

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd ;  
 And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

KATH. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,  
 That have been so bedazzled with the sun,  
 That every thing I look on seemeth green :<sup>1</sup>  
 Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father ;  
 Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

<sup>9</sup> *Happy the parents of so fair a child ;  
 Happier the man, whom favourable stars  
 Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow !*] This is borrowed from  
 Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, Book IV. edit.  
 1587, p. 56 :

“ ——— right happie folke are they

“ By whome thou camst into this world ; right happie is  
 (I say)

“ Thy mother and thy sister too (if anie be :) good hap

“ That woman had that was thy nurse, and gave thy  
 mouth hir pap.

“ But far above all other far, more blisse than these is  
 shee

“ Whome thou thy wife and bed-fellow, vouchsafest for  
 to bee.”

I should add, however, that Ovid borrowed his ideas from the  
 sixth Book of the *Odyssey*, 154, &c.

“ Τρισμακάρες μὲν σοὶ γε πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,

“ Τρισμακάρες δὲ κασίγνητοι· μαλα πρὸς &c.

“ Κεῖνος δ' αὖ περι κῆρ' μακάρτατος ἔξοχον ἄλλων,

“ Ος κέ σ' ἐέδνοισι βρῖσας οἰκόνδ' ἀγάγῃται.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *That every thing I look on seemeth green :*] Shakspeare's ob-  
 servations on the phenomena of nature are very accurate. When  
 one has sat long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will  
 often appear tinged with *green*. The reason is assigned by many  
 of the writers on opticks. BLACKSTONE.

*PET.* Do, good old grandsire ; and, withal, make known

Which way thou travellest : if along with us,  
We shall be joyful of thy company.

*VIN.* Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress,<sup>2</sup>—  
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me ;  
Myname is call'd—Vincentio ; my dwelling—Pisa ;  
And bound I am to Padua ; there to visit  
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

*PET.* What is his name ?

*VIN.* Lucentio, gentle sir.

*PET.* Happily met ; the happier for thy son.  
And now by law, as well as reverend age,  
I may entitle thee—my loving father ;  
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,  
Thy son by this hath married : Wonder not,  
Nor be not griev'd ; she is of good esteem,  
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;  
Beside, so qualified as may beseem  
The spouse of any noble gentleman.  
Let me embrace with old Vincentio :  
And wander we to see thy honest son,  
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

*VIN.* But is this true ? or is it else your pleasure,  
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
Upon the company you overtake ?

*HOR.* I do assure thee, father, so it is.

*PET.* Come, go along, and see the truth hereof ;  
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and  
VINCENTIO.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *mistress*,] is here used as a trisyllable. STEEVENS.

*HOR.* Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.  
Have to my widow ; and if she be forward,  
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.  
[*Exit.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Padua. *Before Lucentio's House.*

*Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and  
BIANCA ; GREMIO walking on the other side.*

*BION.* Softly and swiftly, sir ; for the priest is ready.

*LUC.* I fly, Biondello : but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

*BION.* Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back ; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.<sup>3</sup>

[*Exeunt LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO.*

*GRE.* I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

<sup>3</sup> ———and then come back to my master as soon as I can.] The editions all agree in reading *mistress* ; but what mistress was Biondello to come back to ? he must certainly mean—"Nay, faith, sir, I must see you in the church ; and then for fear I should be wanted, I'll run back to wait on Tranio, who at present personates you, and whom therefore I at present acknowledge for my master." THEOBALD.

Probably an M was only written in the MS. See p. 54.

The same mistake has happened again in this scene : "Didst thou never see thy *mistress'* father, Vincentio ?" The present emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who observes rightly, that by "master," Biondello means his pretended master, Tranio.

MALONE.



*Enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and  
*Attendants.*

*PET.* Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,  
My father's bears more toward the market-place;  
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

*VIN.* You shall not choose but drink before you go;  
I think, I shall command your welcome here,  
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*

*GRE.* They're busy within, you were best knock  
louder.

*Enter* Pedant *above, at a window.*

*PED.* What's he, that knocks as he would beat  
down the gate?

*VIN.* Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

*PED.* He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

*VIN.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound  
or two, to make merry withal?

*PED.* Keep your hundred pounds to yourself;  
he shall need none, so long as I live.

*PET.* Nay, I told you, your son was beloved in  
Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous cir-  
cumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that  
his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door  
to speak with him.

*PED.* Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa,<sup>4</sup>  
and here looking out at the window.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *from* Pisa,] The reading of the old copies is *from*  
*Padua*, which is certainly wrong. The editors have made *to*  
*Padua*; but it should rather be *from* *Pisa*. Both parties agree

VIN. Art thou his father?

PED. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

PET. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To VINCEN.*] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

PED. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

BION. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

VIN. Come hither, crack-hemp.

[*Seeing BIONDELLO.*

BION. I hope, I may choose, sir.

VIN. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

BION. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

VIN. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?<sup>s</sup>

that Lucentio's father is *come from Pisa*, as indeed they necessarily must; the point in dispute is, whether he be *at the door*, or *looking out of the window*. TYRWHITT.

I suspect we should read—from *Mantua*, from whence the Pedant himself came, and which he would naturally name, supposing he forgot, as might well happen, that the real Vincentio was of Pisa. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Padua* and *Verona* occur in two different scenes, instead of *Milan*. MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> — *thy master's father, Vincentio?*] Old copy—*thy mistress' father*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

BION. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

VIN. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats BIONDELLO.*

BION. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

PED. Help, son! help, signior Baptista! [*Exit, from the window.*

PET. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

*Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.*

TRA. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

VIN. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!<sup>6</sup>—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

TRA. How now! what's the matter?

\* —a *copatain hat*!] is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, such as was anciently worn by well-dressed men.

JOHNSON.

This kind of hat is twice mentioned by Gascoigne. See *Hearbes*, p. 154:

“A *coptantk* hat made on a Flemish block.”

And again, in his *Epilogue*, p. 216:

“With high *copt* hats, and feathers flaunt a flaunt.”

In Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuses*, printed 1595, there is an entire chapter “on the hattes of England,” beginning thus:

“Sometimes they use them sharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the speare or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crowne of their heads,” &c. STEEVENS.

*BAP.* What, is the man lunatick?

*TRA.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman: Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

*VIN.* Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.<sup>7</sup>

*BAP.* You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

*VIN.* His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

*PED.* Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

*VIN.* Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

*TRA.* Call forth an officer:<sup>8</sup> [*Enter one with an*

<sup>7</sup> —a sail-maker in Bergamo.] Ben Jonson has a parallel passage in his *Alchemist*:

“ — you do resemble

“ One of the Austriack princes.

“ *Face.* Very like:

“ Her father was an Irish costarmonger.”

Again, Chapman, in his *Widow's Tears*, a comedy, 1612:

“ — he draws the thread of his descent from Leda's distaff, when 'tis well known his grandsire cried coney-skins in Sparta.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Call forth an officer: &c.*] Here, in the original play, the *Tinker* speaks again:

“ *Slie.* I say weelee have no sending to prison.

“ *Lord.* My lord, this is but the play; they're but in jest.

“ *Slie.* I tell thee *Sim*, weelee have no sending

*Officer.*] carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you see, that he be forthcoming.

*VIN.* Carry me to the gaol!

*GRE.* Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

*BAP.* Talk not, signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

*GRE.* Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched<sup>9</sup> in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

*PED.* Swear, if thou darest.

*GRE.* Nay, I dare not swear it.

*TRA.* Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

*GRE.* Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

*BAP.* Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

*VIN.* Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd:—O monstrous villain!

*Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO, and  
BIANCA.*

*BION.* O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

“To prison, that’s flat; why *Sim*, am not I don *Christo Vari*?

“Therefore, I say, they shall not goe to prison.

“*Lord.* No more they shall not, my lord:

“They be runne away.

“*Slie.* Are they run away, *Sim*? that’s well:

“Then gis some inore drinke, and let them play againe.

“*Lord.* Here, my lord.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — coney-catched —] i. e. deceived, cheated. STEEVENS.

LUC. Pardon, sweet father. [Kneeling.

VIN. Lives my sweetest son?

[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant run out.<sup>1</sup>

BIAN. Pardon, dear father. [Kneeling.

BAP. How hast thou offended?—  
Where is Lucentio?

LUC. Here's Lucentio,  
Right son unto the right Vincentio;  
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,  
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — run out.] The old copy says—as fast as may be.

RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.] The modern editors read *supposers*, but wrongly. This is a plain allusion to Gascoigne's comedy entitled *Supposes*, from which several of the incidents in this play are borrowed. TYRWHITT.

This is highly probable; but yet *supposes* is a word often used in its common sense, which on the present occasion is sufficiently commodious. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617:—  
“—with Plato to build a commonwealth on *supposes*.” Shakespeare uses the word in *Troilus and Cressida*: “That we come short of our *suppose* so far,” &c. It appears likewise from the Preface to Greene's *Metamorphosis*, that *supposes* was a game of some kind: “After *supposes*, and such ordinary sports, were past, they fell to prattle,” &c. Again, in Drayton's *Epistle from King John to Matilda*:

“And tells me those are shadows and *supposes*.”

To *blear the eye*, was an ancient phrase signifying to *deceive*. So, in Chaucer's *Manciple's Tale*, v. 17,202, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

“For all thy waiting, *blered is thin eye*.”

Again, in the 10th pageant of *The Coventry Plays*, in the British Museum, MS. Cott. Vesp. D. VIII:

“Shuld I now in age begynne to dote,

“If I chyde, she wolde clowte my cote,

“*Blerc mine ey*, and pyke out a mote.” STEEVENS.

The ingenious editor's explanation of *blear the eye*, is strongly supported by Milton, *Comus*, v. 155:

“Spells———

“Of power to *cheat the eye* with *blear* illusion.”

HOLT WHITE.

*GRE.* Here's packing,<sup>3</sup> with a witness, to deceive us all!

*VIN.* Where is that damned villain, Tranio, That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

*BAP.* Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

*BIAN.* Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

*LUC.* Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love Made me exchange my state with Tranio, While he did bear my countenance in the town; And happily I have arriv'd at last Unto the wished haven of my bliss:— What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to; Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

*VIN.* I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

*BAP.* But do you hear, sir? [*To LUCENTIO.*] Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

*VIN.* Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: But I will in, to be revenged for this villainy. [*Exit.*]

*BAP.* And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*]

*LUC.* Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt LUC. and BIAN.*]

*GRE.* My cake is dough:<sup>4</sup> But I'll in among the rest; Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*]

<sup>3</sup> *Here's packing,*] i. e. plotting, underhand contrivance. So, in *King Lear*:

“Snuffs and *packings* of the dukes.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *My cake is dough:*] This is a proverbial expression, which also occurs in the old interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*:

“Alas poor Tom, *his cake is dough.*”



PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

KATH. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

PET. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATH. What, in the midst of the street?

PET. What, art thou ashamed of me?

KATH. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.

PET. Why, then let's home again:—Come, sirrah, let's away.

KATH. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

PET. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate; Better once than never, for never too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

Again, in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609:

“Steward, *your cake is dough*, as well as mine.”

STEEVENS.

It was generally used when any project miscarried.

MALONE.

Rather when any disappointment was sustained, contrary to every appearance or expectation. Howel, in one of his letters, mentioning the birth of Louis the Fourteenth, says—“The Queen is delivered of a Dauphin, the wonderfulest thing of this kind that any story can parallel, for this is the three-and-twentieth year since she was married, and hath continued childless all this while. So that now Monsieur's *cake is dough*.”

REED.

SCENE II.

*A Room in Lucentio's House.*

*A Banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and Others, attending.*

LUC. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:  
And time it is, when raging war is done,<sup>5</sup>  
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—  
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,  
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:—  
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—  
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—  
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house;  
My banquet<sup>6</sup> is to close our stomachs up,  
After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;  
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They sit at table.*]

PET. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

<sup>5</sup> — *when raging war is done,*] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copy has—*when raging war is come*, which cannot be right. Perhaps the author wrote—*when raging war is calm*, formerly spelt *calme*. So, in *Othello*:

“If after every tempest come such calms—.”

The word “overblown,” in the next line, adds some little support to this conjecture. MALONE.

Mr. Rowe's conjecture is justified by a passage in *Othello*:

“News, lords! our wars are done.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *My banquet* —] A *banquet*, or (as it is called in some of our old books,) an *afterpast*, was a slight refection, like our modern desert, consisting of cakes, sweetmeats, and fruit. See note on *Romeo and Juliet* Act I. sc. v. STEEVENS.

*BAP.* Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

*PET.* Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

*HOR.* For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

*PET.* Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.<sup>7</sup>

*WID.* Then never trust me if I be afeard.

*PET.* You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense;<sup>8</sup>  
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

*WID.* He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

*PET.* Roundly replied.

*KATH.* Mistress, how mean you that?

*WID.* Thus I conceive by him.

*PET.* Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

*HOR.* My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

*PET.* Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.

*KATH.* He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round:—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

*WID.* Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,  
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:<sup>9</sup>  
And now you know my meaning.

<sup>7</sup> ——— fears his widow,] To *fear*, as has been already observed, meant in our author's time both to dread, and to intimidate. The widow understands the word in the latter sense; and Petruchio tells her, he used it in the former. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense;] The old copy redundantly reads—You are very sensible." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— shrew,——woe;] As this was meant for a rhyming couplet, it should be observed that anciently the word—shrew was pronounced as if it had been written—shrow. See the *finale* of the play, p. 195. STEEVENS.

KATH. A very mean meaning.

WID. Right, I mean you.

KATH. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

PET. To her, Kate!

HOR. To her, widow!

PET. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

HOR. That's my office.<sup>1</sup>

PET. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.<sup>2</sup>  
[Drinks to HORTENSIO.]

BAP. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

GRE. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

BIAN. Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body  
Would say, your head and butt were head and  
horn.

VIN. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

BIAN. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll  
sleep again.

PET. Nay, that you shall not; since you have  
begun,  
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ——— put her down.

[That's my office.] This passage will be best explained by another, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Lady, you have put him down.—So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— Ha' to thee, lad.] The old copy has—to the. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Have at you for a bitter jest or two.] The old copy reads—a better jest. The emendation, (of the propriety of which there cannot, I conceive, be the smallest doubt,) is one of the very few corrections of any value made by Mr. Capell. So, before, in the present play:

"Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour."

BIAN. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,  
And then pursue me as you draw your bow :—  
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.

PET. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior  
Tranio,  
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not ;  
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

TRA. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-  
hound,  
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

PET. A good swift<sup>4</sup> simile, but something currish.

TRA. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself ;  
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

BAP. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

LUC. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.<sup>5</sup>

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ Too bitter is thy jest.”

Again, in *Bastard's Epigrams*, 1598 :

“ He shut up the matter with this bitter jest.”

MALONE.

I have received this emendation ; and yet “ a better jest” may mean no more than a *good* one. Shakspeare often uses the comparative for the positive degree. So, in *King Lear* :

“ — her smiles and tears

“ Were like a better day.”

Again, in *Macbeth* :

“ — go not my horse the better—.”

i. e. if he does not go well. STEEVENS.

\* — swift —] Besides the original sense of *speedy in motion*, signified *witty, quick-witted*. So, in *As you like it*, the Duke says of the Clown : “ He is very *swift* and sententious.” *Quick* is now used in almost the same sense as *nimble* was in the age after that of our author. Heylin says of Hales, that *he had known Laud for a nimble disputant*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — that gird, good Tranio.] A *gird* is a sarcasm, a *gibe*. So, in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579 : “ Curculio ma chatte till his heart ake, ere any be off'n led with his *gyrdes*.”

STEEVENS.

*HOR.* Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

*PET.* 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;  
And, as the jest did glance away from me,  
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.<sup>6</sup>

*BAP.* Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,  
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

*PET.* Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance,<sup>7</sup>  
Let's each one send unto his wife;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ———you two outright.] Old copy—you too. Corrected by Mr. ROWE. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ———for assurance,] Instead of *for*, the original copy has *sir*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Let's each one send unto his wife;*] Thus in the original play:

“ *Feran.* Come, gentlemen; now that supper's done,  
“ How shall we spend the time til we go to bed?

“ *Aurel.* Faith, if you wil, in trial of our wives,

“ Who wil come soonest at their husbands cal.

“ *Pol.* Nay, then, *Ferando*, he must needs sit out;

“ For he may cal, I thinke, til he be weary,

“ Before his wife wil come before she list.

“ *Feran.* 'Tis wel for you that have such gentle wives:

“ Yet in this trial will I not sit out;

“ It may be *Kate* wil come as soone as I do send.

“ *Aurel.* My wife comes soonest, for a hundred pound.

“ *Pol.* I take it. Ile lay as much to yours,

“ That my wife comes as soone as I do send.

“ *Aurel.* How now, *Ferando*! you dare not lay, belike.

“ *Feran.* Why true, I dare not lay indeed:

“ But how? So little mony on so sure a thing.

“ A hundred pound! Why I have laid as much

“ Upon my dog in running at a deere.

“ She shall not come so far for such a trifle:

“ But wil you lay five hundred markes with me?

“ And whose wife soonest comes, when he doth cal,

“ And shewes herselfe most loving unto him,

“ Let him injoy the wager I have laid:

“ Now what say you? Dare you adventure thus?

And he, whose wife is most obedient  
To come at first when he doth send for her,

“ *Pol.* I, were it a thousand pounds, I durst presume  
“ On my wife’s love: and I wil lay with thee.

“ *Enter Alfonso.*

“ *Alfon.* How now sons! What in conference so hard?  
“ May I, without offence, know where about?  
“ *Aurel.* Faith, father, a waightly cause, about our wives:  
“ Five hundred markes already we have laid;  
“ And he whose wife doth shew most love to him,  
“ He must injoy the wager to himselfe.

“ *Alfon.* Why then *Ferando*, he is sure to lose it:  
“ I promise thee son, thy wife wil hardly come;  
“ And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.

“ *Feran.* Tush, father; were it ten times more,  
“ I durst adventure on my lovely *Kate* :—  
“ But if I lose, Ile pay, and so shal you.

“ *Aurel.* Upon mine honor, if I lose Ile pay.

“ *Pol.* And so wil I upon my faith, I vow.

“ *Feran.* Then sit we downe, and let us send for them.

“ *Alfon.* I promise thee *Ferando*, I am afraid thou wilt lose.

“ *Aurel.* Ile send for my wife first: *Valeria*,  
“ Go bid your mistris come to me.

“ *Val.* I wil, my lord. [Exit Valeria.

“ *Aurel.* Now for my hundred pound:—

“ Would any lay ten hundred more with me,

“ I know I should obtain it by her love.

“ *Feran.* I pray God, you have laid too much already.

“ *Aurel.* Trust me, *Ferando*, I am sure you have;

“ For you, I dare presume, have lost it al.

*Enter Valeria againe.*

“ Now, sirha, what saies your mistris?

“ *Val.* She is something busie, but sheele come anone.

“ *Feran.* Why so: did I not tel you this before?

“ She was busie, and cannot come.

“ *Aurel.* I pray God, your wife send you so good an answer:

“ She may be busie, yet she says sheele come.

“ *Feran.* Wel, wel: *Polidor*, send you for your wife.

“ *Pol.* Agreed. Boy, desire your mistris to come hither.

“ *Boy.* I wil, sir. [Exit.

“ *Feran.* I, so, so; he desires hir to come.

“ *Alfon.* *Polidor*, I dare presume for thee,

“ I thinke thy wife wil not denie to come;



Shall win the wager which we will propose.

“ And I do marvel much, *Aurelius*,

“ That your wife came not when you sent for her.

“ *Enter the Boy againe.*

“ *Pol.* Now, wher’s your mistris?

“ *Boy.* She bade me tell you that she will not come:

“ And you have any busnesse, you must come to her.

“ *Feran.* O monstrous intollerable presumption,

“ Worse than a blasing star, or snow at midsummer,

“ Earthquakes or any thing unseasonable!

“ She will not come; but he must come to hir.

“ *Pol.* Wel, sir, I pray you, let’s heare what

“ Answere your wife will make.

“ *Feran.* Sirha, command your mistris to come

“ To me presently. [*Exit Sander.*]

“ *Aurel.* I thinke, my wife, for all she did not come,

“ Wil prove most kind; for now I have no feare,

“ For I am sure *Ferando’s* wife, she will not come.

“ *Feran.* The more’s the pittie; then I must lose.

“ *Enter Kate and Sander.*

“ But I have won, for see where *Kate* doth come.

“ *Kate.* Sweete husband, did you send for me?

“ *Feran.* I did, my love, I sent for thee to come:

“ Come hither, *Kate*: What’s that upon thy head?

“ *Kate.* Nothing, husband, but my cap, I thinke.

“ *Feran.* Pul it off and tread it under thy feet;

“ ’Tis foolish; I wil not have thee weare it.

[*She takes off her cap, and treads on it.*]

“ *Pol.* Oh wonderful metamorphosis!

“ *Aurel.* This is a wonder, almost past beleefe.

“ *Feran.* This is a token of her true love to me;

“ And yet Ile try her further you shall see.

“ Come hither, *Kate*: Where are thy sisters?

“ *Kate.* They be sitting in the bridal chamber.

“ *Feran.* Fetch them hither; and if they will not come,

“ Bring them perforce, and make them come with thee.

“ *Kate.* I will.

“ *Alfon.* I promise thee, *Ferando*, I would have sworne

“ Thy wife would ne’er have done so much for thee.

“ *Feran.* But you shal see she wil do more then this;

“ For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

“ *Enter Kate, thrusting Phylema and Emelia before her, and makes them come unto their husbands cal.*

“ *Kate.* See husband, I have brought them both.

*HOR.* Content :—What is the wager ?

*LUC.* Twenty crowns.

“ *Feran.* 'Tis wel done, *Kate*.

“ *Emel.* I sure ; and like a loving peece, you're worthy

“ To have great praise for this attempt.

“ *Phyle.* I, for making a foole of herselfe and us.

“ *Aurel.* Beshrew thee, *Phylema*, thou hast

“ Lost me a hundred pound to night ;

“ For I did lay that thou wouldst first have come.

“ *Pol.* But, thou, *Emelia*, hast lost me a great deal more.

“ *Emel.* You might have kept it better then :

“ Who bade you lay ?

“ *Feran.* Now, lovely *Kate*, before their husbands here,

“ I prethee tel unto these head-strong women

“ What dewty wives do owe unto their husbands.

“ *Kate.* Then, you that live thus by your pampered wils,

“ Now list to me, and marke what I shall say.—

“ Th' eternal power, that with his only breath,

“ Shall cause this end, and this beginning frame,

“ Not in time, nor before time, but with time confus'd,

“ For all the course of yeaes, of ages, months,

“ Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,

“ Are tun'd and stopt by measure of his hand.

“ The first world was a forme without a forme,

“ A heape confus'd, a mixture al deform'd,

“ A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodillesse,

“ Where all the elements were orderlesse,

“ Before the great commander of the world,

“ The king of kings, the glorious God of heaven,

“ Who in six daies did frame his heavenly worke,

“ And made al things to stand in perfect course.

“ Then to his image he did make a man,

“ Old *Adam*, and from his side asleepe,

“ A rib was taken ; of which the Lord did make

“ The woe of man, so term'd by *Adam* then,

“ Woman, for that by her came sinne to us,

“ And for her sinne was *Adam* doom'd to die.

“ As *Sara* to her husband, so should we

“ Obey them, love them, keepe and nourish them,

“ If they by any meanes do want our helpes :

“ Laying our hands under their feet to tread,

“ If that by that we might procure their ease ;

PET. Twenty crowns!  
I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,  
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

LUC. A hundred then.

HOR. Content.

PET. A match; 'tis done.

" And, for a president, Ile first begin,  
" And lay my hand under my husband's feet.

[*She laies her hand under her husband's feet.*]

" *Feran.* Inough sweet; the wager thou hast won;  
" And they, I am sure, cannot deny the same.

" *Alfon.* I, *Ferando*, the wager thou hast won;  
" And for to shew thee how I am pleas'd in this,

" A hundred pounds I freely give thee more,

" Another dowry for another daughter,

" For she is not the same she was before.

" *Feran.* Thanks, sweet father; gentlemen, good night;  
" For *Kate* and I will leave you for to-night:

" 'Tis *Kate* and I am wed, and you are sped:

" And so farewell, for we will to our bed.

[*Exeunt Ferando, Kate, and Sander.*]

" *Alfon.* Now *Aurelius*, what say you to this?

" *Aurel.* Beleeve me, father I rejoyce to see

" *Ferando* and his wife so lovingly agree.

[*Exeunt Aurelius and Phylema, and Alfonso and Valeria.*]

" *Emel.* How now, *Polidor*? in a dumpe? What saist thou man?

" *Pol.* I say, thou art a shrew.

" *Emel.* That's better than a sheepe.

" *Pol.* Well, since 'tis done, come, let's goe.

[*Exeunt Polidor and Emilia.*]

" *Then enter two, bearing of Slie in his own apparel againe,  
and leaves him where they found him, and then goes out:  
then enters the Tapster.*

" *Tapster.* Now that the darkesome night is overpast,

" And dawning day appeares in christall skie,

" Now must I haste abroade: but soft! who's this?

" What *Slie*? o wondrous! hath he laine heere all night!

" Ile wake him; I thinke he's starved by this,

" But that his belly was so stufft with ale:

" What now *Slie*! awake for shame."—&c. STEEVENS.

*HOR.* Who shall begin?

*LUC.* That will I. Go,  
Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

*BION.* I go. [*Exit.*

*BAP.* Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

*LUC.* I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

How now! what news?

*BION.* Sir, my mistress sends you word  
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

*PET.* How! she is busy, and she cannot come!  
Is that an answer?

*GRE.* Ay, and a kind one too:  
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

*PET.* I hope, better.

*HOR.* Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife  
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit BIONDELLO.*

*PET.* O, ho! entreat her!  
Nay, then she must needs come.

*HOR.* I am afraid, sir,  
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

Now where's my wife?

*BION.* She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;  
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

*PET.* Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,  
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!  
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;  
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit GRUMIO.*

*HOR.* I know her answer.

*PET.* What ?

*HOR.* She will not come.<sup>9</sup>

*PET.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

*Enter KATHARINA.*

*BAP.* Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina !

*KATH.* What is your will, sir, that you send for me ?

*PET.* Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife ?

*KATH.* They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

*PET.* Go, fetch them hither ; if they deny to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands :  
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

*[Exit KATHARINA.]*

*LUC.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

*HOR.* And so it is ; I wonder what it bodes.

*PET.* Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy ;  
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

*BAP.* Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio !  
The wager thou hast won ; and I will add  
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns ;  
Another dowry to another daughter,  
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

<sup>9</sup> *She will not come.*] I have added the word—*come*, to complete the measure, which was here defective ; as indeed it is, almost irremediably, in several parts of the present scene.

*PET.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet;  
And show more sign of her obedience,  
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

*Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.*

See, where she comes; and brings your froward  
wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—  
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;  
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.

[*KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*]

*WID.* Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,  
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

*BIAN.* Fye! what a foolish duty call you this?

*LUC.* I would, your duty were as foolish too:  
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,  
Hath cost me an hundred crowns<sup>1</sup> since supper-  
time.

*BIAN.* The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

*PET.* Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-  
strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

*WID.* Come, come, you're mocking; we will  
have no telling.

*PET.* Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

*WID.* She shall not.

<sup>1</sup> — an hundred crowns —] Old copy—five hundred. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the MS. from which our author's plays were printed, probably numbers were always expressed in figures, which has been the occasion of many mistakes in the early editions. MALONE.

PET. I say, she shall ;—and first begin with her.

KATH. Fye, fye ! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow ;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :  
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads ;<sup>2</sup>  
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;  
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.  
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;  
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,  
And for thy maintenance : commits his body  
To painful labour, both by sea and land ;  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;—  
Too little payment for so great a debt.  
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband :  
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
And, not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?—  
I am asham'd, that women are so simple  
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,

<sup>2</sup> — as *frosts bite the meads ;*] The old copy reads—*frosts do bite*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.



Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;  
 But that our soft conditions,<sup>3</sup> and our hearts,  
 Should well agree with our external parts?  
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms!  
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
 My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,  
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:  
 But now, I see our lances are but straws;  
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—  
 That seeming to be most, which we least are.<sup>4</sup>  
 Then vail your stomachs,<sup>5</sup> for it is no boot;  
 And place your hands below your husband's foot:  
 In token of which duty, if he please,  
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

PET. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and  
 kiss me, Kate.

LUC. Well, gothy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

VIN. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are  
 toward.

LUC. But a harsh hearing, when women are fro-  
 ward.

PET. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:—  
 We three are married, but you two are sped.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *our soft conditions,*] The gentle qualities of our minds.  
 MALONE.

So, in *King Henry V*: “my tongue is rough, coz, and my  
*condition* is not smooth.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *which we least are.*] The old copy erroneously prolongs  
 this line by reading—which we *indeed* least are. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Then vail your stomachs,*] i. e. abate your pride, your spirit.  
 So, in *King Henry IV*. P. I:

“Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame  
 “Of those that turn'd their backs.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *you two are sped.*] i. e. the fate of you both is decided;  
 for you have wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;<sup>7</sup>  
[To LUCENTIO.

And, being a winner, God give you good night!  
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATH.

HOR. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst  
shrew.<sup>8</sup>

LUC. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be  
tam'd so. [Exeunt.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — *though you hit the white*;] To hit the *white* is a phrase borrowed from archery: the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name, *Bianca*, or *white*. JOHNSON.

So, in Feltham's *Answer* to Ben Jonson's Ode at the end of his *New Inn*:

“As oft you've wanted brains

“And art to strike the *white*,

“As you have levell'd right.”

Again, in Sir Aston Cockayn's *Poems*, 1658:

“And as an expert archer *hits the white*.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *shrew*.] I suppose our author design'd this word to be sounded as if it had been written—*shrow*. Thus, in Mr. Lodge's *Illustrations of English History*. Vol. II. p. 164, Burghley calls Lord Shrewsbury—Shrowsbury. See, also, the same work, Vol. II. p. 168—9. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Exeunt*.] At the conclusion of this piece, Mr. Pope continued his insertions from the old play, as follows:

“Enter two Servants, bearing Sly in his own apparel, and leaving him on the stage. Then enter a Tapster.

“Sly. [*awaking*.] Sim, give's some more wine.—What, all the players gone?—Am I not a lord?

“Tap. A lord, with a murrain?—Come, art thou drunk still?

“Sly. Who's this? Tapster!—Oh, I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heard'st in all thy life.

“Tap. Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will curse you for dreaming here all night.

“Sly. Will she? I know how to *tame a shrew*. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if she anger me.”

These passages, which have been hitherto printed as part of the work of Shakspeare, I have sunk into the notes, that they may

be preserved, as they seem to be necessary to the integrity of the piece, though they really compose no part of it, being not published in the folio 1623. Mr. Pope, however, has quoted them with a degree of inaccuracy which would have deserved censure, had they been of greater consequence than they are. The players delivered down this comedy, among the rest, as one of Shakspeare's own; and its intrinsic merit bears sufficient evidence to the propriety of their decision.

May I add a few reasons why I neither believe the former comedy of *The Taming of the Shrew*, 1607, nor the old play of *King John*, in two Parts, to have been the work of Shakspeare? He generally followed every novel or history from whence he took his plots, as closely as he could; and is so often indebted to these originals for his very thoughts and expressions, that we may fairly pronounce him not to have been above borrowing, to spare himself the labour of invention. It is therefore probable, that both these plays, (like that of *King Henry V.* in which Oldcastle is introduced,) were the unsuccessful performances of contemporary players. Shakspeare saw they were meanly written, and yet that their plans were such as would furnish incidents for a better dramatist. He therefore might lazily adopt the order of their scenes, still writing the dialogue anew, and inserting little more from either piece, than a few lines which he might think worth preserving, or was too much in haste to alter. It is no uncommon thing in the literary world, to see the track of others followed by those who would never have given themselves the trouble to mark out one of their own. STEEVENS.

It is almost unnecessary to vindicate Shakspeare from being the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*. Mr. Pope in consequence of his being very superficially acquainted with the phraseology of our early writers, first ascribed it to him, and on his authority this strange opinion obtained credit for half a century. He might, with just as much propriety, have supposed that our author wrote the old *King Henry IV.* and *V.* and *The History of King Leir and his three Daughters*, as that he wrote two plays on the subject of *Taming a Shrew*, and two others on the story of *King John*.—The error prevailed for such a length of time, from the difficulty of meeting with the piece, which is so extremely scarce, that I have never seen or heard of any copy existing but one in the collection of Mr. Steevens, and another in my own: and one of our author's editors [Mr. Capell] searched for it for thirty years in vain. Mr. Pope's copy is supposed to be irrecoverably lost.

I suspect that the anonymous *Taming of a Shrew* was written about the year 1590, either by George Peele or Robert Greene.

MALONE.

The following are the observations of Dr. Hurd on the Induction to this comedy. They are taken from his *Notes on the Epistle to Augustus*: "The Induction, as Shakspeare calls it, to *The Taming of the Shrew*, deserves, for the excellence of its moral design and beauty of execution, throughout, to be set in a just light.

"This *Prologue* sets before us the picture of a *poor drunken beggar*, advanced, for a short season, into the proud rank of *nobility*. And the humour of the scene is taken to consist in the surprize and aukward deportment of *Sly*, in this his strange and unwonted situation. But the poet had a further design, and more worthy his genius, than this farcical pleasantry. He would expose, under cover of this mimic fiction, the truly ridiculous figure of men of rank and quality, when they employ their great advantages of *place and fortune*, to no better purposes, than the soft and selfish gratification of their own intemperate passions; Of *those*, who take the mighty privilege of *descent and wealth* to live in the freer indulgence of those pleasures, which the beggar as fully enjoys, and with infinitely more propriety and consistency of character, than their *lordships*.

"To give a poignancy to his satire, the poet makes a *man of quality* himself, just returned from the chace, with all his mind intent upon his pleasures, contrive this metamorphosis of the beggar, in the way of sport and derision only; not considering, how severely the jest was going to turn upon himself. His first reflections, on seeing this brutal drunkard, are excellent:

'O! monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

'Grim death! how foul and loathsome is thy image!

"The offence is taken at *human nature*, degraded into *bestiality*; and at a state of stupid *insensibility*, the *image of death*. Nothing can be juster than this representation. For these lordly sensualists have a very nice and fastidious abhorrence of such ignoble brutality. And what alarms their fears with the prospect of death, cannot choose but present a *foul and loathsome image*. It is, also, said in perfect consistency with the true Epicurean character, as given by these, who understood it best, and which is here sustained by this noble disciple. For, though these great masters of wisdom made *pleasure* the *supreme good*, yet they were among the first, as we are told, to cry out against the *Asotos*; meaning such gross sensualists: 'qui in mensam vomunt & qui de conviviis auferuntur, crudicie postredie se rursus ingurgitant.' But as for the '*mundos, elegantes, optumis cocis, pistoribus, piscatu, aucupio, venatione*, his omnibus exquisitis, vitantes cruditatem,' these they complimented with the name of *beatos* AND *sapientes*. [Cic. de Fin. Lib. II. 8.]

"And then, though their philosophy promised an exemption

from the terrors of death, yet the boasted exemption consisted only in a trick of keeping it out of the memory by continual dissipation; so that when accident forced it upon them, they could not help, on all occasions, expressing the most dreadful apprehensions of it.

"However, this transient gloom is soon succeeded by gayer prospects. My *lord* bethinks himself to raise a little diversion out of this adventure:

'Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man:'

And so proposes to have him *conveyed to bed*, and blessed with all those regalements of costly luxury, in which a selfish opulence is wont to find its supreme happiness.

"The project is carried into execution. And now the jest begins. *Sly*, awakening from his drunken nap, calls out as usual for a *cup of ale*. On which the *lord*, very characteristically, and (taking the poet's design,\* as here explained,) with infinite satyr, replies:

'O! that a mighty man of such descent,

'Of such possessions, and so high esteem,

'Should be infused with so foul a spirit!'

And again, afterwards:

'Oh! noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,

'Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment;

'And banish hence these lowly abject themes.'

For, what is the recollection of this *high descent* and large *possessions* to do for him? And, for the introduction of what better thoughts and nobler purposes, are these *lowly abject themes* to be discarded? Why, the whole inventory of Patrician pleasures is called over; and he hath his choice of whichever of them suits best with his lordship's improved palate. A long train of *servants ready at his beck*: musick, such as *twenty caged night-ingles do sing*: couches, *softer and sweeter than the lustful bed of Semiramis*: burning odours, and distilled waters: *floors bestrewed with carpets*: the diversions of *hawks, hounds, and horses*: in short, all the objects of exquisite indulgence are presented to him.

"But among these, one species of refined enjoyment, which requires a taste, above the coarse breeding of abject commonalty, is chiefly insisted upon. We had a hint of what we were to expect, before:

\* To apprehend it thoroughly, it may not be amiss to recollect what the sensible *Bruyere* observes on a like occasion: "Un *Grand* aime le *Champagne*, abhorre la *Brie*; il s'enivre de meilleure vin, que l'homme de peuple: seule difference, que la crapule laisse entre les conditions les plus disproportionnées, entre le *Seigneur*, & l'*Estaffier*." [Tom. II. p. 12.]



‘ Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,  
 ‘ And hang it round with all my *wanton pictures*.’ sc. ii.  
 And what lord, in the luxury of all his wishes, could feign to  
 himself a more delicious collection, than is here delineated?

‘ 2 *Man*. Dost thou love *pictures*? We will fetch thee straight

‘ *Adonis* painted by a running brook;

‘ And *Cytherea* all in sedges hid;

‘ Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

‘ Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

‘ *Lord*. We’ll shew thee *Io*, as she was a maid;

‘ And how she was beguiled and surprized,

‘ As lively painted, as the deed was done.

‘ 3 *Man*. Or *Daphne*, roaming through a thorny wood;

‘ Scratching her legs, that one shall swear, she bleeds:

‘ So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.’

These pictures, it will be owned, are, all of them, well chosen.\*  
 But the servants were not so deep in the secret, as their master.  
 They dwell entirely on circumstantialia. While his lordship,  
 who had, probably, been trained in the *chaste* school of Titian,  
 is for coming to the point more directly. There is a fine ridicule  
 implied in this.

“ After these incentives of *picture*, the charms of *beauty it-*  
*self* are presented, as the crowning privilege of his high station:

‘ Thou hast a lady far more beautiful

‘ Than any woman in this waning age.’

Here, indeed, the poet plainly forgets himself. The *state*, if  
 not the *enjoyment*, of nobility, surely demanded a *mistress*, in-  
 stead of a *wife*. All that can be said in excuse of this indeco-  
 rum, is, that he perhaps conceived, a simple beggar, all unused  
 to the refinements of high life, would be too much shocked, at  
 setting out with a proposal so remote from all his former practices.  
 Be it as it will, *beauty* even in a *wife*, had such an effect on this

\* Sir Epicure Mammon, indeed, would have thought this an insipid col-  
 lection; for he would have *his rooms*,

“ Fill’d with such pictures, as Tiberius took

“ From Elephantis, and dull Aretine

“ But coldly imitated.” *Alchemist*, Act II. sc. ii.

But then Sir Epicure was one of the *Asoti*, before mentioned. In general,  
 the satiric intention of the poet in this collection of pictures may be further  
 gathered from a similar stroke in Randolph’s *Muse’s Looking-Glass*, where,  
 to characterize the *voluptuous*, he makes him say:

“ ——— I would delight my sight

“ With pictures of Diana and her nymphs

“ *Naked and basking*.”

*mock Lord*, that, quite melted and overcome by it, he yields himself at last to the incanting deception:

‘ I see, I hear, I speak ;

‘ I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—

‘ *Upon my life, I am a Lord indeed.*’

The satyr is so strongly marked in this last line, that one can no longer doubt of the writer’s intention. If any *should*, let me further remind him that the poet, in this fiction, but makes his Lord play the same game, *in jest*, as the Sicilian tyrant acted, long ago, very *seriously*. The two cases are so similar, that some readers may, perhaps, suspect the poet of having taken the whole conceit from Tully. His description of this instructive scenery is given in the following words:

“ Visne (inquit Dionysius) ó Damocle, quoniam te hæc vita delectat, ipse eandem degustare & fortunam experiri meam? Cum se ille cupere dixisset, conlocari jussit hominem in *aureo lecto, strato pulcherrimo, textili stragulo magnificis operibus picto*: abacosque complures ornavit argento auroque caelato: hinc ad mensam *eximia forma pueros delectos* jussit consistere, eosque *nutum illius intuentes diligenter ministrare*: aderant *unguenta, coronæ: incendebantur odores: mensæ exquisitissimis epulis extruebantur.*” [Tusc. Disp. Lib. V. 21.]

“ It follows, that *Damocles* fell into the sweet delusion of *Christophero Sly*:

‘ *Fortunatus sibi Damocles videbatur.*’

“ The event in these two dramas, was, indeed, different. For the philosopher took care to make the *flatterer* sensible of his mistake; while the poet did not think fit to disabuse the *beggar*. But this was according to the design of each. For, the *former* would show the *misery* of *regal luxury*; the *latter* its *vanity*. The *tyrant*, therefore, is painted *wretched*. And his *Lordship* only a *beggar in disguise*.

“ To conclude with our poet. The strong ridicule and decorum of this *Induction* make it appear, how impossible it was for Shakspeare, in his idlest hours, perhaps when he was only revising the trash of others, not to leave some strokes of the *master* behind him. But the morality of its purpose should chiefly recommend it to us. For the whole was written with the best design of exposing that monstrous Epicurean position, *that the true enjoyment of life consists in a delirium of sensual pleasure*. And this, in a way the most likely to work upon the *great*, by showing their pride, that it was fit only to constitute the *summum bonum* of one—

‘ No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.’ sc. iii.

“ Nor let the poet be thought to have dealt too freely with his



*betters*, in giving this representation of *nobility*. He had the highest authority for what he did. For the great *master of life* himself gave no other of *Divinity*:

‘*Ipse pater veri Doctus Epicurus in arte*  
‘*Jussit & hanc vitam dixit habere Deos.*”

*Petron*, c. 132. STEEVENS.

The circumstance on which the *Induction* to the anonymous play, as well as that to the present comedy, is founded, is related (as Langbaine has observed,) by Heuterus, *Rerum, Burgund.* Lib. IV. The earliest English original of this story in prose that I have met with, is the following, which is found in Goulart’s *ADMIRABLE AND MEMORABLE HISTORIES*, translated by E. Grimstone, quarto, 1607; but this tale (which Goulart translated from Heuterus,) had undoubtedly appeared in English, in some other shape, before 1594:

“PHILIP called the good Duke of *Bourgundy*, in the memory of our ancestors, being at Bruxelles with his Court, and walking one night after supper through the streets, accompanied with some of his favorites, he found lying upon the stones a certaine artisan that was very dronke, and that slept soundly. It pleased the prince in this artisan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. He therefore caused this sleeper to be taken up, and carried into his palace: he commands him to be layed in one of the richest beds; a riche night-cap to be given him: his foule shirt to be taken off, and to have another put on him of fine Holland. When as this dronkard had digested his wine, and began to awake, behold there comes about his bed Pages and Groomes of the Duke’s chamber, who drawe the curteines, and make many courtesies, and, being bare-headed, aske him if it please him to rise, and what apparell it would please him to put on that day.—They bring him rich apparell. This new *Monsieur* amazed at such courtesie, and doubting whether he dreamt or waked, suffered himselfe to be drest, and led out of the chamber. There came noblemen which saluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the Masse, where with great ceremonie they gave him the booke of the Gospell, and the Pixe to kisse, as they did usually to the Duke. From the Masse, they bring him backe unto the pallace; he washes his hands, and sittes downe at the table well furnished. After dinner, the great Chamberlaine commandes cardes to be brought, with a greate summe of money. This Duke in imagination playes with the chiefe of the court. Then they carry him to walke in the gardein, and to hunt the hare, and to hawke. They bring him back unto the pallace, where he sups in state. Candles being light, the musitions begin to play;

and, the tables taken away, the gentlemen and gentlewomen fell to dancing. *Then they played a pleasant Comedie*, after which followed a Banket, whereat they had presently store of Ipocras and pretious wine, with all sorts of confitures, to this prince of the new impression; so as he was dronke, and fell soundlie asleepe. Hereupon the Duke commanded that he should be disrobed of all his riche attire. He was put into his olde ragges, and carried into the same place where he had bene found the night before; where he spent that night. Being awake in the morning, he beganne to remember what had happened before; —he knewe not whether it were true indeede, or a dreame that had troubled his brain. But in the end, after many discourses, he concludes that all was but a dreame that had happened unto him; and so entertained his wife, his children, and his neighbours, without any other apprehension.” MALONE.

The following story, related, as it appears, by an eye-witness, may not be thought inapplicable to this *Induction*: “I remember (says Sir Richard Barckley, in *A Discourse on the Felicitie of Man*, 1598, p. 24,) a pretie experiment practised by the Emperour Charles the Fifth upon a drunkard. As this Emperour on a time entered into Gaunt, there lay a drunken fellow overthrow the streetes, as though he had bene dead; who, least the horsemen should ride ouer him, was drawn out of the way by the legges, and could by no means be wakened; which when the Emperour saw, he caused him to be taken vp and carried home to his pallace, and vsed as he had appointed. He was brought into a faire chamber hanged with costly arras, his clothes taken off, and laid in a stately bed meet for the Emperour himselfe. He continued in a sleepe vntil the next day almost noone. When he awaked and had lyen wondring awhile to see himself in such a place, and diuers braue gentlemen attending upon him, they took him out of the bed, and apparelled him like a prince, in verie costly garments, and all this was done with verie great silence on everie side. When he was ready, there was a table set and furnished with very daintie meats, and he set in a chaire to eat, attended vpon with braue courtiers, and serued as if the Emperour had bin present, the cupboord full of gold plate and diuerse sortes of wines. When he saw such preparation made for him, he left any longer to wonder, and thought it not good to examine the matter any further, but tooke his fortune as it came, and fell to his meate. His wayters with great reuerence and dutie obserued diligently his nods and becks, which were his signes to call for that he lacked, for words he vsed none. As he thus sate in his majestie eating and drinking, he tooke in his cups so freele, that he fel fast asleepe againe as he sate in his

chaire. His attendants stripped him out of his fresh apparel, and arrayed him with his owne ragges againe, and carried him to the place where they found him, where he lay sleeping vntil the next day. After he was awakened, and fell into the companie of his acquaintance, being asked where he had bene; he answered that he had bene asleepe, and had the pleasantest dream that ever he had in his life; and told them all that passed, thinking that it had bene nothing but a dreame."

This frolick seems better suited to the gaiety of the gallant Francis, or to the revelry of the boisterous Henry, than to the cold and distant manners of the reserved Charles; of whose private character, however, historians have taken but slight notice. HOLT WHITE.

From this play, *The Tatler* formed a story, Vol. IV. No. 231:

"THERE are very many ill habits that might with much ease have been prevented, which, after we have indulged ourselves in them, become incorrigible. We have a sort of proverbial expression, of *taking a woman down in her wedding shoes*, if you would bring her to reason. An early behaviour of this sort, had a very remarkable good effect in a family wherein I was several years an intimate acquaintance:

"A gentleman in Lincolnshire had four daughters, three of which were early married very happily; but the fourth, though no way inferior to any of her sisters, either in person or accomplishments, had from her infancy discovered so imperious a temper, (usually called a high spirit,) that it continually made great uneasiness in the family, became her known character in the neighbourhood, and deterred all lovers from declaring themselves. However, in process of time, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune and long acquaintance, having observed that quickness of spirit to be her only fault, made his addresses, and obtained her consent in due form. The lawyers finished the writings, (in which, by the way, there was no pin-money,) and they were married. After a decent time spent in the father's house, the bridegroom went to prepare his seat for her reception. During the whole course of his courtship, though a man of the most equal temper, he had artificially lamented to her, that he was the most passionate creature breathing. By this one intimation, he at once made her to understand warmth of temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her against that constitution in himself. She at the same time thought herself highly obliged by the composed behaviour which he maintained in her presence. Thus far he with great success soothed

her from being guilty of violences, and still resolved to give her such a terrible apprehension of his fiery spirit, that she should never dream of giving way to her own. He returned on the day appointed for carrying her home ; but instead of a coach and six horses, together with the gay equipage suitable to the occasion, he appeared without a servant, mounted on a skeleton of a horse, (which his huntsman had the day before brought in to feast his dogs on the arrival of his new mistress,) with a pillion fixed behind, and a case of pistols before him, attended only by a favourite hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging, (but somewhat positive manner,) desired his lady to seat herself on the cushion ; which done, away they crawled. The road being obstructed by a gate, the dog was commanded to open it: the poor cur looked up and wagged his tail ; but the master, to show the impatience of his temper, drew a pistol and shot him dead. He had no sooner done it, but he fell into a thousand apologies for his unhappy rashness, and begged as many pardons for his excesses before one for whom he had so profound a respect. Soon after their steed stumbled, but with some difficulty recovered ; however, the bridegroom took occasion to swear, if he frightened his wife so again he would run him through ! And alas ! the poor animal being now almost tired, made a second trip ; immediately on which the careful husband alights, and with great ceremony, first takes off his lady, then the accoutrements, draws his sword, and saves the huntsman the trouble of killing him : then says to his wife, Child, prythee, take up the saddle ; which she readily did, and tugged it home, where they found all things in the greatest order, suitable to their fortune and the present occasion. Some time after, the father of the lady gave an entertainment to all his daughters and their husbands, where, when the wives were retired, and the gentlemen passing a toast about, our last married man took occasion to observe to the rest of his brethren, how much, to his great satisfaction, he found the world mistaken as to the temper of his lady, for that she was the most meek and humble woman breathing. The applause was received with a loud laugh ; but as a trial which of them would appear the most master at home, he proposed they should all by turns send for their wives down to them. A servant was dispatched, and answer made by one, ‘ Tell him I will come by and by ;’ and another, ‘ That she would come when the cards were out of her hand ;’ and so on. But no sooner was her husband’s desire whispered in the ear of our last married lady, but the cards were clapped on the table, and down she comes with, ‘ My dear, would you speak with me ?’ He received her in his arms, and, after repeated caresses, tells her the experi-

ment, confesses his good-nature, and assures her, that since she could now command her temper, he would no longer disguise his own."

It cannot but seem strange that Shakspeare should be so little known to the author of *The Tatler*, that he should suffer this story to be obtruded upon him; or so little known to the publick, that he could hope to make it pass upon his readers as a real narrative of a transaction in Lincolnshire; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive, that he knew not himself whence the story was taken, or hoped that he might rob so obscure a writer without detection.

Of this play the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Katharine and Petruchio is eminently spritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHNSON.



# WINTER'S TALE.\*





\* WINTER'S TALE.] This play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

*Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,  
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.*

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection. WARBURTON.

At Stationers' Hall, May 22, 1594, Edward White entered "A booke entitled *A Wynter Nyght's Pastime*." STEEVENS.

The story of this play is taken from *The Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene. JOHNSON.

In this novel, the King of Sicilia, whom Shakspeare names

Leontes, is called . . . . .	Egistus.
Polixenes K. of Bohemia . . . . .	Pandosto.
Mamillius P. of Sicilia . . . . .	Garinter.
Florizel P. of Bohemia . . . . .	Dorastus.
Camillo . . . . .	Franion.
Old Shepherd . . . . .	Porrus.
Hermione . . . . .	Bellaria.
Perdita . . . . .	Faunia.
Mopsa . . . . .	Mopsa.

The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus, are of the poet's own invention; but many circumstances of the novel are omitted in the play. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton, by "some of great name," means Dryden and Pope. See the Essay at the end of the Second Part of *The Conquest of Granada*: "Witness the lameness of their plots; [the plots of Shakspeare and Fletcher;] many of which, especially those which they wrote first, (for even that age refined itself in some measure,) were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name, *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, [and here, by-the-by, Dryden expressly names *Pericles* as our author's production,] nor the historical plays of Shakspeare; besides many of the rest, as *The Winter's Tale*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Measure for Measure*, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment." Mr. Pope, in the Preface to his edition of our author's plays, pronounced the same ill-considered judgment on the play before us: "I should conjecture (says he,) of some of the others, particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, *THE WINTER'S TALE*,

*Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*, that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand."

None of our author's plays has been more censured for the breach of dramattick rules than *The Winter's Tale*. In confirmation of what Mr. Steevens has remarked in another place—"that Shakspeare was not ignorant of these rules, but disregarded them,"—it may be observed, that the laws of the drama are clearly laid down by a writer once universally read and admired, Sir Philip Sidney, who, in his *Defence of Poesy*, 1595, has pointed out the very improprieties into which our author has fallen in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of *Gorboduc*, he adds: "But if it be so in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Affricke of the other, and so manie other under kingdomes, that the player when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived.—Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traverses she is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy: he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe, and all this in two houres space: which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine."

*The Winter's Tale* is sneered at by B. Jonson, in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614: "If there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it, *nor a nest of antiques*? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that begot *TALES*, *Tempests*, and such like drolleries." By the *nest of antiques*, the twelve satyrs who are introduced at the sheep-shearing festival, are alluded to.—In his conversation with Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619, he has another stroke at his beloved friend: "He [Jonson] said, that Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sense; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles." Drummond's Works, fol. 225, edit. 1711.

When this remark was made by Ben Jonson, *The Winter's Tale* was not printed. These words, therefore, are a sufficient answer to Sir T. Hanmer's idle supposition that *Bohemia* was an error of the press for *Bythinia*.

This play, I imagine, was written in the year 1604. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II.  
MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himself much needless concern that Shakspeare should consider Bohemia as a maritime country. He would have us read *Bythinia*: but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, was apt to believe

that *Dorastus and Faunia* might rather be borrowed from the play; but I have met with a copy of it, which was printed in 1588.—Cervantes ridicules these geographical mistakes, when he makes the princess Micomicona land at Ossuna.—Corporal Trim's king of Bohemia “delighted in navigation, and had never a sea-port in his dominions;” and my Lord Herbert tells us, that De Luines, the prime minister of France, when he was ambassador there, demanded, whether Bohemia was an inland country, or lay “upon the sea?”—There is a similar mistake in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, relative to that city and Milan. FARMER.

*The Winter's Tale* may be ranked among the historic plays of Shakspeare, though not one of his numerous criticks and commentators have discovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth,) as an indirect apology for her mother, Anne Boleyn. The address of the poet appears no where to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the Queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked, that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial says:

“————— for honour,

“ ’Tis a derivative from me to mine,

“ And only that I stand for.”

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the King before her execution, where she pleads for the infant Princess his daughter. Mamillius, the young Prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as Queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, describing the new-born Princess, and her likeness to her father, says: “*She has the very trick of his frown.*” There is one sentence indeed so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted it after her death. Paulina, speaking of the child, tells the King:

“————— ’Tis yours;

“ And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

“ So like you, ’tis the worse.”—

*The Winter's Tale* was therefore in reality a second part of *Henry the Eighth*. WALPOLE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.



Leontes, *King of Sicilia :*

Mamillius, *his Son.*

Camillo,

Antigonus,

Cleomenes,

Dion,

} *Sicilian Lords.*

*Another Sicilian Lord.*

Rogero, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*

*An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.*

*Officers of a Court of Judicature.*

Polixenes, *King of Bohemia :*

Florizel, *his Son.*

Archidamus, *a Bohemian Lord.*

*A Mariner.*

*Gaoler.*

*An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita :*

Clown, *his Son.*

*Servant to the old Shepherd.*

Autolycus, *a Rogue.*

*Time, as Chorus.*

Hermione, *Queen to Leontes.*

Perdita, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

Paulina, *Wife to Antigonus.*

Emilia, *a Lady,*

} *attending the Queen.*

*Two other Ladies,*

Mopsa,

} *Shepherdesses.*

Dorcas,

*Lords, Ladies, and Attendants ; Satyrs for a Dance ;  
Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.*

*SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.*

# WINTER'S TALE.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.*

*Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.*

*ARCH.* If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

*CAM.* I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

*ARCH.* Wherein our entertainment shall shame us,<sup>1</sup> we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

*CAM.* 'Beseech you,—

*ARCH.* Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *our entertainment &c.*] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us. JOHNSON.

CAM. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

ARCH. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

CAM. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied,<sup>2</sup> with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.<sup>3</sup> The heavens continue their loves!

<sup>2</sup> ——— *royally attornied,*] Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, &c. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.*] Thus the folio, 1623. The folio, 1632:—*over a vast sea*. I have since found that Sir T. Hanmer attempted the same correction; though I believe the old reading to be the true one. *Vastum* was the ancient term for waste uncultivated land. Over a *vast*, therefore, means at a great and vacant distance from each other. *Vast*, however, may be used for the *sea*, as in *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*:

“Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the surges.”

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood cut in Holinshed, while writing the incantation of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*. There is also an allusion to a print of one of the Henries holding a sword adorned with crowns. In this passage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship over a wide waste of country. HENLEY.



ARCH. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamilius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

CAM. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject,<sup>4</sup> makes old hearts fresh; they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

ARCH. Would they else be content to die?

CAM. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

ARCH. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exeunt.]

<sup>4</sup> ——— physicks *the subject*,] Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth* :

“ The labour we delight in, *physicks* pain.”

STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter* LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

*POL.* Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been  
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne  
Without a burden : time as long again  
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks ;  
And yet we should, for perpetuity,  
Go hence in debt : And therefore, like a cipher,  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,  
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more  
That go before it.

*LEON.* Stay your thanks awhile ;  
And pay them when you part.

*POL.* Sir, that's to-morrow.  
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,  
Or breed upon our absence : That may blow  
No sneaping winds<sup>s</sup> at home, to make us say,

<sup>s</sup> ————— that may blow  
*No sneaping winds —*] Dr. Warburton calls this *nonsense* ;  
and Dr. Johnson tells us it is a *Galicism*. It happens, however,  
to be both *sense* and *English*. *That*, for *Oh ! that*—is not un-  
common. In an old translation of the famous *Alcoran of the*  
*Franciscans* : “ St. Francis observing the holiness of friar Juni-  
per, said to the priors, *That* I had a wood of such Junipers!”  
And, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* :

“ ——— In thy rumination,  
“ *That* I poor man might eftsoons come between!”  
And so in other places. This is the construction of the passage  
in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ *That* runaway's eyes may wink !”  
Which in other respects Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted.  
FARMER.

*This is put forth too truly!*<sup>6</sup> Besides, I have stay'd  
To tire your royalty.

LEON. We are tougher, brother,  
Than you can put us to't.

POL. No longer stay.

LEON. One seven-night longer.

POL. Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEON. We'll part the time between's then: and  
in that  
I'll no gain-saying.

POL. Press me not, 'beseech you, so ;  
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the  
world,

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,  
Were there necessity in your request, although  
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs  
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,  
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,  
To you a charge, and trouble: to save both,  
Farewell, our brother.

LEON. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

HER. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,  
until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,  
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,  
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction<sup>7</sup>

— sneaping winds —] *Nipping* winds. So, in *Gawin Douglas's Translation of Virgil's Eneid. Prologue of the seuynth Booke*:

“ Scharp soppis of sleit, and of the snyppand snaw.”

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>6</sup> *This is put forth too truly!*] i. e. to make me say, *I had too good reason for my fears* concerning what might happen in my absence from home. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *this satisfaction*—] We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia. JOHNSON.

The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,  
He's beat from his best ward.

LEON.

Well said, Hermione.

HER. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong;  
But let him say so then, and let him go;  
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,  
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—  
Yet of your royal presence [*To POLIXENES.*] I'll  
adventure  
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia  
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,\*  
To let him there a month, behind the gest<sup>9</sup>

\* — *I'll give him my commission,*] We should read :

— *I'll give you my commission,*

The verb *let*, or *hinder*, which follows, shows the necessity of it : for she could not say she would give her husband a commission to *let* or *hinder* himself. The commission is given to Polixenes, to whom she is speaking, to let or hinder her husband. WARBURTON.

“ I'll give him my licence of absence, so as to obstruct or retard his departure for a month,” &c. To let *him*, however, may be used as many other reflective verbs are by Shakspeare, for to let or hinder *himself* : then the meaning will be : “ I'll give him my permission to tarry for a month,” &c. Dr. Warburton and the subsequent editors read, I think, without necessity—“ I'll give *you* my commission,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —. *behind the gest* —] Mr. Theobald says : *he can neither trace, nor understand the phrase*, and therefore thinks it should be *just* : But the word *gest* is right, and signifies a stage or journey. In the time of *royal progresses* the king's stages, as we may see by the journals of them in the herald's office, were called his *gests* ; from the old French word *giste, diversorium*.

WARBURTON.

In Strype's *Memorials of Archbishop Cranmer*, p. 283,—The Archbishop entreats Cecil, “ to let him have the new resolved upon *gests*, from that time to the end, that he might from time to time know where the king was.”

Again, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1594 :

“ Castile, and lovely Elinor with him,

“ Have in their *gests* resolv'd for Oxford town.”

Prefix'd for his parting : yet, good deed,<sup>1</sup> Leontes,  
I love thee not a jar o' the clock<sup>2</sup> behind  
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

POL. No, madam.

HER. Nay, but you will?

POL. I may not, verily.

HER. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows : But I,

Again, in *The White Devil*, or, *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612 :

“ — Do, like the *gests* in the progress,

“ You know where you shall find me.” STEEVENS.

*Gests*, or rather *gists*, from the Fr. *giste*, (which signifies both a bed, and a lodging place,) were the names of the houses or towns where the King or Prince intended to lie every night during his PROGRESS. They were written in a scroll, and probably each of the royal attendants was furnished with a copy.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *yet, good-deed,*] signifies, *indeed, in very deed*, as Shakspeare in another place expresses it. *Good-deed*, is used in the same sense by the Earl of Surrey, Sir John Hayward, and Gascoigne.

Dr. Warburton would read—*good heed*,—meaning—take good heed. STEEVENS.

The second folio reads—*good heed*, which, I believe, is right.

TYRWHITT.

<sup>2</sup> — *a jar o'the clock* —] A *jar* is, I believe, a single repetition of the noise made by the pendulum of a clock; what children call the *ticking* of it. So, in *King Richard II*:

“ My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they *jar*.”

STEEVENS.

A *jar* perhaps means a minute, for I do not suppose that the ancient clocks ticked or noticed the seconds. See Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 241. TOLLET.

To *jar* certainly means to *tick*; as in T. Heywood's *Troia Britannica*, cant. iv. st. 107; edit. 1609: “ He hears no waking-clocke, nor watch to *jarre*.” HOLT WHITE.

So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1601:—“ the owle shrieking, the toades croaking, the *minutes jerring*, and the clocke striking twelve.” MALONE.

Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with  
 oaths,  
 Should yet say, *Sir, no going*. Verily,  
 You shall not go; a lady's verily is  
 As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?  
 Force me to keep you as a prisoner,  
 Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,  
 When you depart, and save your thanks. How say  
 you?  
 My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,  
 One of them you shall be.

*POL.* Your guest then, madam:  
 To be your prisoner, should import offending;  
 Which is for me less easy to commit,  
 Than you to punish.

*HER.* Not your gaoler then,  
 But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you  
 Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were  
 boys;  
 You were pretty lordings<sup>3</sup> then.

*POL.* We were, fair queen,  
 Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,  
 But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
 And to be boy eternal.

*HER.* Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

*POL.* We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk  
 i' the sun,  
 And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,  
 Was innocence for innocence; we knew not

<sup>3</sup> — *lordings* —] This diminutive of *lord* is often used by Chaucer. So, in the prologue to his *Canterbury Tales*, the host says to the company, v. 790, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

“*Lordinges* (quod he) now herkeneth for the beste.”

STEEVENS.

The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd<sup>4</sup>  
 That any did: Had we pursued that life,  
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd  
 With stronger blood, we should have answer'd  
   heaven  
 Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd,  
 Hereditary ours.<sup>5</sup>

HER.                               By this we gather,  
 You have tripp'd since.

POL.                               O my most sacred lady,  
 Temptations have since then been born to us: for  
 In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;  
 Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes  
 Of my young play-fellow.

HER.                               Grace to boot!  
 Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd—*] *Doctrine* is here used as a trisyllable. So *children, tickling*, and many others. The editor of the second folio inserted the word *no*, to supply a supposed defect in the metre, [*—no, nor dream'd*] and the interpolation was adopted in all the subsequent editions.

MALONE.

I cannot suppose myself to be reading a verse, unless I adopt the emendation of the second folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *the imposition clear'd,*  
*Hereditary ours.*] i. e. setting aside *original sin*; bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to Heaven. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *Grace to boot!*  
*Of this make no conclusion; lest you say, &c.*] Polixenes had said, that since the time of childhood and innocence, *temptations had grown to them*; for that, in that interval, the two Queens were become women. To each part of this observation the Queen answers in order. To that of *temptations* she replies, *Grace to boot!* i. e. though temptations have grown up, yet I hope grace too has kept pace with them. *Grace to boot*, was a proverbial expression on these occasions. To the other part, she replies, as for *our* tempting you, pray take heed you draw no



Your queen and I are devils : Yet, go on ;  
 The offences we have made you do, we'll answer ;  
 If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us  
 You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not  
 With any but with us.

*LEON.* Is he won yet ?

*HER.* He'll stay, my lord.

*LEON.* At my request, he would not.  
 Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st  
 To better purpose.

*HER.* Never ?

*LEON.* Never, but once.

*HER.* What ? have I twice said well ? when was't  
 before ?

I pr'ythee, tell me : Cram us with praise, and  
 make us  
 As fat as tame things : One good deed, dying  
 tongueless,  
 Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.  
 Our praises are our wages : You may ride us,

conclusion from thence, for that would be making your Queen  
 and me devils, &c. *WARBURTON.*

This explanation may be right ; but I have no great faith in  
 the existence of such a proverbial expression. *STEEVENS.*

She calls for Heaven's grace, to purify and vindicate her own  
 character, and that of the wife of Polixenes, which might seem  
 to be sullied by a species of argument that made them appear  
 to have led their husbands into temptation.

*Grace* or Heaven *help* me !—Do not argue in that manner ;  
 do not draw any conclusion or inference from your, and your  
 friend's, having, since those days of childhood and innocence,  
 become acquainted with your Queen and me ; for, as you have  
 said that in the period between childhood and the present time  
 temptations have been born to you, and as in that interval you  
 have become acquainted with us, the inference or insinuation  
 would be strong against us, as your corrupters, and, “ by that  
 kind of chase,” your Queen and I would be devils. *MALONE.*

With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere  
 With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;<sup>7</sup>—  
 My last good was, to entreat his stay;  
 What was my first? it has an elder sister,  
 Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!  
 But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?  
 Nay, let me have't; I long.

LEON. Why, that was when  
 Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to  
 death,  
 Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,  
 And clap thyself my love;<sup>8</sup> then didst thou utter,  
*I am yours for ever.*

<sup>7</sup> *With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;*] Thus this passage has been always printed; whence it appears, that the editors did not take the poet's conceit. They imagined that, *But to the goal*, meant, *but to come to the purpose*; but the sense is different, and plain enough when the line is pointed thus:

————— ere

*With spur we heat an acre, but to the goal.*

i. e. good usage will win us to any thing; but, with ill, we stop short, even there where both our interest and our inclination would otherwise have carried us. WARBURTON.

I have followed the old copy, the pointing of which appears to afford as apt a meaning as that produced by the change recommended by Dr. Warburton. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *And clap thyself my love;*] She opened her hand, to *clap* the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phrase—*to clap up a bargain*, i. e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands. So, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“ ——— Speak, widow, is't a match?

“ Shall we *clap* it up?”

Again, in *A Trick to catch the Old One*, 1618:

“ Come, *clap* hands, a match.”

Again, in *King Henry V*:

“ ——— and so *clap* hands, and a bargain.” STEEVENS.

This was a regular part of the ceremony of troth-plighting, to which Shakspeare often alludes. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

HER. It is Grace, indeed.<sup>9</sup>—  
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose  
twice :

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;  
The other, for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to POLIXENES.

LEON. Too hot, too hot : [Aside.  
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.  
I have *tremor cordis* on me :—my heart dances ;  
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment  
May a free face put on ; derive a liberty  
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,<sup>1</sup>  
And well become the agent : it may, I grant :  
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,  
As now they are ; and making practis'd smiles,

“ This is the *hand*, which with a vow'd contract

“ Was fast belock'd in thine.”

Again, in *King John* :

“ *Phil.* It likes us well. Young princes, *close your hands.*

“ *Aust.* And your lips too, for I am well assur'd,

“ That I did so, when I was first assur'd.”

So, also, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton,  
1657:

“ There these young *lovers* shall *clap hands* together.”

I should not have given so many instances of this custom, but  
that I know Mr. Pope's reading—“ And *clepe* thyself my love,”  
has many favourers. The old copy has—*A clap*, &c. The cor-  
rection was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *It is Grace, indeed!*] Referring to what she had just said—  
“ O, would her name were *Grace!*” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> —from bounty, *fertile bosom*,] I suppose that a letter  
dropped out at the press, and would read—from *bounty's* fertile  
bosom. MALONE.

By *fertile bosom*, I suppose, is meant a bosom like that of the  
earth, which yields a spontaneous produce. In the same strain  
is the address of *Timon of Athens* :

“ Thou common mother, thou,

“ Whose —— infinite breast

“ Teems and feeds all!” STEEVENS.

As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere  
The mort o' the deer;<sup>2</sup> O, that is entertainment  
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,  
Art thou my boy?

MAM.

Ay, my good lord.

LEON.

I'fecks?<sup>3</sup>

Why, that's my bawcock.<sup>4</sup> What, hast smutch'd  
thy nose?—

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,  
We must be neat;<sup>5</sup> not neat, but cleanly, captain:  
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,  
Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling<sup>6</sup>

[Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.

<sup>2</sup> *The mort o' the deer;*] A lesson upon the horn at the death  
of the deer. THEOBALD.

So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "—He that bloweth  
the mort before the death of the buck, may very well miss of his  
fees." Again, in the oldest copy of *Chevy Chase*:

"The blewe a mort uppon the bent." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I'fecks?*] A supposed corruption of—in faith. Our present  
vulgar pronounce it—*fees*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Why, that's my bawcock.*] Perhaps from *beau* and *coq*. It  
is still said in vulgar language that such a one is a *jolly cock*, a  
*cock of the game*. The word has already occurred in *Twelfth-*  
*Night*, and is one of the titles by which Pistol speaks of King  
Henry the Fifth. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *We must be neat;*] Leontes, seeing his son's nose smutch'd,  
cries, *we must be neat*; then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient  
term for *horned cattle*, he says, *not neat, but cleanly*.

JOHNSON.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 3:

"His large provision there of flesh, of fowl, of neat."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *Still virginalling*—] Still playing with her fingers, as  
a girl playing on the *virginals*. JOHNSON.

A *virginal*, as I am informed, is a very small kind of spinnet.  
Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the  
lessons in it have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert  
players on the harpsichord.

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?  
Art thou my calf?

MAM. Yes, if you will, my lord.

LEON. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots  
that I have,<sup>7</sup>

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix, or the Untrussing of the humorous Poet*, 1602:

“When we have husbands, we play upon them like *virginal jacks*, they must rise and fall to our humours, else they'll never get any good strains of musick out of one of us.”

Again, in *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“Where be these rascals that skip up and down

“Faster than *virginal jacks*?” STEEVENS.

A *virginal* was strung like a spinnet, and shaped like a *piano forte*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,*] *Pash*, (says Sir T. Hanner,) is *kiss*. *Paz*. Spanish, i. e. *thou want'st a mouth made rough by a beard, to kiss with*. *Shoots* are *branches*, i. e. *horns*. Leontes is alluding to the ensigns of cuckoldom. A mad-brained boy, is, however, called a *mad pash* in Cheshire. STEEVENS.

Thou want'st a rough *pash*, and the *shoots* that I have, in connection with the context, signifies—to make thee a calf thou must have the tuft on thy forehead and the young horns that shoot up in it, as I have. Leontes asks the Prince:

—How now, you wanton calf!

Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,  
To be full like me.

To *pash* signifies to push or dash against, and frequently occurs in old writers. Thus, Drayton:

“They either poles their heads together *pasht*.”

Again, in *How to choose a good Wife from a bad*, 1602, 4to:

“—learn *pash* and knock, and beat and mall,

“Cleave pates and caputs.”

When in Cheshire a *pash* is used for a mad-brained boy, it is designed to characterize him from the wantonness of a calf that blunders on, and runs his head against any thing. HENLEY

In *Troilus and Cressida*, the verb *pash* also occurs:

“—waving his beam

“Upon the *pashed* corsers of the kings

“Epistrophus and Cedius.”

To be full like me :<sup>8</sup>—yet, they say, we are  
 Almost as like as eggs ; women say so,  
 That will say any thing : But were they false  
 As o'er-died blacks,<sup>9</sup> as wind, as waters ; false

And again, (as Mr. Henley on another occasion observes,) in  
*The Virgin Martyr* :

“ — when the battering ram

“ Were fetching his career backward, to *pash*

“ Me with *his horns* to pieces.” STEEVENS.

I have lately learned that *pash* in Scotland signifies a *head*. The old reading therefore may stand. Many words, that are now used only in that country, were perhaps once common to the whole island of Great Britain, or at least to the northern part of England. The meaning, therefore, of the present passage, I suppose, is this : *You tell me, (says Leontes to his son,) that you are like me ; that you are my calf. I am the horned bull : thou wantest the rough head and the horns of that animal, completely to resemble your father.* MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *To be full like me :*] *Full* is here, as in other places, used by our author, adverbially ;—to be *entirely* like me. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *As o'er-died blacks,*] Sir T. Hanmer understands blacks died too much, and therefore rotten. JOHNSON.

It is common with tradesmen, to die their faded or damaged stuffs, black. *O'er died blacks* may mean those which have received a die over their former colour.

There is a passage in *The old Law* of Massinger, which might lead us to offer another interpretation :

“ — *Blacks* are often such dissembling mourners,

“ There is no credit given to't, it has lost

“ All reputation by *false* sons and widows :

“ I would not hear of *blacks*.”

It seems that *blacks* was the common term for mourning. So, in *A mad World my Masters*, 1608 :

“ — in so many *blacks*

“ I'll have the church hung round—.”

*Black*, however, will receive no other hue without discovering itself through it : “ *Lanarum nigræ nullum colorem bibunt.*”

Plin. Nat. Hist. Lib. VIII. STEEVENS.

The following passage in a book which our author had certainly read, inclines me to believe that the last is the true inter-



As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes  
 No bourn<sup>1</sup> 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true  
 To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,  
 Look on me with your welkin eye:<sup>2</sup> Sweet villain!  
 Most dear'st! my collop!<sup>3</sup>—Can thy dam?—may't  
 be?

Affection! thy intention stabs the center:<sup>4</sup>

pretation. "Truly (quoth Camillo) my wool was blacke, and therefore it could take no other colour." Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 4to. 1580. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> No bourn —] Bourn is boundary. So, in *Hamlet* :

" — from whose bourn

" No traveller returns—." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — welkin-eye :] Blue-eye; an eye of the same colour with the welkin, or sky. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — my collop!] So, in *The First Part of King Henry VI* :

" God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Affection! thy intention stabs the center:] Instead of this line, which I find in the folio, the modern editors have introduced another of no authority :

*Imagination! thou dost stab to the center.*

Mr. Rowe first made the exchange. I am not sure that I understand the reading I have restored. *Affection*, however, I believe, signifies *imagination*. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

" ——— affection,

" Mistress of passion, sways it," &c.

i. e. *imagination* governs our *passions*. *Intention* is, as Mr. Locke expresses it, "when the mind with great earnestness, and of choice, fixes its view on any idea, considers it on every side, and will not be called off by the ordinary solicitations of other ideas." This vehemence of the mind seems to be what affects Leontes so deeply, or, in Shakspeare's language,—*stabs him to the center*. STEEVENS.

*Intention*, in this passage, means eagerness of attention, or of desire; and is used in the same sense in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Falstaff says—"She did so course o'er my exteriors, with such a greedy *intention*," &c. M. MASON.

I think, with Mr. Steevens, that *affection* means here *imagination*, or perhaps more accurately: "the disposition of the mind



Thou dost make possible, things not so held,<sup>5</sup>  
Communicat'st with dreams;—(How can this  
be?)—

With what's unreal thou coactive art,  
And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,<sup>6</sup>  
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thoudost;  
(And that beyond commission; and I find it,)  
And that to the infection of my brains,  
And hardening of my brows.

*POL.* What means Sicilia?

*HER.* He something seems unsettled.

*POL.* How, my lord?  
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?<sup>7</sup>

HER. You look,  
As if you held a brow of much distraction :  
Are you mov'd, my lord ?<sup>8</sup>

LEON. No, in good earnest.—

when strongly *affected* or possessed by a particular idea." And in a kindred sense at least to this, it is used in the passage quoted from *The Merchant of Venice*. MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> *Thou dost make possible, things not so held,]* i. e. thou dost make those things possible, which are conceived to be impossible.  
JOHNSON.

To express the speaker's meaning, it is necessary to make a short pause after the word *possible*. I have therefore put a comma there, though perhaps in strictness it is improper. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ———*credent*,] i. e. credible. So, in *Measure for Measure*, Act V. sc. v;

"For my authority bears a *credent* bulk." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?*] This line, which in the old copy is given to Leontes, has been attributed to Polixenes, on the suggestion of Mr. Steevens. Sir T. Hanmer had made the same emendation. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Are you mov'd, my lord?*] We have again the same expression on the same occasion, in *Othello*:

"Iago. I see my Lord, you are mov'd.

"*Othel.* No, not much *mov'd*, not much." MALONE.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
 Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime  
 To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines  
 Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil  
 Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,  
 In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,  
 Lest it should bite<sup>9</sup> its master, and so prove,  
 As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.<sup>1</sup>  
 How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
 This squash,<sup>2</sup> this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,  
 Will you take eggs for money?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — my dagger muzzled,

*Lest it should bite* —] So, in *King Henry VIII* :

“ This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I

“ Have not the power to muzzle him.”

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: “ I am trusted with a muzzle.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ Thus ornament is but the guiled shore

“ To a most dangerous sea.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *This squash,*] A *squash* is a pea-pod, in that state when the young peas begin to swell in it. HENLEY.

<sup>3</sup> *Will you take eggs for money?*] This seems to be a proverbial expression, used when a man sees himself wronged and makes no resistance. Its original, or precise meaning, I cannot find, but I believe it means, will you be a *cuckold* for hire. The cuckow is reported to lay her eggs in another bird's nest; he therefore that has eggs laid in his nest is said to be *cucullatus*, *cuckowed*, or *cuckold*. JOHNSON.

The meaning of this is, *will you put up affronts?* The French have a proverbial saying, *A qui vendez vous coquilles?* i. e. whom do you design to affront? Mamillius's answer plainly proves it. Mam. No, my Lord, *I'll fight*. SMITH.

I meet with Shakspeare's phrase in a comedy, call'd *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:—“ I shall have *eggs for my money*; I must hang myself.” STEEVENS.

Leontes seems only to ask his son if he would fly from an enemy. In the following passage the phrase is evidently to be

MAM. No, my lord, I'll fight.

LEON. You will? why, happy man be his dole!<sup>4</sup>—  
My brother,

taken in that sense: "The French infantry skirmisheth bravely afarre off, and cavallery gives a furious onset at the first charge; but after the first heat *they will take eggs for their money.*" *Relations of the most famous Kingdomes and Commonwealths thorowout the World*, 4to. 1630, p. 154.

Mamillius's reply to his father's question appears so decisive as to the true explanation of this passage, that it leaves no doubt with me even after I have read the following note. The phrase undoubtedly sometimes means what Mr. Malone asserts, but not here. REED.

This phrase seems to me to have meant originally,—Are you such a poltron as to suffer another to use you as he pleases, to compel you to give him your money and to accept of a thing of so small a value as a few eggs in exchange for it? This explanation appears to me perfectly consistent with the passage quoted by Mr. Reed. He, who will *take eggs for money* seems to be what, in *As you like it*, and in many of the old plays, is called a *tame snake*.

The following passage in Campion's *History of Ireland*, folio 1633, fully confirms my explanation of this passage; and shows that by the words—*Will you take eggs for money*, was meant, *Will you suffer yourself to be cajoled or imposed upon?*—"What my cousin Desmond hath compassed, as I know not, so I beshrew his naked heart for holding out so long.—But go to, suppose hee never bee had; what is Kildare to blame for it, more than my good brother of Ossory, who, notwithstanding his high promises, having also the king's power, is glad *to take eggs for his money*, and to bring him in at leisure."

These words make part of the defence of the Earl of Kildare, in answer to a charge brought against him by Cardinal Wolsey, that he had not been sufficiently active in endeavouring to take the Earl of Desmond, then in rebellion. In this passage, *to take eggs for his money* undoubtedly means, *to be trifled with*, or *to be imposed upon*.

"For money" means, *in the place of money*. "Will you give me money, and take eggs instead of it?" MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *happy man be his dole!*] May his *dole* or *share* in life be to be a *happy man*. JOHNSON.

The expression is proverbial. *Dole* was the term for the al-

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we  
Do seem to be of ours?

*POL.* If at home, sir,  
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :  
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;  
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :  
He makes a July's day short as December ;  
And, with his varying childness, cures in me  
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

*LEON.* So stands this squire  
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,  
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,  
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;  
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap :  
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's  
Apparent<sup>5</sup> to my heart.

*HER.* If you would seek us,  
We are yours i' the garden: Shall's attend you there?

*LEON.* To your own bents dispose you: you'll  
be found,  
Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,  
Though you perceive me not how I give line.  
Go to, go to!

[*Aside. Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*  
How she holds up the neb,<sup>6</sup> the bill to him!

lowance of provision given to the poor, in great families. So,  
in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614:

“ Had the women puddings to their *dole*?”

See p. 46, n. 6. STEEVENS.

The alms immemorially given to the poor by the Archbishops  
of Canterbury, is still called the *dole*. See *The History of*  
*Lambeth Palace*, p. 31, in *Bibl. Top. Brit.* NICHOLS.

<sup>5</sup> *Apparent* —] That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —the *neb*,] The word is commonly pronounced and  
written *nib*. It signifies here the *mouth*. So, in *Anne the Queen*

And arms her with the boldness of a wife  
To her allowing husband!<sup>7</sup> Gone already;  
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd  
one.<sup>8</sup>——

[*Exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and *Attendants*.]

Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I  
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue  
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour  
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There  
have been,  
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;  
And many a man there is, even at this present,<sup>9</sup>  
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,  
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,  
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour,<sup>1</sup> by

of *Hungarie*, being one of the Tales in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566: "—the amorous wormes of love did bitterly gnawe and teare his heart wyth the *nebs* of their forked heads."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *To her allowing husband!*] *Allowing* in old language is *approving*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —— *a fork'd one.*] That is, a *horned* one; a *cuckold*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

"Even then this *forked* plague is fated to us,

"When we do quicken." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —— *even at this present,*] i. e. present time. So, in *Macbeth*:

"Thy letters have transported me beyond

"*This ignorant present*;"——

See note on this passage; Act I. sc. v. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour,*] This metaphor perhaps owed its introduction and currency, to the once frequent depredations of neighbours on each others fish, a complaint that often occurs in ancient correspondence. Thus, in one of the *Paston Letters*, Vol. IV. p. 15: "My mother bade me send you word that Waryn Herman hath daily *fished her water* all this year." STEEVENS.

Sir Smile, his neighbour : nay, there's comfort in't,  
Whiles other men have gates ; and those gates  
open'd,

As mine, against their will : Should all despair,  
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is  
none ;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike  
Where 'tis predominant ; and 'tis powerful, thinkit,  
From east, west, north, and south : Be it concluded,  
No barricado for a belly ; know it ;  
It will let in and out the enemy,  
With bag and baggage : many a thousand of us  
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy ?

MAM. I am like you, they say.<sup>2</sup>

LEON. Why, that's some comfort.—  
What ! Camillo there ?

CAM. Ay, my good lord.

LEON. Go play, Mamillius ; thou'rt an honest  
man.— [Exit MAMILLIUS.  
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

CAM. You had much ado to make his anchor  
hold :

When you cast out, it still came home.<sup>3</sup>

LEON. Didst note it ?

CAM. He would not stay at your petitions ; made  
His business more material.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> —— they say.] *They*, which was omitted in the original copy by the carelessness of the transcriber or printer, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —— *it still came home.*] This is a sea-faring expression, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —— made  
*His business more material.*] i. e. the more you requested



LEON. Didst perceive it?—  
They're here with me already;<sup>5</sup> whispering, round-  
ing,<sup>6</sup>  
*Sicilia is a so-forth* :<sup>7</sup> 'Tis far gone,

him to stay, the more urgent he represented that business to be which summoned him away. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *They're here with me already* ;] Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers, people accidentally present.

THIRLBY.

<sup>6</sup> — *whispering, rounding* ;] *To round in the ear*, is to *whisper*, or to *tell secretly*. The expression is very copiously explained by M. Casaubon, in his book *de Ling. Sax.* JOHNSON.

The word is frequently used by Chaucer, as well as later writers. So, in *Lingua*, 1607 : “ I helped Herodotus to pen some part of his Muses ; lent Pliny ink to write his history ; and rounded Rabelais in the ear, when he historified Pantagruel.”

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy* :

“ Forthwith revenge *she rounded me i' th' ear*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Sicilia is a so-forth* ;] This was a phrase employed when the speaker, through caution or disgust, wished to escape the utterance of an obnoxious term. A commentator on Shakspeare will often derive more advantage from listening to vulgar than to polite conversation. At the corner of Fleet Market, I lately heard one woman, describing another, say—“ Every body knows that her husband is a *so-forth*.” As she spoke the last word, her fingers expressed the emblem of cuckoldom. Mr. Malone reads—*Sicilia is a—so-forth*. STEEVENS.

In regulating this line, I have adopted a hint suggested by Mr. M. Mason. I have more than once observed, that almost every abrupt sentence in these plays is corrupted. These words, without the break now introduced, are to me unintelligible. Leontes means—I think I already hear my courtiers whispering to each other, “ *Sicilia is a cuckold*, a tame cuckold, to which (says he) they will add every other opprobrious name and epithet they can think of ;” for such, I suppose, the meaning of the words—*so forth*. He avoids naming the word *cuckold*, from a horror of the very sound. I suspect, however, that our author wrote—*Sicilia is—and so forth*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice* : “ I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, *and so following*.”

Again, in *Hamlet* :



When I shall gust it last.<sup>8</sup>—How came't, Camillo,  
That he did stay?

CAM. At the good queen's entreaty.

LEON. At the queen's, be't: good, should be  
pertinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken  
By any understanding pate but thine?  
For thy conceit is soaking,<sup>9</sup> will draw in  
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,  
But of the finer natures? by some severals,  
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,<sup>1</sup>  
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

“I saw him enter such a house of sale,

“(*Videlicet*, a brothel,) or so forth.”

Again, more appositely, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

“— with a dish of carraways, AND so forth.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*: Is not birth, beauty, good  
shape, discourse, manhood, learning, AND so forth, the spice  
and salt that season a man?” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — gust it —] i. e. taste it. STEEVENS.

“Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus.” *Juv. Sat. X.*

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — is soaking,] Dr. Grey would read— *in* soaking; but  
I think without necessity. Thy conceit is of an *absorbent* na-  
ture, will draw in more, &c. seems to be the meaning.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — lower messes,] I believe, *lower messes* is only used as  
an expression to signify the lowest degree about the court. See  
*Anstis, Ord. Gart. I.* App. p. 15: “The earl of Surry began  
the borde in presence: the earl of Arundel washed with him, and  
sat both at the *first messe*.” Formerly not only at every great  
man's table the visitants were placed according to their conse-  
quence or dignity, but with additional marks of inferiority, viz. of  
sitting below the great saltseller placed in the center of the table,  
and of having coarser provisions set before them. The former  
custom is mentioned in *The Honest Whore*, by Decker, 1604:  
“Plague him; set him *beneath the salt*, and let him not touch a  
bit till every one has had his full cut.” The latter was as much  
a subject of complaint in the time of Beaumont and Fletcher,  
as in that of Juvenal, as the following instance may prove:

CAM. Business, mylord? I think, most understand  
Bohemia stays here longer.

LEON.

Ha?

CAM.

Stays here longer.

LEON. Ay, but why?

CAM. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties  
Of our most gracious mistress.

LEON.

Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—  
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,  
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well  
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou  
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed  
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been  
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd  
In that which seems so.

CAM.

Be it forbid, my lord!

LEON. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honest: or,  
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;

“Uncut up pies at the nether end, filled with moss and  
stones,

“Partly to make a shew with,

“And partly to keep the *lower mess* from eating.”

*Woman Hater*, Act I. sc. ii.

This passage may be yet somewhat differently explained. It appears from a passage in *The merve Jest of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date, that it was anciently the custom in publick houses to keep ordinaries of different prices: “What table will you be at? for at the lordes table thei give me no less than to shylinges, and at the merchaunts table xvi pence, and at my houshold servantes geve me twelve pence.”—Leontes comprehends inferiority of understanding in the idea of inferiority of rank. STEEVENS.

Concerning the different *messes* in the great families of our ancient nobility, see *The Houshold Book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland*, 8vo. 1770. PERCY.

Which hoxes honesty behind,<sup>2</sup> restraining  
 From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted  
 A servant, grafted in my serious trust,  
 And therein negligent; or else a fool,  
 That scest a gameplay'd home, the rich stake drawn,  
 And tak'st it all for jest.

CAM. My gracious lord,  
 I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;  
 In every one of these no man is free,  
 But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
 Amongst the infinite doings of the world,  
 Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,  
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
 It was my folly; if industriously  
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
 Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful  
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
 Whereof the execution did cry out  
 Against the non-performance,<sup>3</sup> 'twas a fear

<sup>2</sup> — hoxes honesty behind,] To *hox* is to ham-string. So, in Knolles' *History of the Turks*:

" — alighted, and with his sword *hoxed* his horse."

King James VI. in his 11th Parliament, had an act to punish "*hochares*," or slayers of horse, oxen, &c. STEEVENS.

The proper word is, to *hough*, i. e. to cut the *hough*, or ham-string. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Whereof the execution did cry out*

*Against the non-performance,*] This is one of the expressions by which Shakspeare too frequently clouds his meaning. This sounding phrase means, I think, no more than *a thing necessary to be done*. JOHNSON.

I think we ought to read—"the *now*-performance," which gives us this very reasonable meaning:—*At the execution whereof, such circumstances discovered themselves, as made it prudent to suspend all further proceeding in it.* HEATH.

I do not see that this attempt does any thing more, than produce a harsher word without an easier sense. JOHNSON.

I have preserved this note, [Mr. Heath's] because I think it

Which oft affects the wisest : these, my lord,  
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty  
 Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,  
 Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass  
 By its own visage : if I then deny it,  
 'Tis none of mine.

LEON. Have not you seen, Camillo,  
 (But that's past doubt : you have ; or your eye-glass  
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn ;) or heard,  
 (For, to a vision so apparent, rumour  
 Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation  
 Resides not in that man, that does not think it,\*)

a good interpretation of the original text. I have, however, no doubt that Shakspeare wrote *non-performance*, he having often entangled himself in the same manner ; but it is clear that he *should* have written, either—"against the performance," or—"for the non-performance." In *The Merchant of Venice*, our author has entangled himself in the same manner : "I beseech you, let his lack of years be no *impediment* to let him *lack* a reverend estimation ;" where either *impediment* should be *cause*, or to let him *lack*, should be, *to prevent his obtaining*. Again, in *King Lear* :

" ————— I have hope  
 " You *less* know how to value her desert,  
 " Than she to *scant* her duty."

Again, in the play before us :

" ————— I ne'er heard yet,  
 " That any of these bolder vices *wanted*  
 " *Less* impudence to gain-say what they did,  
 " Than to perform it first."

Again, in *Twelfth-Night* :

" Fortune *forbid* my outside have *not* charm'd her!"

MALONE.

\* ————— (*for cogitation*  
*Resides not in that man, that does not think it*.) The folio, 1623, omits the pronoun—*it*, which is supplied from the folio, 1632. STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald, in a Letter subjoined to one edition of *The Double Falshood*, has quoted this passage in defence of a well-known line in that play: "None but himself can be his paral-

My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,  
 (Or else be impudently negative,  
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,  
 My wife's a hobbyhorse;<sup>5</sup> deserves a name  
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to  
 Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

CAM. I would not be a stander-by, to hear  
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without  
 My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,  
 You never spoke what did become you less  
 Than this: which to reiterate, were sin  
 As deep as that, though true.<sup>6</sup>

lel."—"Who does not see at once (says he) that he who does not think, has no thought in him." In the same light this passage should seem to have appeared to all the subsequent editors, who read, with the editor of the second folio, "—that does not think *it*." But the old reading, I am persuaded, is right. This is not an abstract proposition. The whole context must be taken together. Have you not thought (says Leontes) my wife is slippery (for cogitation resides not in the man that does not think *my wife is slippery*)? The four latter words, though disjoined from the word *think* by the necessity of a parenthesis, are evidently to be connected in construction with it; and consequently the seeming absurdity attributed by Theobald to the passage, arises only from misapprehension. In this play, from whatever cause it has arisen, there are more involved and parenthetical sentences, than in any other of our author's, except, perhaps, *King Henry VIII.* MALONE.

I have followed the second folio, which contains many valuable corrections of our author's text. The present emendation (in my opinion at least,) deserves that character. Such advantages are not to be rejected, because we know not from what hand they were derived. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — a hobbyhorse;] Old copy—*holy*-horse. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ————— were sin

*As deep as that, though true.*] i. e. your suspieion is as great a sin as would be that (if committed) for which you suspect her. WARBURTON.

LEON. Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?<sup>7</sup>  
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career  
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible  
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?  
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?  
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes  
blind  
With the pin and web,<sup>8</sup> but theirs, theirs<sup>9</sup> only,  
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?  
Why, then, the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;  
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;  
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these no-  
things,  
If this be nothing.

CAM. Good my lord, be cur'd  
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;  
For 'tis most dangerous.

*LEON.* Say, it be ; 'tis true.

*CAM.* No, no, my lord.

LEON. It is; you lie, you lie:  
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;  
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;  
Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver  
Infected as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glass.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— *meeting noses?*] Dr. Thirlby reads *meting noses*; that is, *measuring noses*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup>—*the pin and web.*] Disorders in the eye. See *King Lear*, Act III. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *theirs, theirs* —] These words were meant to be pronounced as dissyllables. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — of one glass.] i. e. of one *hour-glass*. MALONE.



CAM.

Who does infect her?

LEON. Why he, that wears her like her medal,<sup>2</sup>  
hanging

About his neck, Bohemia: Who—if I  
Had servants true about me: that bare eyes  
To see alike mine honour as their profits,  
Their own particular thrifts—they would do that  
Which should undo more doing:<sup>3</sup> Ay, and thou,  
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form  
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see  
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,  
How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> ——— *like her medal,*] Mr. Malone reads—*his medal*.

STEEVENS.

The old copy has—*her medal*, which was evidently an error of the press, either in consequence of the compositor's eye glancing on the word *her* in the preceding line, or of an abbreviation being used in the MS. In *As you like it* and *Love's Labour's Lost*, *her* and *his* are frequently confounded. Theobald, I find, had made the same emendation.—In *King Henry VIII.* we have again the same thought:

“ ——— a loss of her,

“ That like a jewel has hung twenty years

“ About his neck, yet never lost her lustre.”

It should be remembered that it was customary for *gentlemen*, in our author's time, to wear jewels appended to a ribbon round the neck. So, in *Honour in Perfection, or a Treatise in Commendation of Henrie, Earl of Oxenford, Henrie Earl of Southampton, &c.* by Gervais Markham, 4to. 1624, p. 18:—“ he hath hung about the neck of his noble kinsman, Sir Horace Vere, like a rich jewel.”—The Knights of the Garter wore the George, in this manner, till the time of Charles I. MALONE.

I suppose the poet meant to say, that Polixenes wore *her*, as he would have worn a medal of *her*, about his neck. Sir Christopher Hatton is represented with a medal of Queen Elizabeth appended to his chain. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *more doing;*] The latter word is used here in a wanton sense. See Vol. VI. p. 203, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *might'st bespice a cup,*] So, in Chapman's translation of the tenth Book of Homer's *Odyssey*:



To give mine enemy a lasting wink;<sup>5</sup>  
Which draught to me were cordial.

CAM. Sir, my lord,  
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,  
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work  
Maliciously like poison:<sup>6</sup> But I cannot  
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
So sovereignly being honourable.  
I have lov'd thee,<sup>7</sup>——

“—— With a festival  
“ She'll first receive thee; but will *spice* thy bread  
“ With flowery *poisons*.”

Again, in the eighteenth Book:

“ *spice* their pleasure's cup.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —— a lasting wink;] So, in *The Tempest*:

“ To the *perpetual wink* for aye might put

“ This ancient morsel.”—— STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —— with no rash potion,——

Maliciously, like poison:] *Rash* is *hasty*, as in *King Henry IV.* P. II: “— *rash* gunpowder.” *Maliciously* is *malig-  
nantly*, with effects *openly hurtful*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —— But I cannot

*Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,*

*So sovereignly being honourable.*

I have lov'd thee, &c.] The last hemistich assign'd to Camillo must have been mistakenly placed to him. It is disrespect and insolence in Camillo to his king, to tell him that he has once loved him.—I have ventured at a transposition, which seems self-evident. Camillo will not be persuaded into a suspicion of the disloyalty imputed to his mistress. The King, who believes nothing but his jealousy, provoked that Camillo is so obstinately diffident, finely starts into a rage, and cries:

*I've lov'd thee—Make't thy question, and go rot!*

i. e. I have tendered thee well, Camillo, but I here cancel all former respect at once. If thou any longer make a question of my wife's disloyalty, go from my presence, and perdition overtake thee for thy stubbornness. THEOBALD.

I have admitted this alteration, as Dr. Warburton has done; but I am not convinced that it is necessary. Camillo, desirous to defend the Queen, and willing to secure credit to his apology,

LEON.            Make't thy question, and go rot!<sup>s</sup>  
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,

begins, by telling the King that *he has loved him*, is about to give instances of his love, and to infer from them his present zeal, when he is interrupted. JOHNSON.

*I have lov'd thee,*] In the first and second folio, these words are the conclusion of Camillo's speech. The later editors have certainly done right in giving them to Leontes; but I think they would come in better at the end of the line:

*Make that thy question, and go rot!—I have lov'd thee.*

TYRWHITT.

I have restored the old reading. Camillo is about to tell Leontes how much he had loved him. The impatience of the King interrupts him by saying: *Make that thy question*, i. e. make the love of which you boast, the subject of your future conversation, and go to the grave with it. *Question*, in our author, very often has this meaning. So, in *Measure for Measure*: "But in the loss of *question*;" i. e. in conversation that is thrown away. Again, in *Hamlet*: "*questionable shape*" is a form propitious to conversation. Again, in *As you like it*: "an *unquestionable spirit*" is a spirit unwilling to be conversed with.

STEEVENS.

I think Steevens right in restoring the old reading, but mistaken in his interpretation of it. Camillo is about to express his affection for Leontes, but the impatience of the latter will not suffer him to proceed. He takes no notice of that part of Camillo's speech, but replies to that which gave him offence—the doubts he had expressed of the Queen's misconduct; and says—"Make that thy question and go rot." Nothing can be more natural than this interruption. M. MASON.

The commentators have differed much in explaining this passage, and some have wished to transfer the words—"I have lov'd thee," from Camillo to Leontes. Perhaps the words—"being honourable," should be placed in a parenthesis, and the full point that has been put in all the editions after the latter of these words, ought to be omitted. The sense will then be: *Having ever had the highest respect for you, and thought you so estimable and honourable a character, so worthy of the love of my mistress, I cannot believe that she has played you false, has dishonoured you.* However, the text is very intelligible as now regulated. Camillo is going to give the King instances of his love, and is interrupted. I see no sufficient reason for transferring the words, *I have lov'd thee*, from Camillo to Leontes. In the original copy

To appoint myself in this vexation? sully  
 The purity and whiteness of my sheets,  
 Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,  
 Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?<sup>9</sup>  
 Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,  
 Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine;  
 Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?  
 Could man so blench?<sup>1</sup>

CAM. I must believe you, sir;  
 I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:  
 Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness  
 Will take again your queen, as yours at first;  
 Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing  
 The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms  
 Known and allied to yours.

LEON.

Thou dost advise me,

there is a comma at the end of Camillo's speech, to denote an abrupt speech. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Make't thy question, and go rot! &c.*] This refers to what Camillo has just said, relative to the Queen's chastity:

" ——— I cannot

" Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress—"

Not believe it, replies Leontes; make that (i. e. Hermione's disloyalty, which is so clear a point,) a subject of debate or discussion, and go rot! Dost thou think, I am such a fool as to torment myself, and to bring disgrace on me and my children, without sufficient grounds? MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Is goads, &c.*] Somewhat necessary to the measure is omitted in this line. Perhaps we should read, with Sir T. Hamner:

" Is goads and thorns, nettles and tails of wasps."

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Could man so blench?*] To *bleach* is to start off, to shrink. So, in *Hamlet*:

" ——— if he but *bleach*,

" I know my course."—

Leontes means—could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour? STEEVENS.

Even so as I mine own course have set down :  
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

*CAM.* My lord,  
Go then ; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,  
And with your queen : I am his cupbearer ;  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

*LEON.* This is all :  
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;  
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

*CAM.* I'll do't, my lord.

*LEON.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd  
me. [*Exit.*

*CAM.* O miserable lady!—But, for me,  
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner  
Of good Polixenes : and my ground to do't  
Is the obedience to a master ; one,  
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have  
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,  
Promotion follows : If I could find example<sup>2</sup>  
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't : but since  
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,  
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must  
Forsake the court : to do't, or no, is certain  
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!  
Here comes Bohemia.

*Enter* POLIXENES.

*POL.* This is strange ! methinks,

<sup>2</sup> — *If I could find example &c.*] An allusion to the death of the Queen of Scots. The play, therefore, was written in King James's time. BLACKSTONE.

My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?——  
Good-day, Camillo.

CAM. Hail, most royal sir!

POL. What is the news i' the court?

CAM. None rare, my lord.

POL. The king hath on him such a countenance,  
As he had lost some province, and a region,  
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him  
With customary compliment; when he,  
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;<sup>3</sup> and  
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,  
That changes thus his manners.

CAM. I dare not know, my lord.

POL. How! dare not? do not. Do you know,  
and dare not  
Be intelligent to me?<sup>4</sup> 'Tis thereabouts;  
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;  
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,  
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,  
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be  
A party in this alteration, finding  
Myself thus alter'd with it.

CAM. There is a sickness

<sup>3</sup> ——— when he,

*Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling*

*A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;*] This is a stroke of nature worthy of Shakspeare. Leontes had but a moment before assured Camillo that he would seem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealousy gets the better of his resolution, and he finds it impossible to restrain his hatred. M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Do you know, and dare not*

*Be intelligent to me?]* i. e. *do you know, and dare not confess to me that you know?* TYRWHITT.



What incidency thou dost guess of harm  
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;  
Which way to be prevented, if to be;  
If not, how best to bear it.

CAM. Sir, I'll tell you;  
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him  
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my  
counsel;  
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as  
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me  
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

POL. On, good Camillo.

CAM. I am appointed Him to murder you.<sup>6</sup>

POL. By whom, Camillo?

CAM. By the king.

POL. For what?

CAM. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he  
swears,  
As he had seen't, or been an instrument  
To vice you to't,<sup>7</sup>—that you have touch'd his queen  
Forbiddenly.

<sup>6</sup> *I am appointed Him to murder you.*] i. e. I am the person appointed to murder you. STEEVENS.

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

“*Him* that thou magnifiest with all these titles,

“Stinking and fly-blown lies there at our feet.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *To vice you to't,*] i. e. to draw, persuade you. The character called the *Vice*, in the old plays, was the tempter to evil.

WARBURTON.

The *vice* is an instrument well known; its operation is to hold things together. So, the Bailiff speaking of Falstaff: “If he come but within my *vice*,” &c. A *vice*, however, in the age of Shakspeare, might mean any kind of clock-work or machinery. So, in Holinshed, p. 245: “—the rood of Borleie in Kent, called the rood of grace, made with diverse *vices* to moove the



POL. O, then my best blood turn  
 To an infected jelly; and my name  
 Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!<sup>8</sup>  
 Turn then my freshest reputation to  
 A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril  
 Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,  
 Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection  
 That e'er was heard, or read!

CAM. Swear his thought over  
 By each particular star in heaven,<sup>9</sup> and

eyes and lips," &c. It may, indeed, be no more than a corruption of "to advise you." So, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

"Then said the emperour Ernis,

"Methinketh thou sayest a good *vyce*."

But my first attempt at explanation is, I believe, the best.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *did betray the best!*] Perhaps Judas. The word *best* is spelt with a capital letter thus, *Best*, in the first folio.

HENDERSON.

<sup>9</sup> Swear his thought over

*By each particular star in heaven, &c.*] The transposition of a single letter reconciles this passage to good sense. Polixenes, in the preceding speech, had been laying the deepest imprecations on himself, if he had ever abused Leontes in any familiarity with his Queen. To which Camillo very pertinently replies:

— Swear this though over, &c. THEOBALD.

Swear his thought over, may perhaps mean, *over swear his present persuasion*, that is, endeavour to *overcome his opinion*, by swearing oaths numerous as the stars. JOHNSON.

It may mean: "Though you should endeavour to *swear away* his jealousy,—though you should strive, by your oaths, to change his present thoughts."—The vulgar still use a similar expression: "To *swear a person down*." MALONE.

This appears to me little better than nonsense; nor have either Malone or Johnson explained it into sense. I think, therefore, that Theobald's amendment is necessary and well imagined.

M. MASON.

Perhaps the construction is—"Over-swear his thought,"—i. e. strive to bear down, or overpower, his conception by oaths.

By all their influences, you may as well  
 Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,<sup>1</sup>  
 As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,  
 The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation  
 Is pil'd upon his faith,<sup>2</sup> and will continue  
 The standing of his body.

*POL.* How should this grow?

CAM. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to  
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.  
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—  
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you  
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.  
Your followers I will whisper to the business;  
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,  
Clear them o' the city: For myself, I'll put  
My fortunes to your service, which are here  
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;  
For, by the honour of my parents, I  
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,  
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer  
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,  
thereon  
His execution sworn.

PL.

I do believe thee :

—In our author we have *weigh out* for *outweigh*, *overcome* for *come over*, &c. and *over-swear* for *swear over*, in *Twelfth-Night*, Act V. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— you may as well  
*Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,*] We meet with the same  
 sentiment in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
“ And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height.”

DOUCE.

\* ——— whose foundation  
Is pil'd upon his faith,] This folly which is erected on the  
foundation of settled belief. STEEVENS.

I saw his heart in his face.<sup>3</sup> Give me thy hand ;  
 Be pilot to me, and thy places shall  
 Still neighbour mine :<sup>4</sup> My ships are ready, and  
 My people did expect my hence departure  
 Two days ago.—This jealousy  
 Is for a precious creature : as she's rare,  
 Must it be great ; and, as his person's mighty,  
 Must it be violent ; and as he does conceive  
 He is dishonour'd by a man which ever  
 Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must  
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me :  
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort  
 The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing  
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion !<sup>5</sup> Come, Camillo ;

<sup>3</sup> *I saw his heart in his face.*] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ To find the mind's construction in the face.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— and thy places shall

*Still neighbour mine.*] Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—“ And  
 thy *paces* shall,” &c. Thou shalt be my conductor, and we  
 will both pursue the same path.—The old reading, however,  
 may mean—wherever thou art, I will still be near thee.

MALONE.

By *places*, our author means—*preferments*, or *honours*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Good expedition be my friend, and comfort*

*The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing*

*Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!*] But how could this expedition  
 comfort the Queen? on the contrary, it would increase her hus-  
 band's suspicion. We should read :

————— and comfort

*The gracious queen's ;*

i. e. be expedition my friend, and be comfort the queen's friend.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture is, I think, just ; but what shall  
 be done with the following words, of which I can make nothing ?  
 Perhaps the line which connected them to the rest is lost :

————— and comfort

<sup>6</sup> *The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing  
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion !——*

I will respect thee as a father, if  
Thou bear'st my life off hence : Let us avoid.

CAM. It is in mine authority, to command  
The keys of all the posterns : Please your highness  
To take the urgent hour : come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Jealousy is a passion compounded of love and suspicion ; this passion is the *theme* or subject of the King's thoughts.—Polixenes, perhaps, wishes the Queen, for her comfort, so much of that *theme* or subject as is good, but deprecates that which causes misery. May part of the King's present sentiments comfort the Queen, but away with his suspicion. This is such meaning as can be picked out. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the sense is—May that good speed which is my friend, *comfort* likewise the Queen who is *part of its theme*, i. e. *partly* on whose account I go away ; but may not the same *comfort* extend itself to the groundless suspicions of the King ; i. e. may not my departure support him in them ! *His* for *its* is common with Shakspeare : and Paulina says, in a subsequent scene, that she does not choose to appear a friend to Leontes, *in comforting his evils*, i. e. in strengthening his jealousy by appearing to acquiesce in it. STEEVENS.

*Comfort* is, I apprehend, here used as a verb. Good expedition befriend me, by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent Queen, by removing the object of her husband's jealousy ; the Queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicion !—We meet with a similar phraseology in *Twelfth-Night* : “ Do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight, what my offence to him is ; it is *something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.*”

MALONE.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The same.**Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.*

*HER.* Take the boy to you : he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

1 *LADY.* Come, my gracious lord.  
Shall I be your play-fellow ?

*MAM.* No, I'll none of you.

1 *LADY.* Why, my sweet lord ?

*MAM.* You'll kiss me hard ; and speak to me as if  
I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 *LADY.* And why so, my good lord ?<sup>6</sup>

*MAM.* Not for because  
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,  
Become some women best ; so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,  
Or half-moon made with a pen.

2 *LADY.* Who taught you this ?<sup>7</sup>

*MAM.* I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray  
now  
What colour are your eye-brows ?

1 *LADY.* Blue, my lord.

<sup>6</sup> — *my good lord?*] The epithet—*good*, which is wanting in the old copies, is transplanted (for the sake of metre) from a redundant speech in the following page. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Who taught you this?*] *You*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

MAM. Nay, that's a mock : I have seen a lady's  
nose  
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 LADY. Hark ye :  
The queen, your mother, rounds apace : we shall  
Present our services to a fine new prince,  
One of these days ; and then you'd wanton with us,  
If we would have you.

1 LADY. She is spread of late  
Into a goodly bulk : Good time encounter her !

HER. What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come,  
sir, now  
I am for you again : Pray you, sit by us,  
And tell 's a tale.

MAM. Merry, or sad, shall't be ?

HER. As merry as you will.

MAM. A sad tale's best for winter :<sup>8</sup>  
I have one of sprites and goblins.

HER. Let's have that, sir.<sup>9</sup>  
Come on, sit down :—Come on, and do your best  
To fright me with your sprites : you're powerful  
at it.

MAM. There was a man,—

<sup>8</sup> A *sad tale's best for winter* :] Hence, I suppose, the title of the play. TYRWHITT.

This supposition may seem to be countenanced by our author's 98th Sonnet :

“ Yet not the lays of birds, &c.

“ Could make me any *Summer's story* tell.”

And yet I cannot help regarding the words—*for winter* (which spoil the measure,) as a playhouse interpolation. All children delight in telling dismal stories ; but why should a dismal story be *best for winter* ? STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Let's have that, sir.*] The old copy redundantly reads—*good sir.* STEEVENS.

*HER.* Nay, come, sit down ; then on.

*MAM.* Dwelt by a church-yard ;—I will tell it softly ;  
Yon crickets shall not hear it.

*HER.* Come on then,  
And give't me in mine ear.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Others.*

*LEON.* Was he met there ? his train ? Camillo  
with him ?

1 *LORD.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them ;  
never  
Saw I men scour so on their way : I ey'd them  
Even to their ships.

*LEON.* How bless'd am I<sup>1</sup>  
In my just censure ? in my true opinion ?<sup>2</sup>—  
Alack, for lesser knowledge !<sup>3</sup>—How accurs'd,  
In being so blest !—There may be in the cup  
A spider steep'd,<sup>4</sup> and one may drink ; depart,

<sup>1</sup> *How bless'd am I—*] For the sake of metre, I suppose, our author wrote—*How blessed then am I—*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *In my just censure ? in my true opinion ?*] *Censure*, in the time of our author, was generally used (as in this instance) for judgment, opinion. So, Sir Walter Raleigh, in his commendatory verses prefixed to Gascoigne's *Steel Glas*e, 1576 :

“ Wherefore to write my *censure* of this book—.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Alack, for lesser knowledge !*] That is, *O that my knowledge were less.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *A spider steep'd,*] That spiders were esteemed venomous, appears by the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir T. Overbury's affair : “ The Countesse wished me to get the *strongest poyson* I could, &c. Accordingly I bought *seven—great spiders*, and cantharides.” HENDERSON.

This was a notion generally prevalent in our author's time.



And yet partake no venom ; for his knowledge  
Is not infected : but if one present  
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known  
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,  
With violent hefts :<sup>5</sup>—I have drank, and seen the  
spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander :—  
There is a plot against my life, my crown ;  
All's true that is mistrusted :—that false villain,  
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :  
He has discover'd my design, and I  
Remain a pinch'd thing ;<sup>6</sup> yea, a very trick

So, in Holland's *Leaguer*, a pamphlet published in 1632:  
“ —like the *spider*, which turneth all things to poison which it  
tasteth.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — violent hefts :—] *Hefts* are heavings, what is heaved  
up. So, in Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan, 1614:

“ But if a part of heavens huge sphere

“ Thou chuse thy pond'rous *heft* to beare.” STEEVENS.

• *He has discover'd my design, and I*

*Remain a pinch'd thing ;*] The sense, I think, is, He hath  
now discovered my design, and I am treated as a mere child's  
baby, a thing pinched out of clouts, a puppet for them to move  
and actuate as they please. HEATH.

This sense is possible ; but many other meanings might serve  
as well. JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, a novel by  
one John Hinde, 1606 : “ Sith then, Cleodora, thou art *pinched*,  
and hast none to pity thy passions, dissemble thy affection, though  
it cost thee thy life.” Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616 :  
“ Had the queene of poetrie been *pinched* with so many pas-  
sions,” &c. Again, in Chapman's version of the eighth *Iliad* :

“ Huge grief, for Hector's slaughter'd friend *pinch'd* in  
his mighty mind.”

These instances may serve to show that *pinched* had anciently  
a more dignified meaning than it appears to have at present.  
Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. xii. has equipped *grief*  
with a pair of *pinchers* :

For them to play at will :—How came the posterns  
So easily open ?

1 LORD. By his great authority ;  
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,  
On your command.

LEON. I know't too well.—  
Give me the boy ; I am glad, you did not nurse  
him :  
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you  
Have too much blood in him.

HER. What is this ? sport ?

LEON. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come  
about her ;  
Away with him :—and let her sport herself  
With that she's big with ; for 'tis Polixenes  
Has made thee swell thus.

HER. But I'd say, he had not,  
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,  
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

LEON. You, my lords,  
Look on her, mark her well ; be but about  
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and  
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,

“ A pair of *pincers* in his hand he had,

“ With which he *pinched* people to the heart.”

The sense proposed by the author of *The Revisal* may, however, be supported by the following passage in *The City Match*, by Jasper Maine, 1639:

“ — *Pinch'd* napkins, captain, and laid

“ Like fishes, fowls, or faces.”

Again, by a passage in *All's well that ends well* :—“ If you *pinch* me like a pasty, [i. e. the crust round the lid of it, which was anciently moulded by the fingers into fantastick shapes,] I can say no more.” STEEVENS.

The subsequent words—“ a very *trick* for them to play at will,” appear strongly to confirm Mr. Heath's explanation. MALONE.

'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable :

Praise her but for this her without-door form,  
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and  
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha ; these petty brands,  
That calumny doth use :—O, I am out,  
That mercy does ; for calumny will sear  
Virtue itself :<sup>7</sup>—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,  
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,  
Ere you can say she's honest : But be it known,  
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,  
She's an adultress.

HER. Should a villain say so,  
The most replenish'd villain in the world,  
He were as much more villain : you, my lord,  
Do but mistake.<sup>8</sup>

LEON. You have mistook, my lady,  
Polixenes for Leontes : O thou thing,  
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
Should a like language use to all degrees,  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
Betwixt the prince and beggar !—I have said,  
She's an adultress ; I have said with whom :

<sup>7</sup> ——— for calumny will sear  
Virtue itself : } That is, will stigmatize or brand as infa-  
mous. So, in *All's well that ends well* :

“ ——— my maiden's name  
“ Scar'd otherwise.” HENLEY.

<sup>8</sup> ——— you, my lord,  
Do but mistake.] Otway had this passage in his thoughts,  
when he put the following lines into the mouth of Castalio :

“ ——— Should the bravest man  
“ That e'er wore conquering sword, but dare to whisper  
“ What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars :  
“ My friend may be mistaken.” STEEVENS.

More, she's a traitor ; and Camillo is  
 A federary with her ;<sup>9</sup> and one that knows  
 What she should shame to know herself,  
 But with her most vile principal,<sup>1</sup> that she's  
 A bed-swerver, even as bad as those  
 That vulgars give bold titles ;<sup>2</sup> ay, and privy  
 To this their late escape.

HER. No, by my life,  
 Privy to none of this : How will this grieve you,  
 When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
 You thus have publish'd me ? Gentle my lord,  
 You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say  
 You did mistake.

LEON. No, no ; if I mistake  
 In those foundations which I build upon,

<sup>9</sup> *A federary with her ;*] A *federary* (perhaps a word of our author's coinage) is a confederate, an accomplice. STEEVENS.

We should certainly read—a *feodary* with her. There is no such word as *federary*. See *Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. ii.

MALONE.

Malone says that we should certainly read *feodary*, and quotes a passage in *Cymbeline* as a proof of his assertion ; but surely this very passage is as good authority for reading *federary*, as that can be for reading *feodary*. Besides, *federate* is more naturally derived from *federis*, the genitive of the Latin word *fædus* ; and the genitive case is the proper parent of derivatives, as its name denotes. M. MASON.

<sup>1</sup> But with her most vile principal,] One that knows what we should be ashamed of, even if the knowledge of it rested only in her own breast and that of her paramour, without the participation of any confidant.—But, which is here used for *only*, renders this passage somewhat obscure. It has the same signification again in this scene :

“ He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,

“ But that he speaks.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — give bold titles ;] The old copy reads—bold'st titles ; but if the contracted superlative be retained, the roughness of the line will be intolerable. STEEVENS.

The center<sup>3</sup> is not big enough to bear  
 A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison :  
 He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,  
 But that he speaks.<sup>4</sup>

*HER.* There's some ill planet reigns :  
 I must be patient, till the heavens look  
 With an aspect more favourable.<sup>5</sup>—Good my lords,  
 I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
 Commonly are ; the want of which vain dew,  
 Perchance, shall dry your pities : but I have  
 That honourable grief lodg'd here,<sup>6</sup> which burns

<sup>3</sup> ————— if I mistake——

*The center &c.]* That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not support the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be trusted. JOHNSON.

Milton, in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*, has expressed the same thought in more exalted language :

“ ————— if this fail, ”

“ The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,

“ And earth's base built on stubble.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,  
 But that he speaks.]* Far off guilty, signifies, guilty in a remote degree. JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in *King Henry V* :

“ Or shall we sparingly show you far off

“ The dauphin's meaning ? ”

But that he speaks—means, in merely speaking. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ————— till the heavens look

*With an aspect more favourable.]* An astrological phrase. The aspect of stars was anciently a familiar term, and continued to be such till the age in which Milton tells us—

“ ————— the swart star sparely looks.” *Lycidas*, v. 138.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ————— but I have

*That honourable grief lodg'd here,]* Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ But I have that within which passeth show.” DOUCE.

Worse than tears drown :<sup>7</sup> 'Beseech you all, my lords,  
 With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
 Shall best instruct you, measure me ;—and so  
 The king's will be perform'd !

LEON.

Shall I be heard ?

[*To the Guards.*]

HER. Who is't, that goes with me ?—'Beseech  
 your highness,  
 My women may be with me ; for, you see,  
 My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools ;  
 There is no cause : when you shall know, your  
 mistress  
 Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,  
 As I come out ; this action, I now go on,<sup>8</sup>  
 Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord :  
 I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now,  
 I trust, I shall.—My women, come ; you have  
 leave.

LEON. Go, do our bidding ; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

<sup>7</sup> ——— which burns

Worse than tears drown :] So, in *King Henry VIII.* Queen Katharine says—

“ ——— my drops of tears

“ I'll turn to sparks of fire.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— this action, I now go on,] The word *action* is here taken in the lawyer's sense, for *indictment*, *charge*, or *accusation*. JOHNSON.

We cannot say that a person *goes on* an indictment, charge, or accusation. I believe, Hermione only means, “ What I am now about to do.” M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's supposition may be countenanced by the following passage in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. sc. i :

“ When I went forward on this ended action.”

STEEVENS.

1 *LORD.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

*ANT.* Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice  
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,  
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 *LORD.* For her, my lord,—  
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,  
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless  
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,  
In this which you accuse her.

*ANT.* If it prove  
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where  
I lodge my wife;<sup>9</sup> I'll go in couples with her;

<sup>9</sup> — I'll keep my stables where

*I lodge my wife;*] *Stable-stand* (*stabilis statio*, as Spelman interprets it) is a term of the forest-laws, and signifies a place where a deer-stealer fixes his stand under some convenient cover, and keeps watch for the purpose of killing deer as they pass by. From the place it came to be applied also to the person, and any man taken in a forest in that situation, with a gun or bow in his hand, was presumed to be an offender, and had the name of a *stable-stand*. In all former editions this hath been printed *stable*; and it may perhaps be objected, that another syllable added spoils the smoothness of the verse. But by pronouncing *stable* short, the measure will very well bear it, according to the liberty allowed in this kind of writing, and which Shakspeare never scruples to use; therefore I read, *stable-stand*. HANMER.

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's addition to the text. So, in the ancient interlude of *The Repentaunce of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567:

"Where thou dwellest, the devyll may have a *stable*."

STEEVENS.

If Hermione prove unfaithful, I'll never trust my wife out of my sight; I'll always go in *couples* with her; and, in that respect, my house shall resemble a stable where dogs are kept in pairs. Though a *kennel* is a place where a *pack* of hounds is kept, every one, I suppose, as well as our author, has occa-



Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust  
her;<sup>1</sup>

For every inch of woman in the world,  
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,  
If she be.

LEON. Hold your peaces.

1 LORD. Good my lord,—

ANT. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves :  
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,<sup>2</sup>  
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the vil-  
lain,  
I would land-damn him :<sup>3</sup> Be she honour-flaw'd,—

sionally seen dogs tied up in couples under the manger of a stable. A *dog-couple* is a term at this day. To this practice perhaps he alludes in *King John* :

“ To dive like buckets in concealed wells,

“ To crouch in litter of your stable planks.”

In the Teutonic language, *hund-stall*, or *dog-stable*, is the term for a kennel. *Stables*, or *stable*, however, may mean *station*, *stabilis statio*, and two distinct propositions may be intended. I'll keep my station in the same place where my wife is lodged ; I'll run every where with her, like dogs that are coupled together. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Than when I feel, and see her, &c.] The old copies read —Then when, &c. The correction is Mr. Rowe's. STEEVENS.

The modern editors read—*Than* when, &c. certainly not without ground, for *than* was formerly spelt *then* ; but here, I believe, the latter word was intended. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — putter-on,] i. e. one who instigates. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— the powers divine

“ Put on their instruments.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — land-damn him :] Sir T. Hanmer interprets, *stop his urine*. *Land* or *lant* being the old word for *urine*.

*Land-damn* is probably one of those words which caprice brought into fashion, and which, after a short time, reason and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than I will rid the country of him, condemn him to quit the land. JOHNSON.

*Land-damn* him, if such a reading can be admitted, may

I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;

mean, *he would procure sentence to be past on him in this world, on this earth.*

Antigonus could no way make good the threat of *stopping his urine*. Besides, it appears too ridiculous a punishment for so atrocious a criminal. Yet it must be confessed, that what Sir T. Hanmer has said concerning the word *lant*, is true. I meet with the following instance in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639:

"Your frequent drinking country ale with *lant* in't."

And, in Shakspeare's time, to drink a lady's health in *urine* appears to have been esteemed an act of gallantry. One instance (for I could produce many,) may suffice: "Have I not religiously vow'd my heart to you, been drunk for your health, eat glasses, *drank urine*, stabb'd arms, and done all the offices of protested gallantry for your sake?" *Antigonus*, on this occasion, may therefore have a dirty meaning. It should be remembered, however, that to *damn* anciently signified to *condemn*. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"Vouchsafe to give my *damned* husband life."

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act IV. sc. i:

"He shall not live; look, with a spot I *damn* him,"

STEEVENS.

I am persuaded that this is a corruption, and that either the printer caught the word *damn* from the preceding line, or the transcriber was deceived by similitude of sounds.—What the poet's word was, cannot now be ascertained, but the sentiment was probably similar to that in *Othello*:

"O heaven, that such companions thoud'st unfold," &c.

I believe, we should read—*land-dam*; i. e. kill him; bury him in earth. So, in *King John*:

"His ears are stopp'd with *dust*; he's *dead*."

Again, *ibid*:

"And stop this gap of breath with fulsome *dust*."

Again, in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577:

"The corps clapt fast in clotter'd *claye*,

"That here engrav'd doth lie—."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*:

"Speak to the knave?

"I'll ha' my mouth first stopp'd with *earth*." MALONE.

After all these awkward struggles to obtain a meaning, we might, I think, not unsafely read—

"I'd *laudanum* him—,"

i. e. poison him with *laudanum*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent*

The second, and the third, nine, and some five;<sup>4</sup>  
 If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,  
 I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,  
 To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;  
 And I had rather glib myself, than they  
 Should not produce fair issue.<sup>5</sup>

*Woman*: "Have I no friend, that will make her drunk, or give her a little *laudanum*, or opium?"

The word is much more ancient than the time of Shakspeare. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *The second, and the third, nine, and some five;*] The second folio reads—*sonnes five*. REED.

This line appears obscure, because the word *nine* seems to refer to both "*the second and the third*." But it is sufficiently clear, *referendo singula singulis*. *The second is of the age of nine, and the third is some five years old*. The same expression, as Theobald has remarked, is found in *King Lear*:

"For that I am, *some* twelve or fourteen moonshines,  
 "Lag of a brother."

The editor of the second folio reads—*sons five*; startled probably by the difficulty that arises from the subsequent lines, the operation that Antigonus threatens to perform on his children, not being commonly applicable to females. But for this, let our author answer. Bulwer in his *Artificial Changeling*, 1656, shows it may be done. Shakspeare undoubtedly wrote *some*; for were we, with the ignorant editor above mentioned, to read —*sons five*, then the second and third daughter would both be of the same age; which, as we are not told that they are twins, is not very reasonable to suppose. Besides; daughters are by the law of England co-heirs, but sons never. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *And I had rather glib myself, &c.*] For *glib* I think we should read *lib*, which, in the northern language, is the same with *geld*.

In *The Court Beggar*, by Mr. Richard Brome, Act IV. the word *lib* is used in this sense:—"He can sing a charm (he says) shall make you feel no pain in your *libbing*, nor after it: no tooth-drawer, or eorn-eutter, did ever work with so little feeling to a patient." GREY.

So, in the comedy of *Fancies Chaste and Noble*, by Ford, 1638:  
 "What a terrible sight to a *lib'd* breech, is a sow-gelder?"

LEON.

Cease ; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold  
 As is a dead man's nose : I see't, and feel't,<sup>6</sup>  
 As you feel doing thus ; and see withal  
 The instruments that feel.<sup>7</sup>

Again, in Chapman's translation of Hesiod's *Booke of Daies*, 4to. 1618 :

"The eight, the bellowing bullock *lib*, and gote."

Though *lib* may probably be the right word, yet *glib* is at this time current in many counties, where they say—to *glib* a boar, to *glib* a horse. So, in *St. Patrick for Ireland*, a play by Shirley, 1640 :

"If I come back, let me be *glib'd*." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *I see't, and feel't,*] The old copy—but I do see't, and feel't. I have follow'd Sir T. Hanmer, who omits these expletives, which serve only to derange the metre, without improving the sense. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *I see't and feel't,*

*As you feel doing thus ; and see withal*

*The instruments that feel.*] Some stage direction seems necessary in this place ; but what that direction should be, it is not easy to decide. Sir T. Hanmer gives—*Laying hold of his arm* ; Dr. Johnson—*striking his brows*. STEEVENS.

As a stage direction is certainly requisite, and as there is none in the old copy, I will venture to propose a different one from any hitherto mentioned. *Leontes*, perhaps, *touches the forehead of Antigonus with his fore and middle fingers forked in imitation of a SNAIL'S HORNS* ; for these, or imaginary horns of his own like them, are the *instruments that feel*, to which he alluded.—There is a similar reference in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, from whence the direction of *striking his brows* seems to have been adopted :—"he so takes on,—so curses all Eve's daughters, and so *buffets himself on the forehead*, crying, *Peer out, peer out !*"—The word *lunes*, it should be noted, occurs in the context of both passages, and in the same sense. HENLEY.

I see and feel *my disgrace*, as you *Antigonus*, now feel me, on *my* doing thus to *you*, and as *you* now see the instruments that feel, i. e. my fingers. So, in *Coriolanus* :

"—all the body's members

"Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it :—

"That only like a gulf it did remain, &c.

"—where, the other *instruments*

"Did see, hear, devise, instruct, walk, *feel*," &c.



The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all  
Properly ours.

*ANT.* And I wish, my liege,  
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,  
Without more overture.

*LEON.* How could that be?  
Either thou art most ignorant by age,  
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,  
Added to their familiarity,  
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,  
But only seeing,<sup>1</sup> all other circumstances  
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceed-  
ing :

Yet, for a greater confirmation,  
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere  
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,  
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know  
Of stuff'd sufficiency:<sup>2</sup> Now, from the oracle  
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,  
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

<sup>1</sup> *LORD.* Well done, my lord.

*LEON.* Though I am satisfied, and need no more  
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,  
Whose ignorant credulity will not  
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,  
From our free person she should be confin'd;

<sup>1</sup> — *nought for approbation,*  
But only seeing,] *Approbation*, in this place, is put for *proof*.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *stuff'd sufficiency:*] That is, of abilities more than  
enough. JOHNSON.

Lest that the treachery of the two,<sup>3</sup> fled hence,  
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us ;  
We are to speak in publick : for this business  
Will raise us all.

ANT. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,  
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

*Enter PAULINA and Attendants.*

PAUL. The keeper of the prison,—call to him ;  
[*Exit an Attendant.*]  
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady !  
No court in Europe is too good for thee,  
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

*Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.*

You know me, do you not ?

KEEP. For a worthy lady,  
And one whom much I honour.

PAUL. Pray you then,  
Conduct me to the queen.

KEEP. I may not, madam ; to the contrary  
I have express commandment.

PAUL. Here's ado,  
To lock up honesty and honour from  
The access of gentle visitors !——Is it lawful,

<sup>3</sup> *Lest that the treachery of the two, &c.*] He has before declared, that there is a *plot against his life and crown*, and that Hermione is *federary* with Polixenes and Camillo. JOHNSON.



Pray you, to see her women? any of them?  
Emilia?

KEEP. So please you, madam, to put  
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring  
Emilia forth.

PAUL. I pray now, call her.  
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attend.*]

KEEP. And, madam,  
I must be present at your conference.

PAUL. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Keeper.*]  
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,  
As passes colouring.

*Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.*

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

EMIL. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,  
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,  
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)  
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

PAUL. A boy?

EMIL. A daughter; and a goodly babe,  
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives  
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*  
*I am innocent as you.*

PAUL. I dare be sworn:—  
These dangerous unsafe lunes o' the king!<sup>4</sup> beshrew  
them!

<sup>4</sup> *These dangerous unsafe lunes o' the king!*] I have no where, but in our author, observed this word adopted in our tongue, to signify *frenzy, lunacy*. But it is a mode of expression with the French.—*Il y a de la lune*: (i. è. he has got the moon in his head; he is frantick.) Cotgrave. "*Lune, folie. Les femmes ont des lunes dans la tete.*" Richelet." THEOBALD.

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office  
 Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:  
 If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;  
 And never to my red-look'd anger be  
 The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,  
 Commend my best obedience to the queen;  
 If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
 I'll show't the king, and undertake to be  
 Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know  
 How he may soften at the sight o' the child;  
 The silence often of pure innocence  
 Persuades, when speaking fails.

EMIL. Most worthy madam,  
 Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,  
 That your free undertaking cannot miss  
 A thriving issue; there is no lady living,  
 So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship  
 To visit the next room, I'll presently  
 Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;  
 Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;  
 But durst not tempt a minister of honour,  
 Lest she should be denied.

PAUL. Tell her, Emilia,  
 I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,  
 As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted  
 I shall do good.

EMIL. Now be you blest for it!  
 I'll to the queen: Please you, come something  
 nearer.

A similar expression occurs in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608:  
 "I know 'twas but some peevish moon in him." Again, in *As  
 you like it*, Act III. sc. ii: "At which time would I, being but  
 a moonish youth," &c. STEEVENS.

The old copy has—*i* the king. This slight correction was  
 made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

*KEEP.* Madam, if't please the queen to send the  
babe,  
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,  
Having no warrant.

*PAUL.* You need not fear it, sir :  
The child was prisoner to the womb ; and is,  
By law and process of great nature, thence  
Free'd and enfranchis'd : not a party to  
The anger of the king ; nor guilty of,  
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

*KEEP.* I do believe it.

*PAUL.* Do not you fear: upon  
Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants.

LEON. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but  
weakness  
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if  
The cause were not in being;—part o'the cause,  
She, the adultress;—for the harlot king  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
And level of my brain,<sup>4</sup> plot-proof: but she

<sup>4</sup> ——— out of the blank

And level of my brain,] Beyond the aim of any attempt that I can make against him. *Blank* and *level* are terms of archery. JOHNSON.

I can hook to me : Say, that she were gone,  
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1 *ATTEN.*

My lord?  
[*Advancing.*

*LEON.* How does the boy?

1 *ATTEN.* He took good rest to-night;  
'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.

*LEON.*

To see,

His nobleness!  
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;  
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely :<sup>5</sup>—  
go,

See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*—Fye, fye! no  
thought of him;—

The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty;  
And in his parties, his alliance,<sup>6</sup>—Let him be,

*Blank and level, mean mark and aim; but they are terms of  
gunnery, not of archery. Douce.*

So, in *King Henry VIII.*

“ — I stood i'th' level

“ Of a full-charge'd conspiracy.” *RITSON.*

<sup>5</sup> — Leave me solely :] That is, leave me alone.

*M. MASON.*

<sup>6</sup> The very thought of my revenges that way

Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty;

And in his parties, his alliance,] So, in *Dorastus and Fawnia* :

“ Pandosto, although he felt that *revenge* was a spur to warre,  
and that envy alwayes proffereth steele, yet he saw Egisthus was  
not only of great puissance and prowess to withstand him, but  
also had many kings of his *alliance* to ayd him, if need should  
serve; for he married the Emperor of Russia's daughter.” Our  
author, it is observable, whether from forgetfulness or design,

Until a time may serve : for present vengeance,  
 Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
 Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow :  
 They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor  
 Shall she, within my power.

*Enter PAULINA, with a Child.*

1 LORD. You must not enter.

PAUL. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second  
 to me :

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
 Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul ;  
 More free, than he is jealous.

ANT. That's enough.

1 ATTEN. Madam, he hath not slept to-night ;  
 commanded  
 None should come at him.

PAUL. Not so hot, good sir ;  
 I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—  
 That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh  
 At each his needless heavings,—such as you  
 Nourish the cause of his awaking : I  
 Do come with words as med'cinal as true ;  
 Honest, as either ; to purge him of that humour,  
 That presses him from sleep.

LEON. What noise there, ho ?

PAUL. Nonoise, my lord ; but needful conference,  
 About some gossips for your highness.

LEON. How ?——  
 Away with that audacious lady : Antigonus,

has made this lady the wife (not of Egisthus, the Polixenes of  
 this play, but) of Leontes. MALONE.

I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me ;  
I knew, she would.

*ANT.* I told her so, my lord,  
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

*LEON.* What, canst not rule her ?

*PAUL.* From all dishonesty, he can: in this,  
(Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,  
He shall not rule me.

*ANT.* Lo you now ; you hear !  
When she will take the rein, I let her run ;  
But she'll not stumble.

*PAUL.* Good my liege, I come,—  
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess<sup>7</sup>  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor ; yet that dare  
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,<sup>8</sup>  
Than such as most seem yours :—I say, I come  
From your good queen.

*LEON.* Good queen !

*PAUL.* Good queen, my lord, good queen : I say,  
good queen ;  
And would by combat make her good, so were I  
A man, the worst about you.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — who profess—] Old copy—*professes*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — in comforting your evils,] *Comforting* is here used in the legal sense of *comforting* and abetting in a criminal action.

M. MASON.

To *comfort*, in old language, is to *aid and encourage*. *Evils* here mean *wicked courses*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> And would by combat make her good, so were I

A man, the worst about you.] The *worst* means only the *lowest*. Were I the meanest of your servants, I would yet claim the combat against any accuser. JOHNSON.

LEON.

Force her hence.

PAUL. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,  
First hand me : on mine own accord, I'll off ;  
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,  
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter ;  
Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the Child.*]

LEON.

Out !

A mankind witch !<sup>1</sup> Hence with her, out o' door :

The *worst*, (as Mr. M. Mason and Mr. Henley observe,) rather means the *weakest*, or the *least expert in the use of arms*.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Edwards observes, that "The worst about you," may mean the weakest, or least warlike. So, "a *better man*, the *best man* in company, frequently refer to skill in fighting, not to moral goodness." I think he is right. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *A mankind witch!*] A *mankind* woman is yet used in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous. It has the same sense in this passage.

Witches are supposed to be *mankind*, to put off the softness and delicacy of women ; therefore Sir Hugh, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, says of a woman suspected to be a witch, "that he does not like when a woman has a beard." Of this meaning Mr. Theobald has given examples. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"That c'er I should be seen to strike a woman.—"

"Why she is *mankind*, therefore thou may'st strike her."

Again, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, in A. Fraunce's *Ivychurch*: He is speaking of the Golden Age:

"Noe man murdring man with teare-flesh pyke or a poll-ax ;

"Tygers were then tame, sharpe tusked boare was obeissant ;

"Stoordy lyons lowted, noe wolf was knowne to be *mankinde*."

So, in M. Frobisher's first *Voyage for the Discoverie of Cataya*, 4to. bl. l. 1578, p. 48: "He saw mightie deere, that seemed to be *mankind*, which ranne at him, and hardly he escaped with his life," &c. STEEVENS.

I shall offer an etymology of the adjective *mankind*, which



A most intelligencing bawd !

PAUL.

Not so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you  
In so entitling me : and no less honest  
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

LEON.

Traitors !

Will you not push her out ? Give her the bastard :—  
Thou, dotard, [*To* ANTIGONUS.] thou art woman-  
tir'd,<sup>2</sup> unroosted

may perhaps more fully explain it. Dr. Hickes's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, p. 119, edit. 1705, observes : "*Saxonice man est a mein quod Cimbrice est nocumentum, Francice est nefas, scelus.*" So that *mankind* may signify one of a wicked and pernicious nature, from the Saxon *man*, mischief or wickedness, and from *kind*, nature. TOLLET.

Notwithstanding the many learned notes on this expression, I am confident that *mankind*, in this passage, means nothing more than *masculine*. So, in Massinger's *Guardian* :

" I keep no *mankind* servant in my house,

" For fear my chastity may be suspected."

And Jonson, in one of his Sonnets, says :

" Pallas, now thee I call on, *mankind* maid !"

The same phrase frequently occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher. Thus, in *Monsieur Thomas*, when Sebastian sees him in womens' clothes, and supposes him to be a girl, he says :

" A plaguy *mankind* girl ; how my brains totter !"

And Gondarino, in *The Woman-Hater* :

" Are women grown so *mankind* ?"

In all which places *mankind* means *masculine*. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> ———thou art woman-tir'd,] *Woman-tir'd*, is *peck'd* by a woman ; *hen-pecked*. The phrase is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakspeare.—So, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612 :

" He has given me a bone to *tire* on."

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631 :

" ———the vulture *tires*

" Upon the eagle's heart."

Again, in Chapman's translation of *Achilles' Shield*, 4to. 1598 :

" Like men alive they did converse in fight,

" And *tyrde* on death with mutuall appetite."

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard ;  
Take't up, I say ; give't to thy crone.<sup>3</sup>

PAUL. For ever  
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness<sup>4</sup>  
Which he has put upon't !

LEON. He dreads his wife.

PAUL. So, I would, you did ; then, 'twere past  
all doubt,  
You'd call your children yours.

LEON. A nest of traitors !

ANT. I am none, by this good light.

*Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story book of *Reynard the Fox*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *thy crone*.] i. e. thy old worn-out woman. A *croan* is an old toothless sheep : thence an old woman. So, in Chaucer's *Man of Lawes Tale* :

“ This olde Soudanesse, this cursed *crone*.”

Again, in *The Malcontent*, 1606 : “ There is an old *crone* in the court, her name is Maquerelle.” Again, in *Love's Mistress*, by T. Heywood, 1636 :

“ Witch and hag, *crone* and beldam.”

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611 : “ All the gold in Crete cannot get one of you old *crones* with child.” Again, in the ancient enterlude of *The Repentance of Marie Magdalene* 1567 :

“ I have knowne painters, that have made old *crones*,

“ To appear as pleasant as little pretty young Jones.”

STEEVENS.

\* *Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness* —] Leontes had ordered Antigonus to *take up the bastard* ; Paulina forbids him to touch the Princess under that appellation. *Forced* is *false*, uttered with violence to truth. JOHNSON.

A *base* son was a common term in our author's time. So, in *King Lear* :

“ — Why brand they us

“ With *base*? with *baseness*? bastardy?” MALONE.

*PAUL.* Nor I; nor any,  
But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he  
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's,<sup>5</sup> betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; <sup>6</sup> and will  
not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove  
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,  
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

*LEON.* A callat,  
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her hus-  
band,  
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;  
It is the issue of Polixenes:  
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,  
Commit them to the fire.

*PAUL.* It is yours;  
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,  
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,  
Although the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,  
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the  
valley,  
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his  
smiles; <sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — *his babe's,*] The female infant then on the stage.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ————— *slander,*

*Whose sting is sharper than the sword's;*] Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ ————— *slander,*

“ Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue

“ Out-venoms all the worms of Nile.” DOUCE.

<sup>7</sup> — *his smiles;*] These two redundant words might be rejected, especially as the child has already been represented as the inheritor of its father's *dimples and frowns*. STEEVENS.

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—  
 And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it  
 So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
 The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours  
 No yellow in't; <sup>8</sup> lest she suspect, as he does,  
 Her children not her husband's! <sup>9</sup>

LEON. A gross hag!—  
 And, lozel,<sup>1</sup> thou art worthy to be hang'd,

Our author and his contemporaries frequently take the liberty of using words of two syllables, as monosyllables. So *eldest*, *highest*, *lover*, *either*, &c. *Dimples* is, I believe, employed so here; and *of his*, when contracted, or sounded quickly, make but one syllable likewise. In this view there is no redundancy.

MALONE.

How is the word—*dimples*, to be monosyllabically pronounced?

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *No yellow in't*;] *Yellow* is the colour of jealousy.

JOHNSON.

So, Nym says, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “I will possess him with *yellowness*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *lest she suspect, as he does*,

*Her children not her husband's*!] In the ardour of composition Shakspeare seems here to have forgotten the difference of sexes. No suspicion that the babe in question might entertain of her future husband's *fidelity*, could affect the legitimacy of her offspring. Unless she were *herself* a “bed-swerger,” (which is not supposed,) she could have no doubt of his being the father of her children. However painful female jealousy may be to her that feels it, Paulina, therefore, certainly attributes to it, in the present instance, a pang that it can never give. MALONE.

I regard this circumstance as a beauty, rather than a defect. The seeming absurdity in the last clause of Paulina's ardent address to Nature, was undoubtedly designed, being an extravagance characteristically preferable to languid correctness, and chastised declamation. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *And, lozel*,] “A *Losel* is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his owne good and welfare, and so is become lewde and carelesse of credit and honesty.” Verstegan's *Restitution*, 1605, p. 335. REED.

This is a term of contempt frequently used by Spenser. I like-

That wilt not stay her tongue.

*ANT.* Hang all the husbands,  
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself  
Hardly one subject.

*LEON.* Once more, take her hence.

*PAUL.* A most unworthy and unnatural lord  
Can do no more.

*LEON.* I'll have thee burn'd.

*PAUL.* I care not :  
It is an heretick, that makes the fire,  
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant ;  
But this most cruel usage of your queen  
(Not able to produce more accusation  
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) something  
savours  
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,  
Yea, scandalous to the world.

*LEON.* On your allegiance,  
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,  
Where were her life ? she durst not call me so,  
If she did know me one. Away with her.

*PAUL.* I pray you, do not push me ; I'll be gone.  
Look to your babe, my lord ; 'tis yours : Jove  
send her  
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—  
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
Will never do him good, not one of you.  
So, so :—Farewell ; we are gone. [*Exit.*]

wise meet with it in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*,  
1601 :

“ To have the *lozel's* company.”

A *lozel* is a worthless fellow. Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599 :

“ Peace, prating *lozel*,” &c. STEEVENS.

*LEON.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—  
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast  
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,  
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;  
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:  
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,  
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,  
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,  
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;  
The bastard brains with these my proper hands  
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;  
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

*ANT.* I did not, sir:  
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,  
Can clear me in't.

*1 LORD.* We can; my royal liege,  
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

*LEON.* You are liars all.

*1 LORD.* 'Beseech your highness, give us better  
credit:  
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech  
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,  
(As recompense of our dear services,  
Past, and to come,) that you do change this pur-  
pose;  
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

*LEON.* I am a feather for each wind that blows:—  
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel  
And call me father? Better burn it now,  
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:  
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;  
[To *ANTIGONUS*,  
You, that have been so tenderly officious  
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,

To save this bastard's life :—for 'tis a bastard,  
So sure as this beard's grey,<sup>2</sup>—what will you ad-  
venture

To save this brat's life ?

ANT. Any thing, my lord,  
That my ability may undergo,  
And nobleness impose : at least, thus much ;  
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,  
To save the innocent : any thing possible.

LEON. It shall be possible : Swear by this sword,<sup>3</sup>  
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

ANT. I will, my lord.

LEON. Mark, and perform it ; (séest thou ?) for  
the fail  
Of any point in't shall not only be  
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife ;  
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,  
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry  
This female bastard hence ; and that thou bear it  
To some remote and desert place, quite out  
Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,

<sup>2</sup> *So sure as this beard's grey,*] The King must mean the beard of Antigonus, which perhaps both here and on the former occasion, (See p. 267, n. 7,) it was intended, he should lay hold of. Leontes has himself told us that twenty-three years ago he was unbreech'd, in his green velvet coat, his dagger muzzled ; and of course his age at the opening of this play must be under thirty. He cannot therefore mean his own beard. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *Swear by this sword,*] It was anciently the custom to swear by the cross on the handle of a sword. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. v. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Penance of Arthur*, sig. S. 2: " And therewith King Marke yielded him unto Sir Gaheris, and then he kneeled downe and made his oath *upon the crosse of the sword*," &c.

I remember to have seen the name of Jesus engraved upon the pommel of the sword of a Crusader in the Church at Winchelsea.

DOUCE.



Without more mercy, to its own protection,  
 And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune  
 It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—  
 On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—  
 That thou commend it strangely to some place,<sup>4</sup>  
 Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

ANT. I swear to do this, though a present death  
 Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:  
 Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,  
 To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,  
 Casting their savageness aside, have done  
 Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous  
 In more than this deed doth require! and blessing,<sup>5</sup>  
 Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,  
 Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!<sup>6</sup>

[*Exit, with the Child.*

LEON. No, I'll not rear  
 Another's issue.

I ATTEN. Please your highness, posts,  
 From those you sent to the oracle, are come  
 An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,

<sup>4</sup> ——— *commend it strangely to some place,*] *Commit it to some place, as a stranger, without more provision.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,

“ And so I do *commend* you to their backs.”

To *commend* is to *commit*. See Minsheu's Dict. in v.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *and blessing,*] i. e. the favour of heaven. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *condemn'd to loss*] i. e. to exposure, similar to that of a child whom its parents have *lost*. I once thought that *loss* was here licentiously used for *destruction*; but that this was not the primary sense here intended, appears from a subsequent passage Act III. sc. iii:

“ ——— Poor wretch,

“ That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd

“ To *loss*, and what *may follow*!” MALONE.

Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,  
Hasting to the court.

1 *LORD.* So please you, sir, their speed  
Hath been beyond account.

*LEON.* Twenty-three days  
They have been absent : 'Tis good speed ;<sup>7</sup> foretels,  
The great Apollo suddenly will have  
The truth of this appear. Prepare you lords ;  
Summon a session, that we may arraign  
Our most disloyal lady : for, as she hath  
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have  
A just and open trial. While she lives,  
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me ;  
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III. SCENE I.

*The same. A Street in some Town.*

*Enter CLEOMENES and DION.*<sup>8</sup>

*CLEO.* The climate's delicate ; the air most sweet ,  
Fertile the isle ;<sup>9</sup> the temple much surpassing

<sup>7</sup> — 'Tis *good speed* ; &c.] Surely we should read the passage thus:

This *good speed foretels*, &c. M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> — *Cleomenes and Dion.*] These two names, and those of *Antigonus* and *Archidamus*, our author found in North's *Plutarch*.  
MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Fertile the isle* ;] But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an island, but in Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakespeare, or his editors, had their heads running on Delos, an

The common praise it bears.

DION. I shall report,  
For most it caught me,<sup>1</sup> the celestial habits,  
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!  
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly  
It was i'the offering!

CLEO. But, of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,  
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,  
That I was nothing.

DION. If the event o'the journey  
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—  
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,  
The time is worth the use on't.<sup>2</sup>

island of the Cyclades. If it was the editor's blunder, then Shakspeare wrote: *Fertile the soil*,—which is more elegant too, than the present reading. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare is little careful of geography. There is no need of this emendation in a play of which the whole plot depends upon a geographical error, by which Bohemia is supposed to be a maritime country. JOHNSON.

In *The History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, the queen desires the king to send "six of his noblemen, whom he best trusted, to the isle of Delphos," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *For most it caught me,*] It may relate to the whole spectacle.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *The time is worth the use on't.*] *The time is worth the use on't*, means, the time which we have spent in visiting Delos, has recompensed us for the trouble of so spending it. JOHNSON.

If the event prove fortunate to the Queen, *the time which we have spent in our journey is worth the trouble it hath cost us*. In other words, the happy issue of our journey will compensate for the time expended in it, and the fatigue we have undergone. We meet with nearly the same expression in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essaies*, 1603: "The common saying is, the time we live, is worth the money we pay for it." MALONE.

CLEO. Great Apollo,  
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
I little like.

DION. The violent carriage of it  
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,  
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)  
Shall the contents discover, something rare,  
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh  
horses;—  
And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly  
seated.

LEON. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce,)  
Even pushes 'gainst our heart:<sup>3</sup> The party tried,  
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one  
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd  
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly  
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,  
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.<sup>4</sup>—  
Produce the prisoner.

<sup>3</sup> ——— pushes 'gainst our heart:] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— every minute of his being thrusts

“ Against my near'st of life.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Even to the guilt, or the purgation.] Mr. Roderick observes, that the word *even* is not to be understood here as an *adverb*, but as an *adjective*, signifying *equal* or *indifferent*. STEEVENS.

The epithet *even-handed*, as applied in *Macbeth* to *Justice*, seems to unite both senses. HENLEY.

*OFFI.* It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen  
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

*HERMIONE* is brought in, guarded; *PAULINA* and  
Ladies, attending.

*LEON.* Read the indictment.

*OFFI.* *Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence<sup>5</sup> whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

*HER.* Since what I am to say, must be but that  
Which contradicts my accusation; and  
The testimony on my part, no other  
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me  
To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,<sup>6</sup>  
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,  
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine

<sup>5</sup> — *pretence* —] Is, in this place, taken for a *scheme laid, a design formed*; to *pretend* means to *design*, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *mine integrity, &c.*] That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedness*, my assertion of it will pass but for a *lie*. *Falsehood* means both *treachery* and *lie*. JOHNSON.

It is frequently used in the former sense in *Othello*, Act V:

“He says, thou told'st him that his wife was *false*.”

Again:

“— Thou art rash as fire,

“To say that she was *false*.” MALONE.

Behold our human actions, (as they do,)  
 I doubt not then, but innocence shall make  
 False accusation blush, and tyranny  
 Tremble at patience.<sup>7</sup>—You, my lord, best know,  
 (Who least<sup>8</sup> will seem to do so,) my past life  
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
 As I am now unhappy; which<sup>9</sup> is more  
 Than history can pattern, though devis'd,  
 And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—  
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,  
 The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,  
 To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore  
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it<sup>1</sup>  
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare:<sup>2</sup> for honour,  
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— *If powers divine*

Behold our human actions, (as they do,)

*I doubt not then, but innocence shall make*

*False accusation blush, and tyranny*

*Tremble at patience.*] Our author has here closely followed the novel of *Dorastus and Faunia*, 1588: "If the *divine powers* be privie to *human actions*, (as no doubt they are,) I hope my *patience* shall make fortune *blush*, and my unspotted life shall stayne spiteful discredit." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Who least —] Old copy—*Whom* least. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *which* —] That is, which unhappiness. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *For life, I prize it*—] *Life* is to me now only grief, and as such only is considered by me; I would therefore willingly dismiss it. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *I would spare* :] To *spare* any thing is to *let it go*, to *quit the possession of it*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> 'Tis a derivative from me to mine.] This sentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Ecclesiasticus*, iii. 11, cannot be too often impressed on the female mind: "The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and a mother in dishonour, is a reproach unto her children." STEEVENS.

And only that I stand for. I appeal  
 To your own conscience,<sup>4</sup> sir, before Polixenes  
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
 How merited to be so; since he came,  
 With what encounter so uncurrent I  
 Have strain'd, to appear thus:<sup>5</sup> if one jot beyond

<sup>4</sup> ——— I appeal

To your own conscience, &c.] So, in *Dorastus and Faunia*,  
 "How I have led my life before Egisthus' coming, I appeal,  
 Pandosto, to the Gods, and to thy conscience." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— since he came,

With what encounter so uncurrent I

Have strain'd, to appear thus:] These lines I do not understand; with the licence of all editors, what I cannot understand I suppose unintelligible, and therefore propose that they may be altered thus:

—— Since he came,

With what encounter so uncurrent have I

Been stain'd to appear thus?

At least I think it might be read:

With what encounter so uncurrent have I

Strain'd to appear thus? If one jot beyond—

JOHNSON.

The sense seems to be this:—*what sudden slip have I made, that I should catch a wrench in my character.* So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"—— a noble nature

"May catch a wrench."

An *uncurrent encounter* seems to mean an irregular, unjustifiable congress. Perhaps it may be a metaphor from *tilting*, in which the shock of meeting adversaries was so called. Thus, in Drayton's *Legend of T. Cromwell E. of Essex*:

"Yet these encounters thrust me not awry."

The sense would then be:—In what base reciprocation of love have I caught this strain? *Uncurrent* is what will not pass, and is, at present, only applied to money.

Mrs. Ford talks of—*some strain in her character*, and in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, the same expression occurs:

"—— strain your loves

"With any base, or hir'd persuasions."

To *strain*, I believe, means to *go awry*. So, in the 6th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:



The bound of honour ; or, in act, or will,  
That way inclining ; harden'd be the hearts

“ As wantonly she *strains* in her lascivious course,”

Drayton is speaking of the irregular course of the river Wye.

STEEVENS.

The *bounds of honour*, which are mentioned immediately after, justify Mr. Steevens in supposing the imagery to have been taken from *tilting*. HENLEY.

Johnson thinks it necessary for the sense, to transpose these words, and read: “ With what encounter so uncurrent have I strained to appear thus?” But he could not have proposed that alteration, had he considered, with attention, the construction of the passage, which runs thus: “ I appeal to your own conscience, with what encounter,” &c. That is, “ I appeal to your own conscience *to declare* with what encounter so uncurrent I have strained to appear thus.” He was probably misled by the point of interrogation at the end of the sentence, which ought not to have been there. M. MASON.

The precise meaning of the word *encounter* in this passage may be gathered from our author's use of it elsewhere:

“ Who hath—

“ Confess'd the vile *encounters* they have had

“ A thousand times in secret.”

*Much Ado about Nothing.*

Hero and Borachio are the persons spoken of. Again, in *Measure for Measure*: “ We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place: if the *encounter* acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense.”

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ — found no opposition

“ But what he look'd for should oppose, and she

“ Should from *encounter* guard.”

As, to pass or utter money that is not *current*, is contrary to law, I believe our author in the present passage, with his accustomed licence, uses the word *uncurrent* as synonymous to *unlawful*.

I have *strain'd*, may perhaps mean—I have swerved or deflected from the strict line of duty. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ Nor aught so good, but *strain'd* from that fair use,

“ Revolts—.”

Again, in our author's 140th Sonnet:

“ Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud *heart* go  
“ *wide*.”

A bed-swarver has already occurred in this play.

Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry, Fye upon my grave!

LEON. I ne'er heard yet,  
That any of these bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,  
Than to perform it first.<sup>6</sup>

HER. That's true enough;  
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

LEON. You will not own it.

HER. More than mistress of,  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,  
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,  
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;<sup>7</sup>

"To appear *thus*," is, to appear in such an assembly as this;  
to be put on my trial. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *I ne'er heard yet,*

*That any of these bolder vices wanted*

*Less impudence to gainsay what they did,*

*Than to perform it first.*] It is apparent that according to the proper, at least according to the present, use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had*. But Shakspeare is very uncertain in his use of negatives. It may be necessary once to observe, that in our language, two negatives did not originally affirm, but strengthen the negation. This mode of speech was in time changed, but, as the change was made in opposition to long custom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confusion. JOHNSON.

Examples of the same phraseology (as Mr. Malone observes,) occur in this play, p. 239; in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. sc. xii. and in *King Lear*, Act II. sc. iv; and (as Mr. Ritson adds,) in *Macbeth*, Act III. sc. vi. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *For Polixenes,*

*(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess*

*I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd; &c.*] So, in *Dorastus and Faunia*: "What hath passed between him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will presently reveale. That I lov'd Egisthus, I cannot denie; that I honour'd him, I shame not to

With such a kind of love, as might become  
 A lady like me; with a love, even such,  
 So, and no other, as yourself commanded:  
 Which not to have done, I think, had been in me  
 Both disobedience and ingratitude,  
 To you, and toward your friend; whose love had  
   spoke,  
 Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,  
 That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
 I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd  
 For me to try how: all I know of it,  
 Is, that Camillo was an honest man;  
 And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
 Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

LEON. You knew of his departure, as you know  
 What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

HER. Sir,  
 You speak a language that I understand not:  
 My life stands in the level of your dreams,<sup>s</sup>  
 Which I'll lay down.

LEON. Your actions are my dreams;  
 You had a bastard by Polixenes,  
 And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all shame,

confess. But as touching lascivious lust, I say Egisthus is honest, and hope myself to be found without spot. For Franion, [Camillo,] I can neither accuse him nor excuse him. I was not privy to his departure. And that this is true which I have here rehearsed, I refer myselfe to the divine oracle." MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> *My life stands in the level of your dreams,]* To be in the level is, by a metaphor from archery, to be within the reach.

JOHNSON.

This metaphor, (as both Mr. Douce and Mr. Ritson have already observed,) is from *gunnery*. See p. 272, n. 4.

So, in *King Henry VIII*:

" ——— I stood i'the' level

" Of a full charg'd confederacy." STEEVENS.

(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth :<sup>9</sup>  
 Which to deny, concerns more than avails :<sup>1</sup>  
 For as  
 Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,  
 No father owning it, (which is, indeed,  
 More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou  
 Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage,  
 Look for no less than death.

HER. Sir, spare your threats ;  
 The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.  
 To me can life be no commodity :

<sup>9</sup> — *As you were past all shame,*  
*(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth :*] I do not  
 remember that *fact* is used any where absolutely for *guilt*, which  
 must be its sense in this place. Perhaps we should read :

*Those of your pack are so.*

*Pack* is a low coarse word well suited to the rest of this royal  
 invective. JOHNSON.

I should guess *sect* to be the right word. See *King Henry IV.*  
 P. II. Act II. sc. iv.

In Middleton's *Mad World, my Masters*, a Courtezan says :  
 " It is the easiest art and cunning for our *sect* to counterfeit sick,  
 that are always full of fits when we are well." FARMER.

Thus, Falstaff, speaking of Dol Tearsheet : " So is all her  
*sect* : if they be once in a calm, they are sick." *Those of your*  
*fact* may, however, mean—those who have done as you do.

STEEVENS.

That *fact* is the true reading, is proved decisively from the  
 words of the novel, which our author had in his mind, both  
 here, and in a former passage : [ " I ne'er heard yet, That any  
 of these bolder vices," &c.] " And as for her [said Pandosto] it  
 was her part to *deny* such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent  
 in forswearing the *fact*, since she had *passed all shame* in com-  
 mitting the fault." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Which to deny, concerns more than avails :*] It is your *busi-*  
*ness* to deny this charge, but the mere denial will be useless ;  
 will prove nothing. MALONE.

The crown and comfort of my life,<sup>2</sup> your favour,  
 I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,  
 But know not how it went: My second joy,  
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence,  
 I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,  
 Starr'd most unluckily,<sup>3</sup> is from my breast  
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,  
 Haled out to murder: Myself on every post  
 Proclaim'd a strumpet; With immodest hatred,  
 The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs  
 To women of all fashion:—Lastly, hurried  
 Here to this place, i'the open air, before  
 I have got strength of limit.<sup>4</sup> Now, my liege,  
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
 That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.  
 But yet hear this; mistake me not;—No! life,  
 I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,  
 (Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd  
 Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,  
 But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,

<sup>2</sup> *The crown and comfort of my life,]* The *supreme blessing* of my life. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“O that husband!

“My *supreme crown* of grief.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Starr'd most unluckily,]* i. e. born under an inauspicious planet. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“And shake the yoke of *inauspicious stars*

“From this world-wearied flesh.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I have got strength of limit.]* I know not well how *strength of limit* can mean *strength to pass the limits* of the child-bed chamber; which yet it must mean in this place, unless we read in a more easy phrase, *strength of limb*. And now, &c.

JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason judiciously conceives *strength of limit* to mean, the *limited degree of strength* which it is customary for women to acquire, before they are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing.

STEEVENS.

'Tis rigour, and not law.<sup>5</sup>—Your honours all,  
I do refer me to the oracle;  
Apollo be my judge.

1 LORD. This your request  
Is altogether just : therefore, bring forth,  
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

HER. The emperor of Russia was my father :  
O, that he were alive, and here beholding  
His daughter's trial ! that he did but see  
The flatness of my misery ;<sup>6</sup> yet with eyes  
Of pity, not revenge !

*Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.*

OFFI. You here shall swear upon this sword of  
justice,  
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have  
Been both at Delphos ; and from thence have  
brought  
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
Of great Apollo's priest ; and that, since then,  
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,

<sup>5</sup> ————— *I tell you,*  
'Tis rigour, and not law.] This also is from the novel :  
“ Bellaria, no whit dismaid with this rough reply, told her husband Pandosto, that he spake upon choller, and not conscience ; for her virtuous life had been such as no spot of suspicion could ever stayne. And if she had borne a friendly countenance to Egisthus, it was in respect he was his friend, and not for any lusting affection : therefore *if she were condemned without any farther prooffe, it was rigour and not law.*” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *The flatness of my misery ;* ] That is, how low, how flat I am laid by my calamity. JOHNSON.

So, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, B. II :

“ ——— Thus repuls'd, our final hope

“ *Is flat despair.*” MALONE.

Nor read the secrets in't.

CLEO. DION.

All this we swear.

LEON. Break up the seals, and read.

OFFI. [*Reads.*] *Hermione is chaste,<sup>7</sup> Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.*

LORDS. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

HER.

Praised!

LEON. Hast thou read truth?

OFFI.

Ay, my lord; even so

As it is here set down.

LEON. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:  
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

*Enter a Servant, hastily.*

SERV. My lord the king, the king!

LEON.

What is the business?

SERV. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:  
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear  
Of the queen's speed,<sup>8</sup> is gone.

<sup>7</sup> *Hermione* is chaste, &c.] This is almost literally from Lodge's [*Greene's*] novel:

"*The Oracle.*

"Suspicion is no prooffe; jealousie is an unequal judge; Bel-laria is chaste; Egisthus blameless; Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; his babe innocent; and the king shall dye without an heire, if that which is lost be not found."

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Of the queen's speed,*] Of the *event* of the queen's trial, so we still say, he *sped* well or ill. JOHNSON.



LEON.

How! gone?

SERV.

Is dead.

LEON. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves

Do strike at my injustice. [HERMIONE *faints*.] How now there?

PAUL. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,  
And see what death is doing.

LEON.

Take her hence:

Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—  
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—  
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with HERM.*

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—  
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;  
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;  
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:  
For, being transported by my jealousies  
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose  
Camillo for the minister, to poison  
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,  
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied  
My swift command,<sup>9</sup> though I with death, and with  
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,  
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,

<sup>9</sup> *But that the good mind of Camillo tardied*

*My swift command.*] Here likewise our author has closely followed Greene: "—promising not only to shew himself a loyal and a loving husband; but also to reconcile himself to Egisthus and Franion; revealing then before them all the cause of their secret flight, and how treacherously he thought to have practised his death, if that *the good mind* of his cup-bearer had not prevented his purpose." MALONE.

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest  
 Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,  
 Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard  
 Of all incertainties himself commended.<sup>1</sup>  
 No richer than his honour:—How he glisters  
 Thorough my rust! and how his piety  
 Does my deeds make the blacker!<sup>2</sup>

*Re-enter PAULINA.*

*PAUL.* Woe the while!  
 O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,  
 Break too!

1 *LORD.* What fit is this, good lady?

*PAUL.* What studied torments, tyrant, hast for  
 me?  
 What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boil-  
 ing,

<sup>1</sup> ——— and to the certain hazard

*Of all incertainties himself commended,*] In the original copy some word probably of two syllables, was inadvertently omitted in the first of these lines. I believe the word omitted was either *doubtful*, or *fearful*. The editor of the second folio endeavoured to cure the defect by reading—*certain hazard*; the most improper word that could have been chosen. How little attention the alterations made in that copy are entitled to, has been shown in my Preface. *Commended* is *committed*. See p. 283. MALONE.

I am of a contrary opinion, and therefore retain the emendation of the second folio.

*Certain hazard*, &c. is quite in our author's manner. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act II. sc. ii:

“Until I know this *sure uncertainty*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Does my deeds make the blacker!*] This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt. JOHNSON.

In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture  
Must I receive; whose every word deserves  
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny  
Together working with thy jealousies,—  
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,  
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all  
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.  
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;  
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,  
And damnable ungrateful:<sup>3</sup> nor was't much,  
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;*

*That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,*

*And damnable ungrateful:]* I have ventured at a slight alteration here, against the authority of all the copies, and for *fool* read—*soul*. It is certainly too gross and blunt in Paulina, though she might impeach the King of fooleries in some of his past actions and conduct, to call him downright a fool. And it is much more pardonable in her to arraign his morals, and the qualities of his mind, than rudely to call him *idiot* to his face.

THEOBALD.

—— *show thee, of a fool,*] So all the copies. We should read:

—— *show thee off, a fool* ——

i. e. represent thee in thy true colours; a fool, an inconstant, &c.

WARBURTON.

Poor Mr. Theobald's courtly remark cannot be thought to deserve much notice. Dr. Warburton too might have spared his sagacity, if he had remembered that the present reading, by a mode of speech anciently much used, means only, *It showed thee first a fool, then inconstant and ungrateful*. JOHNSON.

*Damnable* is here used adverbially. See Vol. VIII. p. 348.

MALONE.

The same construction occurs in the second Book of Phædrus's version of the *Æneid*:

“When this the young men heard me speak, *of wild they waxed wood*.” STEEVENS.

‘*Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,*] How should Paulina know this? No one had charged the King with

To have him kill a king ; poor trespasses,  
More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon  
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,  
To be or none, or little ; though a devil  
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't :<sup>5</sup>  
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death  
Of the young prince ; whose honourable thoughts  
(Thoughts high for one so tender,) cleft the heart  
That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire  
Blemish'd his gracious dam : this is not, no,  
Laid to thy answer : But the last,—O, lords,  
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,  
The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead ; and ven-  
geance for't  
Not dropp'd down yet.

1 LORD.

The higher powers forbid!

PAUL. I say, she's dead ; I'll swear't : if word,  
nor oath,  
Prevail not, go and see : if you can bring  
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,  
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you  
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant !  
Do not repent these things ; for they are heavier  
Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee  
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees  
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,  
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods  
To look that way thou wert.

this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten this circumstance. MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ though a devil

*Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:]* i. e. a devil would have shed tears of pity o'er the damned, ere he would have committed such an action. STEEVENS.

LEON.

Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd  
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 LORD.

Say no more ;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
I'the boldness of your speech.

PAUL.

I am sorry for't ;<sup>6</sup>

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,  
I do repent : Alas, I have show'd too much  
The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd  
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past  
help,

Should be past grief :<sup>7</sup> Do not receive affliction  
At my petition, I beseech you ; rather  
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,  
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman :  
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again !—  
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;  
I'll not remember you of my own lord,  
Who is lost too : Take your patience to you,  
And I'll say nothing.

LEON.

Thou didst speak but well,  
When most the truth ; which I receive much better  
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me  
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son :  
One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall  
The causes of their death appear, unto

<sup>6</sup> *I am sorry for't ;*] This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ————— *what's past help,*

*Should be past grief :*] So, in *King Richard II :*

“ Things past redress, are now with me past care.”

STEEVENS.

Our shame perpetual : Once a day I'll visit  
 The chapel where they lie ; and tears, shed there,  
 Shall be my recreation : So long as  
 Nature will bear up with this exercise,  
 So long I daily vow to use it. Come,  
 And lead me to these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

Bohemia. *A desert Country near the Sea.*

*Enter* ANTIGONUS, *with the Child ; and a*  
 Mariner.

ANT. Thou art perfect then,<sup>s</sup> our ship hath  
 touch'd upon  
 The deserts of Bohemia ?

MAR. Ay, my lord ; and fear  
 We have landed in ill-time : the skies look grimly,  
 And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
 The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,  
 And frown upon us.

ANT. Their sacred wills be done !—Go, get  
 aboard ;  
 Look to thy bark ; I'll not be long, before  
 I call upon thee.

MAR. Make your best haste ; and go not  
 Too far i'the land : 'tis like to be loud weather ;  
 Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
 Of prey, that keep upon't.

<sup>s</sup> *Thou art perfect then,*] *Perfect* is often used by Shakspeare  
 for *certain, well assured, or well informed.* JOHNSON.

It is so used by almost all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

*ANT.* Go thou away :  
I'll follow instantly.

MAR. I am glad at heart  
To be so rid o'the business. [*Exit.*]

ANT. Come, poor babe :—  
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the  
dead

May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me ;  
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon  
Did this break from her : *Good Antigonus,*  
*Since fate, against thy better disposition,*  
*Hath made thy person for the thrower-out*  
*Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—*  
*Places remote enough are in Bohemia,*  
*There weep, and leave it crying ; and, for the babe*  
*Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,*  
*I pr'ythee, call't : for this ungentle business,*  
*Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see*  
*Thy wife Paulina more :—*and so, with shrieks,  
She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself ; and thought  
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys :  
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,  
Hermione hath suffer'd death ; and that  
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,



Either for life, or death, upon the earth  
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!

[*Laying down the Child.*

There lie; and there thy character:<sup>9</sup> there these;

[*Laying down a Bundle.*

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,  
pretty,

And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor  
wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd  
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,  
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,  
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!

The day frowns more and more; thou art like to  
have

A lullaby too rough:<sup>1</sup> I never saw  
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour?<sup>2</sup>—  
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chace;  
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a Bear.*

*Enter an old Shepherd.*

*SHEP.* I would, there were no age between ten  
and three and twenty; or that youth would sleep  
out the rest: for there is nothing in the between  
but getting wenches with child, wronging the an-  
cienry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—

<sup>9</sup> — *thy character:*] thy description; i. e. the writing af-  
terwards discovered with Perdita. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *A lullaby too rough:*] So, in *Dorastus and Faunia*: “Shall  
thy tender mouth, instead of sweet kisses, be nipped with bit-  
ter stormes? Shalt thou have the *whistling winds* for thy *lullaby*,  
and the salt sea-fome, instead of sweet milke?” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *A savage clamour?*] This clamour was the cry of the  
dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries, *this is the*  
*chace*, or, the *animal pursued*. JOHNSON.

Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing on ivy.<sup>3</sup> Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne!<sup>4</sup> A boy, or a child,<sup>5</sup> I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

*Enter Clown.*

CLO. Hilloa, loa!

SHEP. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing

<sup>3</sup> — *if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing on ivy.*] This also is from the novel: "[The Shepherd] fearing either that the *wolves* or eagles had undone him, (for he was so poore as a sheepe was halfe his substance,) wand'ered downe towards the *sea-cliffes*, to see if perchance the *sheepe* was *brouzing* on the *sea-ivy*, whereon they doe greatly feed." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *a barne; a very pretty barne!*] i. e. child, So, in R. Broome's *Northern Lass*, 1633:

"Peace wayward *barne*! O cease thy moan,

"Thy far more wayward daddy's gone."

It is a North country word. *Barns* for *borns*, things born; seeming to answer to the Latin *nati*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *A boy, or a child,*] I am told, that in some of our inland counties, a *female infant*, in contradistinction to a *male one*, is still termed, among the peasantry,—*a child*. STEEVENS.

to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

CLO. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

SHEP. Why, boy, how is it?

CLO. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast;<sup>6</sup> and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshhead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it:<sup>7</sup>—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

SHEP. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

CLO. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

<sup>6</sup> — now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast;] So, in *Pericles*: “But sea-room, and the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — flap-dragoned it:] i. e. swallowed it, as our ancient toppers swallowed *flap-dragons*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: “Thou art easier swallowed than a *flap-dragon*.” See note on *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

*SHEP.* Would I had been by, to have helped the old man !<sup>8</sup>

*CLO.* I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing. [*Aside.*

*SHEP.* Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth<sup>9</sup> for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see; It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling:<sup>1</sup>—open't: What's within, boy?

<sup>8</sup> *Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!* Though all the printed copies concur in this reading, I am persuaded, we ought to restore, *nobleman*. The Shepherd knew nothing of Antigonus's age; besides, the Clown hath just told his father, that he said his name was Antigonus, a *nobleman*; and no less than three times in this short scene, the Clown, speaking of him, calls him the *gentleman*. THEOBALD.

I suppose the Shepherd infers the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himself; or perhaps Shakspeare, who was conscious that he himself designed Antigonus for an *old* man, has inadvertently given this knowledge to the Shepherd who had never seen him. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the word *old* was inadvertently omitted in the preceding speech: "—nor the bear half dined on the *old* gentleman;" Mr. Steevens's second conjecture, however, is, I believe, the true one. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *a bearing-cloth* —] *A bearing-cloth* is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. PERCY.

<sup>1</sup> — *some changeling* :] i. e. some child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen.

So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;

"She never had so sweet a *changeling*." STEEVENS.

CLO. You're a made old man;<sup>2</sup> if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

SHEP. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way.<sup>3</sup> We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

CLO. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry:<sup>4</sup> if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

SHEP. That's a good deed: If thou may'st dis-

<sup>2</sup> *You're a made old man;*] In former copies:—*You're a mad old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!*—This the Clown says upon his opening his fardel, and discovering the wealth in it. But this is no reason why he should call his father a *mad old man*. I have ventured to correct in the text—*You're a made old man*, i. e. your fortune's made by this adventitious treasure. So our poet, in a number of other passages. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton did not accept this emendation, but it is certainly right. The word is borrowed from the novel: "The good man desired his wife to be quiet: if she would hold peace, they were *made* for ever." FARMER.

So, in the ancient ballad of *Robin Hood and the Tinker*:

"I have a warrand from the king,

"To take him where I can;

"If you can tell me where hee is,

"*I will you make a man.*" STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *the next way.*] i. e. the nearest way. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "'Tis the *next* way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *they are never curst, but when they are hungry:*] *Curst*, signifies *mischievous*. Thus the adage: "*Curst* cows have short horns." HENLEY.

cern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

CLO. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

SHEP. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

*Enter Time, as Chorus.*

TIME. I,—that please some, try all; both joy,  
and terror,  
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,<sup>5</sup>—  
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,  
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,  
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide  
O'er sixteen years,<sup>6</sup> and leave the growth untried

<sup>5</sup> ——— *that make, and unfold error,*] This does not, in my opinion, take in the poet's thought. Time does not *make* mistakes, and *discover them*, at different conjunctures; but the poet means, that Time often for a season *covers* errors; which he afterwards *displays* and *brings to light*. I chuse therefore to read:  
———— *that mask and unfold error,*———— THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation is surely unnecessary. *Departed time* renders many facts obscure, and in that sense is the cause of error. *Time to come* brings discoveries with it.

“These very comments on Shakspeare (says Mr. M. Mason,) prove that time can both make and unfold error.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ————— *that I slide*

*O'er sixteen years,*] This trespass, in respect of dramatick unity, will appear venial to those who have read the once famous



Of that wide gap;<sup>7</sup> since it is in my power  
To o'erthrow law,<sup>8</sup> and in one self-born hour

Lyly's *Endymion*, or (as he himself calls it in the prologue,) his *Man in the Moon*. This author was applauded and very liberally paid by Queen Elizabeth. Two acts of his piece comprize the space of forty years, Endymion lying down to sleep at the end of the second, and waking in the first scene of the fifth, after a nap of that unconscionable length. Lyly has likewise been guilty of much greater absurdities than ever Shakspeare committed; for he supposes that Endymion's hair, features, and person, were changed by age during his sleep, while all the other personages of the drama remained without alteration.

George Whetstone, in the epistle dedicatory, before his *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, (on the plan of which *Measure for Measure* is formed,) had pointed out many of these absurdities and offences against the laws of the Drama. It must be owned, therefore, that Shakspeare has not fallen into them through ignorance of what they were: "For at this daye, the Italian is so lascivious in his comedies, that honest hearts are grieved at his actions. The Frenchman and Spaniard follow the Italian's humour. The German is too holy; for he presents on everye common stage, what preachers should pronounce in pulpits. The Englishman in this quallitie, is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order. He first grounds his worke on impossibilities: then in three houres ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makés children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell," &c. This quotation will serve to show that our poet might have enjoyed the benefit of literary laws, but, like Achilles, denied that laws were designed to operate on beings confident of their own powers, and secure of graces beyond the reach of art. STEEVENS.

In *The pleasant Comedie of Patient Grissel*, 1603, written by Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle, and William Haughton, Grissel is in the first Act married, and soon afterwards brought to bed of twins, a son and a daughter; and the daughter in the fifth Act is produced on the scene as a woman old enough to be married.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — and leave the growth untried

Of that wide gap;] Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is somewhat irregular; but he means, *the growth*, or progression of the time which filled up the *gap* of the story between Perdita's birth and



To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass  
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,  
Or what is now received: I witness to  
The times that brought them in; so shall I do  
To the freshest things now reigning; and make  
stale

The glistening of this present, as my tale  
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,  
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,  
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving  
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,  
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,  
Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
In fair Bohemia;<sup>9</sup> and remember well,  
I mentioned a son o'the king's, which Florizel

her sixteenth year. *To leave this growth untried, is, to leave the passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined.* *Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *growth* is confirmed by a subsequent passage :

"I turn my glass; and give my scene such *growing*,

"As you had slept between."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* :

"Whom our fast-growing scene must find

“At Tharsus.”

*Gap*, the reading of the original copy, which Dr. Warburton changed to *gulf*, is likewise supported by the same play, in which old Gower, who appears as Chorus, says:

“ — learn of me, who stand i'the *gaps* to teach you

"The stages of our story." MALONE.

\* ——— since it is in my power &c.] The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear ; he seems to mean, that he who has broke so many laws may now break another ; that he who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita in her sixteenth year ; and he in-treats that he may pass as of old, before any *order* or succession of objects, ancient or modern, distinguished his periods.

JOHNSON.

9 ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ *imagine* me,

*Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
In fair Bohemia ;] Time is every where alike. I know not  
whether both sense and grammar may not dictate :*

I now name to you; and with speed so pace  
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace  
Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues,  
I list not prophecy; but let Time's news  
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's  
daughter,  
And what to her adheres, which follows after,  
Is the argument of time:<sup>1</sup> Of this allow,<sup>2</sup>  
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;  
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,  
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I.

*The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.*

*Enter* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

*POL.* I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

————— *imagine* we

*Gentle spectators, that you now may be, &c.*

Let us imagine that *you*, who behold these scenes, are now in Bohemia. JOHNSON.

Imagine *me*, means imagine *with me*, or imagine *for me* ; and is a common mode of expression. Thus we say “do *me* such a thing,”—“spell *me* such a word.” In *King Henry IV.* Falstaff says, speaking of sack :

"It ascends *me* into the brain, dries *me* there," &c.

Again, in *King Lear*, Gloster says to Edmund, speaking of Edgar :

“Wind *me* into him,” &c. M. MASON.

<sup>1</sup> *Is the argument of time :]* Argument is the same with subject. JOHNSON.

\* ——— *Of this allow,*] To *allow* in our author's time signified to *approve*. MALONE.

CAM. It is fifteen years,<sup>3</sup> since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

POL. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships.<sup>4</sup> Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remem-

<sup>3</sup> *It is fifteen years,*] We should read—*sixteen*. *Time* has just said:

—*that I slide*

*O'er sixteen years*—

Again, Act V. sc. iii: “Which lets go by some *sixteen* years.”  
—Again, *ibid*:—“Which *sixteen* winters cannot blow away.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —*and my profit therein, the heaping friendships.*] The sense of *heaping friendships*, though like many other of our author's, unusual, at least unusual to modern ears, is not very obscure. *To be more thankful shall be my study; and my profit therein the heaping friendships.* That is, *I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I shall receive this advantage, that as I heap benefits I shall heap friendships, as I confer favours on thee I shall increase the friendship between us.*

JOHNSON.

*Friendships* is, I believe, here used, with sufficient licence, merely for *friendly offices*. MALONE.

brance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

CAM. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted,<sup>5</sup> he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

POL. I have considered so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

CAM. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

POL. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle<sup>6</sup> that plucks our son thither.

<sup>5</sup> — but I have, missingly, noted,] *Missingly* noted means, I have observed him at *intervals*, not constantly or regularly, but occasionally. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — But, I fear the angle —] Mr. Theobald reads,—and I fear the *engle*. JOHNSON.

*Angle* in this place means a *fishing-rod*, which he represents as drawing his son, like a fish, away. So, in *K. Henry VI. P. I.*

Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question<sup>7</sup> with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

CAM. I willingly obey your command.

POL. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS,<sup>8</sup> singing.*

*When daffodils begin to peer,<sup>9</sup>—*

*With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—*

*Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;*

*For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.<sup>1</sup>*

“ ——— he did win

“ The hearts of all that he did *angle* for.”

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

“ She knew her distance, and did *angle* for me.”

STEEVENS.

So, in Lyly's *Sapho and Phao*, 1591:

“ Thine *angle* is ready, when thine oar is idle; and as sweet is the fish which thou gettest in the river, as the fowl which other buy in the market.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— some question —] i. e. some talk. See Vol. VI. p. 280, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *Autolycus*,] *Autolycus* was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father:

“ *Non fuit Autolycei tam piccata manus.*” Martial.

See also, Homer's *Odyssey*, Book XIX. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *When daffodils begin to peer,—*

And

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,]* “ Two nonsensical

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,<sup>2</sup>—  
 With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—  
 Doth set my pugging tooth<sup>3</sup> on edge;  
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

songs, by the rogue Autolycus," says Dr. Burney.—But could not the many compliments paid by Shakspeare to musical science, intercede for a better epithet than *nonsensical*?

The Dr. subsequently observes, that "This Autolycus is the true *ancient* Minstrel, as described in the old Fabliaux."

I believe, that many of our readers will push the comparison a little further, and concur with me in thinking that our *modern* minstrels of the opera, like their predecessor Autolycus, are *pick-pockets* as well as singers of *nonsensical* ballads. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.*] This line has suffered a great variety of alterations, but I am persuaded the old reading is the true one. The first folio has "*the winter's pale*;" and the meaning is, the red, the *spring* blood now *reigns* o'er the parts lately under the *dominion* of winter. The *English pale*, the *Irish pale*, were frequent expressions in Shakspeare's time; and the words *red* and *pale* were chosen for the sake of the *antithesis*. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer is certainly right. I had offered this explanation to Dr. Johnson, who rejected it. In *King Henry V.* our author says:

"——the English beach  
*Pales* in the flood," &c.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Whate'er the ocean *pales*, or sky inclips."

Holinshed, p. 528, calls Sir Richard Aston: "Lieutenant of the English *pale*, for the earle of Summerset." Again, in *King Henry VI. P. I.*:

"How are we park'd, and bounded in a *pale*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The white sheet bleaching* &c.] So, in the song at the end of *Love's Labour's Lost*, SPRING mentions as descriptive of that season, that then "—maidens *bleach* their summer *smocks*."

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —— *pugging tooth* —] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*progging tooth*. It is certain that *pugging* is not now understood. But Dr. Thirlby observes, that it is the cant of gypsies. JOHNSON.

The word *pugging* is used by Greene in one of his pieces;



*The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,<sup>4</sup>—  
 With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:—  
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,<sup>5</sup>  
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

and a *puggard* was a cant name for some particular kind of thief. So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, *puggards*, curbers.”  
 See to *prigge* in *Minshew*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,]*

“ — — — — —

“La gentille allouette avec son *tire-lire*

“*Tire lire a lirè et tire-lirant tire*

“Vers la voute du Ciel, puis son vol vers ce lieu

“Vire et desire dire adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu.”

*Du Bartas, Liv. 5, de sa premiere semaine.*

“Ecce suum *tirile tirile*: suum *tirile tractat*.”

*Linnæi Fauna Suecica.*

HOLT WHITE.

So, in an ancient poem entitled, *The Silke Worms and their Flies*, 1599:

“Let Philomela sing, let Progne chide,

“Let *Tyry-tyry-leerers* upward flie—.”

In the margin the author explains *Tyryleerers* by its synonyme, *larks*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *my aunts,]* *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *bawd*. In Middleton's comedy, called, *A Trick to catch the old One*, 1616, is the following confirmation of its being used in that sense:—“It was better bestowed upon his uncle than one of his *aunts*, I need not say *bawd*, for every one knows what *aunt* stands for in the last translation.” Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“I never knew

“What sleeking, glazing, or what pressing meant,

“Till you preferr'd me to your *aunt* the lady:

“I knew no ivory teeth, no caps of hair,

“No mercury, water, fucus, or perfumes

“To help a lady's breath, until your *aunt*

“Learn'd me the common trick.”

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: “I'll call you one of my *aunts*, sister; that were as good as to call you arrant *whore*.” STEEVENS.



I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;<sup>6</sup> but now I am out of service :

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?  
The pale moon shines by night:  
And when I wander here and there,  
I then do most go right.*

*If tinkers may have leave to live,  
And bear the sow-skin budget;  
Then my account I well may give,  
And in the stocks avouch it.*

My traffick is sheets;<sup>7</sup> when the kite builds, look

<sup>6</sup> —wore three-pile;] i. e. rich velvet. So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611 :

“ — and line them

“ With black, crimson, and tawny *three pil'd velvet*.”

Again, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ Master *Three-pile*, the mercer.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *My traffick is sheets; &c.*] So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584 :

“ Our fingers are lime twigs, and barbers we be,

“ To catch *sheets* from hedges most pleasant to see.”

Again, in *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke*, &c. by Thomas Churchyard, 4to. no date, *Riotte* says :

“ If any heere three ydle people needes,

“ Call us in time, for we are fine for *sheetes* :

“ Yea, for a shift, to steale them from the hedge,

“ And lay both *sheetes* and linnen all to gage.

“ We are best be gone, least some do heare alledged

“ We are but roages, and clappe us in the cage.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggars' Bush* :

“ To steal from the hedge both the shirt and the *sheet*.”

STEEVENS.

Autolycus means, that his practice was to steal sheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the smaller pieces for the kites to build with. M. MASON.

*When the kite builds, look to lesser linen.*] *Lesser linen* is an

to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus ;<sup>s</sup> who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison ;<sup>9</sup> and my revenue is the silly cheat :<sup>1</sup> Gallows, and knock,

ancient term, for which our modern laundresses have substituted —*small clothes*. STEEVENS.

This passage, I find, is not generally understood. When the good women, in solitary cottages near the woods where kites build, miss any of their *lesser linen*, as it hangs to dry on the hedge in spring, they conclude that the kite has been marauding for a lining to her nest ; and there adventurous boys often find it employed for that purpose. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>s</sup> — *My father named me, Autolycus ; &c.*] Mr. Theobald says, *the allusion is unquestionably to Ovid*. He is mistaken. Not only the allusion, but the whole speech is taken from Lucian ; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from several places of his works. It is from *his discourse on judicial astrology*, where Autolycus talks much in the same manner ; and 'tis on this account that he is called the son of Mercury by the ancients, namely, because he was born under that planet. And as the infant was supposed by the astrologers to communicate of the nature of the star which predominated, so Autolycus was a thief. WARBURTON.

This piece of Lucian, to which Dr. Warburton refers, was translated long before the time of Shakspeare. I have seen it, but it had no date. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison ;*] i. e. with gaming and whoring, I brought myself to this shabby dress. PERCY.

<sup>1</sup> — *my revenue is the silly cheat :*] *Silly* is used by the writers of our author's time, for simple, low, mean ; and in this the humour of the speech consists. I don't aspire to arduous and high things, as Bridewell or the gallows : I am contented with this humble and low way of life, as a *snapper-up of unconsidered trifles*. But the Oxford editor, who, by his emendations, seems to have declared war against all Shakspeare's humour, alters it to, —*the sly cheat*. WARBURTON.

The *silly cheat* is one of the *technical* terms belonging to the art of *coneycatching* or *thievery*, which Greene has mentioned

are too powerful on the highway :<sup>2</sup> beating, and hanging, are terrors to me ; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize ! a prize !

*Enter Clown.*

CLO. Let me see :—Every 'leven wether—tods ;<sup>3</sup>

among the rest, in his treatise on that ancient and honourable science. I think it means *picking pockets*. STEEVENS.

\* *Gallows, and knock, &c.*] The resistance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the punishment which he suffers on detection, withhold me from daring robbery, and determine me to the silly cheat and petty theft. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *tods* ;] A *tod* is twenty-eight pounds of wool. PERCY.

I was led into an error concerning this passage by the word *tods*, which I conceived to be a substantive, but which is used ungrammatically as the third person singular of the verb to *tod*, in concord with the preceding words—*every 'leven wether*. The same disregard of grammar is found in almost every page of the old copies, and has been properly corrected, but here is in character, and should be preserved.

Dr. Farmer observes to me, that to *tod* is used as a verb by dealers in wool ; thus, they say : " Twenty sheep ought to *tod* fifty pounds of wool," &c. The meaning, therefore, of the Clown's words is : " Every eleven wether *tods* ; i. e. *will produce a tod*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool ; every tod yields a pound and some odd shillings ; what then will the wool of fifteen hundred yield ?"

The occupation of his father furnished our poet with accurate knowledge on this subject ; for two pounds and a half of wool is, I am told, a very good produce from a sheep at the time of shearing. About thirty shillings a tod is a high price at this day. It is singular, as Sir Henry Englefield remarks to me, that there should be so little variation between the price of wool in Shakspeare's time and the present.—In 1425, as I learn from Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*, a tod of wool sold for nine shillings and sixpence. MALONE.

*Every 'leven wether—tods* ;] This has been rightly expounded to mean that the wool of *eleven sheep* would weigh a *tod*, or 28*lb.* Each fleece would, therefore, be 2*lb.* 8*oz.* 11½*dr.* and the

every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

*AUT.* If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

[*Aside.*

*CLO.* I cannot do't without counters.<sup>4</sup>—Let me see; what I am to buy for our sheep-shearing feast?<sup>5</sup>

*Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice*—What will this sister of mine do with rice?

But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all,<sup>6</sup> and very good ones; but they are most of

whole produce of *fifteen hundred shorn 136 tod, 1 clove, 2lb. 6oz. 2 dr. which at pound and odd shilling per tod, would yield £. 143 3 0.* Our author was too familiar with the subject to be suspected of inaccuracy.

Indeed it appears from *Stafford's Breefe Conceipte of English Pollicye*, 1581, p. 16, that the price of a tod of wool was at that period *twenty or two and twenty shillings*: so that the medium price was exactly "*pound and odd shilling.*" RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *without counters.*] By the help of small circular pieces of base metal, all reckonings were anciently adjusted among the illiterate and vulgar. Thus, Iago, in contempt of Cassio, calls him—*counter-caster.* See my note on *Othello*, Act I. sc. i.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *sheep-shearing feast?*] The expence attending these festivities, appears to have afforded matter of complaint. Thus, in *Questions of profitable and pleasant Concernings*, &c. 1594: "If it be a *sheep-shearing feast*, maister Bailly can entertaine you with his bill of reckonings to his maister of three sheapheard's wages, spent on fresh cates, besides *spices and saffron pottage.*"

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *three-man song-men all,*] i. e. singers of catches in three parts. A *six-man song* occurs in *The Tournament of Tottenham*. See *The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 24. PERCY.

So, in Heywood's *King Edward IV.* 1626: "— call Dudgeon and his fellows, we'll have a *three-man song.*" Before the

them means and bases :<sup>7</sup> but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden pies ;<sup>8</sup> *mace*,—*dates*,—none ; that's out of my note : *nutmegs*, *seven* ; *a race*, or *two*, of *ginger* ; but that I may beg ;—*four pound of prunes*, and *as many of raisins o' the sun*.

AUT. O, that ever I was born !

[*Grovelling on the ground*.

CLO. I'the name of me,<sup>9</sup>——

AUT. O, help me, help me ! pluck but off these rags ; and then, death, death !

CLO. Alack, poor soul ! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

AUT. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends

comedy of *The Gentle Craft, or the Shoemaker's Holiday*, 1600, some of these *three-man songs* are printed. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —— means and bases :] *Means* are tenors. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ —— he can sing

“ *A mean most meanly*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— warden pies ;] *Wardens* are a species of large pears. I believe the name is disused at present. It however afforded Ben Jonson room for a quibble in his masque of *Gypsies Metamorphosed* :

“ *A deputy tart, a church-warden pye*.”

It appears from a passage in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, that these pears were usually eaten roasted :

“ *I would have had him roasted like a warden*,

“ *In brown paper*.”

The French call this pear the *poire de garde*. STEEVENS.

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, voce *Warden Trec*, [*Volemum*] says, *Volema autem pyra sunt prægrandia, ita dicta quod impleant volam*. REED.

<sup>9</sup> *I'the name of me*,] This is a vulgar exclamation, which I have often heard used. So, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek :—“ *Before me, she's a good wench*.” STEEVENS.

me more than the stripes I have received ; which are mighty ones, and millions.

CLO. Alas, poor man ! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

AUT. I am robbed, sir, and beaten ; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

CLO. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man ?

AUT. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

CLO. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee ; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee : come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

AUT. O ! good sir, tenderly, oh !

CLO. Alas, poor soul.

AUT. O, good sir, softly, good sir : I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

CLO. How now ? canst stand ?

AUT. Softly, dear sir ; [*Picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly : you ha' done me a charitable office.

CLO. Dost lack any money ? I have a little money for thee.

AUT. No, good sweet sir ; no, I beseech you, sir : I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going ; I shall there have money, or any thing I want : Offer me no money, I pray you ; that kills my heart.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ——— [*that kills my heart.*] So, in *King Henry V.* Dame Quickly, speaking of Falstaff, says—"the king hath killed his heart." STEEVENS.



CLO. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

AUT. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames:<sup>2</sup> I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

CLO. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — with trol-my-dames:] *Trou-madame*, French. The game of nine-holes. WARBURTON.

In Dr. Jones's old treatise on *Buckstone Bathes*, he says: "The ladies, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to trouble pummits, either wyolent or softe, after their own discretion: the pastyme trouble in madame is termed." FARMER.

The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes*; as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, resemble the cavities made for *pigeons* in a *dove-house*. So, in *The Antipodes*, 1638:

"Three-pence I lost at nine-pins; but I got

"Six tokens towards that at *pigeon-holes*."

Again, in *A Wonder, or a Woman never vex'd*, 1632:  
"What quicksands, he finds out, as dice, cards, *pigeon-holes*."

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is perfectly accurate in his description of the game of *Trou-madame*, or *pigeon-holes*. *Nine holes* is quite another thing; thus:

o o o being so many holes made in the ground, into which  
o o o they are to bowl a pellet. I have seen both played  
o o o at. RITSON.

This game is mentioned by Drayton in the 14th song of his *Polyolbion*:

"At *nine-holes* on the heath while they together play."

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *abide*.] To *abide*, here, must signify, to *sojourn*, to live for a time without a settled habitation. JOHNSON.



*AUT.* Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well : he hath been since an ape-bearer ; then a process-server, a bailiff ; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son,<sup>4</sup> and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies ; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue : some call him Autolycus.

*CLO.* Out upon him ! Prig, for my life, prig :<sup>5</sup> he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

*AUT.* Very true, sir ; he, sir, he ; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

*CLO.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia ; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

*AUT.* I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter : I am false of heart that way ; and that he knew, I warrant him.

*CLO.* How do you now ?

*AUT.* Sweet sir, much better than I was ; I can stand, and walk : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

*CLO.* Shall I bring thee on the way ?

*AUT.* No, good-faced sir ; no, sweet sir.

To *abide* is again used in *Macbeth*, in the sense of *tarrying for a while* :

“ I'll call upon you straight ; *abide* within.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — motion of the prodigal son,] i. e. the puppet-shew, then called *motions*. A term frequently occurring in our author.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> — Prig, for my life, prig :] To prig is to filch.

MALONE.

In the canting language *Prig* is a thief or pick-pocket ; and therefore in *The Beggars' Bush*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Prig* is the name of a knavish beggar. WHALLEY.

CLO. Then fare thee well ; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

AUT. Prosper you, sweet sir !—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too : If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue !<sup>6</sup>

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,*<sup>7</sup>

*And merrily hent the stile-a :*<sup>8</sup>

*A merry heart goes all the day,*

*Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[*Exit.*]

<sup>6</sup> ——— let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue !] Begging gypsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the show of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled, if he does not so and so. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *Jog on, jog on, &c.*] These lines are part of a catch printed in *An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills compounded of witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and merry Catches*, 1661, 4to. p. 69. REED.

<sup>8</sup> *And merrily hent the stile-a :*] To *hent* the stile, is to take hold of it. I was mistaken when I said in a note on *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. sc. ult. that the verb was—to *hend*. It is to *hent*, and comes from the Saxon *pentan*. So, in the old romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date :

“ Some by the armes *hent* good Guy.”

Again :

“ And some by the brydle him *hent*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. vii :

“ Great labour fondly hast thou *hent* in hand.”

STEEVENS.

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.*

*Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

FLO. These your unusual weeds to each part  
of you  
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,  
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing  
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,  
And you the queen on't.

PER. Sir, my gracious lord,  
To chide at your extremes,<sup>9</sup> it not becomes me;  
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,  
The gracious mark o'the land,<sup>1</sup> you have obscur'd  
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,  
Most goddess-like prank'd up:<sup>2</sup> But that our feasts

<sup>9</sup> — *your extremes,*] That is, your *excesses*, the *extravagance* of your praises. JOHNSON.

By his *extremes*, Perdita does not mean his *extravagant praises*, as Johnson supposes; but the *extravagance of his conduct*, in obscuring himself "in a swain's wearing," while he "pranked her up most goddess-like." The following words, *O pardon that I name them*, prove this to be her meaning. M. MASON.

<sup>1</sup> *The gracious mark o'the land,*] The object of all men's notice and expectation. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"He was the mark and glass, copy and book,  
"That fashion'd others." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *prank'd up:*] To *prank* is to dress with ostentation. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"For they do *prank* them in authority."  
Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

"I pray you go *prank* you." STEEVENS.

In every mess have folly, and the feeders  
 Digest it<sup>3</sup> with a custom, I should blush  
 To see you so attired; sworn, I think,  
 To show myself a glass.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Digest it* —] The word *it* was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — sworn, *I think,*

*To show myself a glass.*] i. e. one would think that in putting on this habit of a shepherd, you had sworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a glass, you shew me how much below yourself you must descend before you can get upon a level with me. The sentiment is fine, and expresses all the delicacy, as well as humble modesty of the character. WARBURTON.

Dr. Thirlby inclines rather to Sir T. Hanmer's emendation, which certainly makes an easy sense, and is, in my opinion, preferable to the present reading. But concerning this passage I know not what to decide. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has well enough explained this passage according to the old reading. Though I cannot help offering a transposition, which I would explain thus:

— But that our feasts

*In every mess have folly, and the feeders*

*Digest it with a custom, (sworn I think,)*

*To see you so attired, I should blush*

*To show myself a glass.*

i. e.—But that our rustick feasts are in every part accompanied with absurdity of the same kind, which custom has authorized, (custom which one would think the guests had sworn to observe,) I should blush to present myself before a glass, which would show me my own person adorned in a manner so foreign to my humble state, or so much better habited than even that of my prince. STEEVENS.

I think she means only to say, that the prince, by the *rustick* habit that he wears, seems as if he had sworn to show her a glass, in which she might behold how she *ought* to be attired, instead of being “most goddess-like prank’d up.” The passage quoted in p. 329, from *King Henry IV.* P. II. confirms this interpretation. In *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, Vol. VII. p. 72, a fosterer having given the Princess a true representation of herself, she addresses him:—“Here, good my glass.”

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

FLO. I bless the time,  
When my good falcon made her flight across  
Thy father's ground.<sup>5</sup>

PER. Now Jove afford you cause !  
To me, the difference forges dread;<sup>6</sup> your greatness  
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble  
To think, your father, by some accident,  
Should pass this way, as you did : O, the fates !  
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,  
Vilely bound up ?<sup>7</sup> What would he say ? Or how

" —— I, your *glass*,

" Will modestly discover to yourself,

" That of yourself," &c.

Again, more appositely, in *Hamlet* :

" —— he was indeed the *glass*,

" Wherein the noble youth did *dress* themselves."

Florizel is here Perdita's glass. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*swoon*, instead of *sworn*. There is, in my opinion, no need of change ; and the words " to *shew* myself " appear to me inconsistent with that reading.

Sir Thomas Hanmer probably thought the similitude of the words *sworn* and *swoon* favourable to his emendation ; but he forgot that *swoon* in the old copies of these plays is always written *sound* or *swound*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *When my good falcon made her flight across*

*Thy father's ground.*] This circumstance is likewise taken from the novel : " — And as they returned, it fortun'd that Dorastus (who all that day had been *hawking*, and killed store of game,) incountered by the way these two maides." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *To me the difference forges dread ;*] Meaning the difference between his rank and hers. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

" The course of true love never did run smooth,

" But either it was *different* in blood—." M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> —— *his work, so noble,*

*Vilely bound up ?*] It is impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The authorship of Shakspeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which, rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country

Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold  
The sternness of his presence ?

FLO. Apprehend  
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love,<sup>8</sup> have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them : Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,  
As I seem now : Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer ;  
Nor in a way<sup>9</sup> so chaste : since my desires  
Run not before mine honour ; nor my lusts  
Burn hotter than my faith.

maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind passed naturally  
to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor.

JOHNSON.

The allusion occurs more than once in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ This precious *booke of love*, this *unbound lover*,

“ To beautify him only lacks a *cover*.”

Again :

“ That book in many eyes doth share the glory,

“ That in *gold clasps* locks in the golden story.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *The gods themselves,*

*Humbling their deities to love,*] This is taken almost literally  
from the novel : “ The Gods above disdain not to love women  
beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne ; Jupiter Io ; and why not I  
then Fawnia ? One something inferior to these in birth, but far  
superior to them in beauty ; born to be a shepherdesse, but  
worthy to be a goddess.” Again : “ And yet, Dorastus,  
shame not thy shepherd's weed.—The heavenly gods have  
sometime earthly thought ; Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a  
bull, Apollo a shepherd : they gods, and yet in love ;—thou a  
nian, appointed to love.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Nor in a way* —] Read :—*Nor any way*. RITSON.

*Nor in a way so chaste :*] It must be remembered that the  
transformations of Gods were generally for illicit amours ; and  
consequently were not “ in a way so chaste ” as that of Florizel,  
whose object was to marry Perdita. A. C.

*PER.* O but, dear sir,<sup>1</sup>  
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis  
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the king :  
One of these two must be necessities,  
Which then will speak ; that you must change this  
purpose,  
Or I my life.

*FLO.* Thou dearest Perdita,  
With these forc'd thoughts,<sup>2</sup> I pr'ythee, darken not  
The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's: for I cannot be  
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if  
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;  
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing  
That you behold the while. Your guests are  
coming:

Lift up your countenance ; as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial, which  
We two have sworn shall come.

*PER.* O lady fortune.  
Stand you auspicious!

<sup>1</sup> *O but, dear sir,*] In the oldest copy the word—*dear*, is wanting. STEEVENS.

The editor of the second folio reads—O but, *dear* sir ; to complete the metre. But the addition is unnecessary ; *burn* in the preceding hemistich being used as a dissyllable. Perdita in a former part of this scene addresses Florizel in the same respectful manner as here : “ *Sir, my precious lord,*” &c. I formerly, not adverting to what has been now stated, proposed to take the word *your* from the subsequent line ; but no change is necessary.

MALONE.

I follow the second folio, confessing my inability to read—*burn*, as a word of more than one syllable. STEEVENS.

\* *With these forc'd thoughts,*] That is, thoughts far-fetched, and not arising from the present objects. M. MASON.



*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO, disguised ; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and Others.*

*FLO.* See, your guests approach :  
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.

*SHEP.* Fye, daughter ! when my old wife liv'd,  
upon  
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook ;  
Both dame and servant : welcom'd all ; serv'd all :  
Would sing her song, and dance her turn : now here,  
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle ;  
On his shoulder, and his : her face o' fire  
With labour ; and the thing, she took to quench it,  
She would to each one sip : You are retir'd,  
As if you were a feasted one, and not  
The hostess of the meeting : Pray you, bid  
These unknown friends to us welcome : for it is  
A way to make us better friends, more known.  
Come, quench your blushes ; and present yourself  
That which you are, mistress o'the feast :<sup>3</sup> Come on,  
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

*PER.* Welcome, sir ! [*To POL.*  
It is my father's will, I should take on me  
The hostessship o' the day :—You're welcome, sir !  
[*To CAMILLO.*  
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend  
sirs,  
For you there's rosemary, and rue ; these keep

<sup>3</sup> *That which you are, mistress o'the feast :*] From the novel :  
“ It happened not long after this, that there was a meeting of  
all the farmers' daughters of Sicilia, whither Fawnia was also bid-  
den as *mistress of the feast.*” MALONE.

Seeming, and savour, all the winter long :  
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,<sup>4</sup>  
And welcome to our shearing !

*POL.* Shepherdess,  
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

*PER.* Sir, the year growing ancient,—  
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o'the sea-  
son

Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,  
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind  
Our rustick garden's barren; and I care not  
To get slips of them.

*POL.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them?

*PER.* For I have heard it said,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *For you there's rosemary, and rue ; these keep  
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long :*

Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,] Ophelia distributes the same plants, and accompanies them with the same documents. "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance. There's rue for you: we may call it herb of grace." The qualities of retaining *seeming* and *savour*, appear to be the reason why these plants were considered as emblematical of *grace* and *remembrance*. The nosegay distributed by Perdita with the significations annexed to each flower, reminds one of the ænigmatical letter from a Turkish lover, described by Lady M. W. Montagu.

HENLEY.

Grace, and remembrance,] Rue was called herb of Grace. Rosemary was the emblem of remembrance; I know not why, unless because it was carried at funerals. JOHNSON.

Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and is prescribed for that purpose in the books of ancient physicians. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> For *I have heard it said,*] *For*, in this place, signifies—*because that*. So, in Chaucer's *Clerkes Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 8092:

There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares  
With great creating nature.<sup>6</sup>

*POL.* Say, there be ;  
Yet nature is made better by no mean,  
But nature makes that mean : so, o'er that art,  
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scion to the wildest stock ;  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race ; This is an art  
Which does mend nature,—change it rather : but  
The art itself is nature.

*PER.* So it is.

*POL.* Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,<sup>7</sup>

“ She dranke, and for she wolde vertue plesse,  
“ She knew wel labour, but non idel ese.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares  
With great creating nature.*] That is, as Mr. T. Warton  
observes, “ There is an art which can produce flowers, with *as  
great a variety of colours* as nature herself.”

This art is pretended to be taught at the ends of some of the  
old books that treat of cookery, &c. but, being utterly imprac-  
ticable, is not worth exemplification. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *in gillyflowers,*] There is some further conceit relative  
to *gillyflowers* than has yet been discovered. The old copy, (in  
both instances where this word occurs,) reads—*Gillyvors*, a  
term still used by low people in Sussex, to denote a harlot. In  
*A Wonder, or a Woman never vex'd*, 1632, is the following pas-  
sage : A lover is behaving with freedom to his mistress as they  
are going into a garden, and after she has alluded to the quality  
of many herbs, he adds : “ You have fair roses, have you not ?”  
“ Yes, sir, (says she,) but no *gillyflowers*.” Meaning, per-  
haps, that she would not be treated like a *gill-flirt*, i. e. wanton,  
a word often met with in the old plays, but written *flirt-gill* in  
*Romeo and Juliet*. I suppose *gill-flirt* to be derived, or rather  
corrupted, from *gilly-flower* or carnation, which, though beau-  
tiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener’s phrase, to run  
from its colours, and change as often as a licentious female.

And do not call them bastards.

PER. I'll not put  
The dibble<sup>8</sup> in earth to set one slip of them:  
No more than, were I painted, I would wish  
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only there-  
fore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;  
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;  
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,  
And with him rises<sup>9</sup> weeping; these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given  
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

CAM. I should leave grazing, were I of your  
flock,  
And only live by gazing.

PER. Out, alas!  
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January

Prior, in his *Solomon*, has taken notice of the same variability in this species of flowers:

“ —the fond carnation loves to shoot

“ Two various colours from one parent root.”

In Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578, some sorts of *gilliflowers* are called *small honesties*, *cuckoo gilloses*, &c. And in *A. W.'s Commendation of Gascoigne and his Posies*, is the following remark on this species of flower:

“ Some think that *gilliflowers do yield a gelous smell.*”

See Gascoigne's Works, 1587. STEEVENS.

The following line in *The Paradise of daintie Devises*, 1578, may add some support to the first part of Mr. Steevens's note:

“ Some jolly youth the *gilly-flower* esteemeth for his joy.”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — dibble —] An instrument used by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. See it in Minshew. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,  
And with him rises —*] Hence, says Lupton, in his *Sixth Book of notable Things*: “ Some calles it, Sponsus Solis, the Spowse of the Sunne; because it sleepes and is awakened with him.” STEEVENS.

Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairest friend,  
 I would, I had some flowers o'thespring, that might  
 Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;  
 That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
 Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,  
 For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall  
 From Dis's waggon!<sup>1</sup> daffodils,  
 That come before the swallow dares, and take  
 The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,  
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ————— O Proserpina,

*For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall  
 From Dis's waggon!]* So, in Ovid's *Metam.* B. V:

“ ——— ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora,

“ Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis.” STEEVENS.

The whole passage is thus translated by Golding, 1587:

“ While in this garden *Proserpine* was taking her  
 pastime,

“ In gathering either *violets* blew, or *lillies* white as  
 lime,—

“ *Dis* spide her, lou'd her, caught hir up, and all at once  
 well neere.—

“ The ladie with a wailing voice *a*fright did often call

“ Hir mother——

“ And as she from the upper part hir garment would  
 have rent,

“ By chance she let her lap slip downe, and out her  
*flowers* went.” RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> ————— *violets, dim,*

*But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,]* I suspect that  
 our author mistakes Juno for Pallas, who was the goddess of *blue*  
*eyes*. Sweeter than an *eye-lid* is an odd image: but perhaps he  
 uses *sweet* in the general sense, for *delightful*. JOHNSON.

It was formerly the fashion to kiss the eyes, as a mark of extraordinary tenderness. I have somewhere met with an account of the first reception one of our kings gave to his new queen, where he is said to have *kissed her fayre eyes*. So, in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, v. 1358:

“ This Troilus full oft her *eyen* two

“ Gan for to kisse,” &c.

Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold<sup>3</sup>

Thus also, in the sixteenth *Odyssey*, 15, Eumæus kisses both the eyes of Telemachus:

“Κύσσε δέ μιν κεφαλὴν τε, καὶ ἀμφὶ φάεα καλὰ,—”

The same line occurs in the following Book, v. 39, where Penelope expresses her fondness for her son.

Again, in an ancient MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, in the possession of Mr. Strutt the engraver:

“O Juno, be not angry with thy Jove,

“But let me kisse thine *eyes* my sweete delight.” p. 6. b.

Another reason, however, why the *eyes* were kissed instead of the lips, may be found in a very scarce book entitled *A courtlie Controversy of Cupids Cautels: Conteyning Fiue tragicall Histories, &c. Translated out of French &c. by H. W.* [Henry Wotton] 4to. 1578: “Oh howe wise were our forefathers to forbidde wyne so strictly unto their children, and much more to their wives, so that for drinking wine they deserved defame, and being taken with the maner, it was lawfull to kisse their mouthes, whereas otherwise *men kissed but their eyes*, to showe that wine drinkers were apt to further offence.”

The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas:

“—————βωώπις πότνια Ἥρη.” *Homer.*

But (as Mr. M. Mason observes) “we are not told that Pallas was the goddess of blue eye-lids; besides, as Shakspeare joins in the comparison, the breath of Cytherea with the eye-lids of Juno, it is evident that he does not allude to the colour, but to the fragrance of violets.” STEEVENS.

So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:

“————— That *eye* was Juno's,

“Those lips were hers that won the golden ball,

“That virgin blush, Diana's.”

Spenser, as well as our author, has attributed beauty to the *eye-lid*:

“Upon her eye-lids many graces sate,

“Under the shadow of her even brows.”

*Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. iii. st. 25.

Again, in his 40th Sonnet:

“When on each eye-lid sweetly do appear

“An hundred graces, as in shade they sit.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ————— pale primroses,

That die unmarried, ere they can behold &c.] So, in *Pim-  
phycæ, or Runne Red-Cap*, 1609:



Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady  
 Most incident to maids; bold oxlips,<sup>4</sup> and  
 The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
 The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,  
 To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,  
 To strew him o'er and o'er.

FLO.

What? like a corse?

PER. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;  
 Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,

“ The pretty Dazie (eye of day)

“ The *Prime-Rose* which doth first display

“ Her youthful colours, and *first dies* :

“ Beauty and Death are enemies.”

Again, in Milton's *Lycidas* :

“ — the rathe *primrose* that *forsaken dies*.”

Mr. Warton, in a note on my last quotation, asks “ But why does the Primrose die *unmarried*? Not because it blooms and decays before the appearance of other flowers; as in a state of solitude, and without society. Shakspeare's reason, why it dies *unmarried*, is unintelligible, or rather is such as I do not wish to understand. The true reason is, because it grows in the shade, uncherished or unseen by the sun, who was supposed to be in love with some sorts of flowers.”

Perhaps, however, the true explanation of this passage may be deduced from a line originally subjoined by Milton to that already quoted from *Lycidas* :

“ Bring the rathe primrose that unwedded dies,

“ *Colouring the pale cheek of unenjoy'd love.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — bold *oxlips*,] *Gold* is the reading of Sir T. Hanmer; the former editions have *bold*. JOHNSON.

The *old reading* is certainly the *true one*. The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible stalk like the *cowslip*, but erects itself *boldly* in the face of the sun. Wallis, in his *History of Northumberland*, says, that the *great oxlip* grows a foot and a half high. It should be confessed, however, that the colour of the *oxlip* is taken notice of by other writers. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

“ — yellow *oxlips* bright as burnish'd *gold*.”

See Vol. IV. p. 379, n. 8. STEEVENS.



But quick, and in mine arms.<sup>5</sup> Come, take your  
flowers :

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do  
In Whitsun' pastorals : sure, this robe of mine  
Does change my disposition.

*FLO.* What you do,  
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,  
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,  
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;  
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,  
To sing them too : When you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that ; move still, still so, and own  
No other function : Each your doing,<sup>6</sup>  
So singular in each particular,  
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,  
That all your acts are queens.

*PER.* O Doricles,  
Your praises are too large : but that your youth,  
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— not to be buried,  
But quick, and in mine arms.] So, Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613 :

" *Isab.* Heigh ho, you'll bury me, I see.

" *Rob.* In the swan's down, and tomb thee in my arms."  
Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

" ——— O come, be buried

" A second time within these arms." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Each your doing, &c.*] That is, your manner in each  
act crowns the act. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— but that your youth,  
And the true blood which fairly peeps through it,] So,  
Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander* :

" Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep,

" With damaske eyes the ruby blood doth peep."

The part of the poem that was written by Marlowe, was published, I believe, in 1593, but certainly before 1598, a Second

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd ;  
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,  
 You woo'd me the false way.

FLO. I think, you have  
 As little skill to fear,\* as I have purpose  
 To put you to't.—But, come ; our dance, I pray :  
 Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,  
 That never mean to part.

PER.

I'll swear for 'em.<sup>9</sup>

Part or Continuation of it by H. Petowe having been printed in that year. It was entered at Stationers' Hall in September 1593, and is often quoted in a collection of verses entitled *England's Parnassus*, printed in 1600. From that collection it appears, that Marlowe wrote only the first two Sestiads, and about a hundred lines of the third, and that the remainder was written by Chapman. MALONE.

\* *I think, you have*

*As little skill to fear,*] *To have skill to do a thing* was a phrase then in use equivalent to our *to have a reason to do a thing*. The Oxford editor, ignorant of this, alters it to:

*As little skill in fear.*

which has no kind of sense in this place. WARBURTON.

I cannot approve of Warburton's explanation of this passage, or believe that *to have a skill* to do a thing, ever meant, *to have reason* to do it ; of which, when he asserted it, he ought to have produced one example at least.

The fears of women, on such occasions, are generally owing to their experience. They fear, as they blush, because they understand. It is to this that Florizel alludes, when he says, that Perdita had *little skill to fear*.—So Juliet says to Romeo:

“ But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

“ Than those who have more *cunning* to be strange.”

M. MASON.

You as little *know* how to fear that I am false, as, &c.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Per. *I'll swear for 'em.*] I fancy this half line is placed to a wrong person. And that the King begins his speech aside:

Pol. *I'll swear for 'em,*

*This is the prettiest* &c. JOHNSON.

We should doubtless read thus:

*I'll swear for one.*

*POL.* This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever  
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,  
But smacks of something greater than herself;  
Too noble for this place.

*CAM.* He tells her something,  
That makes her blood look out:<sup>1</sup> Good sooth, she is  
The queen of curds and cream.

*CLO.* Come on, strike up.

*DOR.* Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, gar-  
lick,  
To mend her kissing with.—

*MOP.* Now, in good time!

*CLO.* Not a word, a word; we stand<sup>2</sup> upon our  
manners.—

Come, strike up. [Musick.

i. e. I will answer or engage for myself. Some alteration is absolutely necessary. This seems the easiest, and the reply will then be perfectly becoming her character. RITSON.

<sup>1</sup> *He tells her something,*

*That makes her blood look out:]* The meaning must be this. The Prince tells her something that calls the blood up into her cheeks, and makes her blush. She, but a little before, uses a like expression to describe the Prince's sincerity:

————— *your youth*

*And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,  
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd.*

THEOBALD.

The old copy reads—look on't. STEEVENS.

"—— we stand &c.] That is, we are now on our behaviour.  
JOHNSON.

So, in *Every Man in his Humour*, Master Stephen says:

"Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend."  
STEEVENS.

*Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

POL. Pray, good shepherd, what  
Fairswain is this, which dances with your daughter?

SHEP. They call him Doricles; and he boasts  
himself<sup>3</sup>

To have a worthy feeding:<sup>4</sup> but I have it  
Upon his own report, and I believe it;  
He looks like sooth:<sup>5</sup> He says, he loves my daughter;

I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon  
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,  
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,  
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,  
Who loves another best.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ———and *he boasts himself*—] The old copy reads—and boasts himself; which cannot, I think, be right. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—a boasts himself. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ———a *worthy feeding*:] I conceive *feeding* to be a *pasture*, and a *worthy feeding* to be a tract of *pasturage* not inconsiderable, not unworthy of my daughter's fortune. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is just. So, in Drayton's *Moon-calf*:

“Finding the *feeding* for which he had toil'd

“To have kept safe, by these vile cattle spoil'd.”

Again, in the sixth song of the *Polyolbion*:

“——so much that do rely

“Upon their *feedings*, flocks, and their fertility.”

“A *worthy feeding* (says Mr. M. Mason,) is a *valuable*, a *substantial* one. Thus, Antonio, in *Twelfth-Night*:

“But were my *worth*, as is my conscience, firm,

“You should find better dealing.”

*Worth* here means *fortune* or *substance*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *He looks like sooth*:] *Sooth* is truth. Obsolete. So, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

“Thou dost dissemble, but I mean good *sooth*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Who loves another best*.] Surely we should read—Who loves the other best. M. MASON.

POL.

She dances featly.

SHEP. So she does any thing; though I report it,  
That should be silent: if young Doricles  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that  
Which he not dreams of.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

CLO. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down,<sup>7</sup> or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

SERV. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves:<sup>8</sup> he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of *dildos*<sup>9</sup> and *fadings*:<sup>1</sup> *jump her*

<sup>7</sup> — doleful *matter*, merrily *set down*,] This seems to be another stroke aimed at the title-page of Preston's *Cambises*: "A lamentable Tragedy, mixed full of pleasant *Mirth*," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves:] In the time of our author, and long afterwards, the trade of a milliner was carried on by men. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — of *dildos* —] "With a hie *dildo* dill," is the burthen of *The Batchelors' Feast*, an ancient ballad, and is likewise called the *Tune* of it. STEEVENS.

See also, *Choice Drollery*, 1656, p. 31:

"A story strange I will you tell,

"But not so strange as true,

"Of a woman that danc'd upon the rope,

"And so did her husband too;

and thump her; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.<sup>2</sup>

POL. This is a brave fellow.

CLO. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?<sup>3</sup>

"With a dildo, dildo, dildo,  
"With a dildo, dildo, dec." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *fadings*:] An Irish dance of this name is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in *The Irish Masque at Court*:

"—and daunsh a *fading* at te wedding."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

"I will have him dance *fading*; *fading* is a fine jig."

TYRWHITT.

So, in *The Bird in a Cage*, by Shirley, 1633:

"But under her coats the ball be found.—"

"With a *fading*."

Again, in Ben Jonson's 97th Epigram:

"See you yond motion? not the old *fading*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.] This was the name of an old song. In the famous *History of Friar Bacon* we have a ballad to the tune of "*Oh! do me no harme, good man*."

FARMER.

This tune is preserved in a collection intitled "*Ayres, to sing and play to the Lute and Basse Violl, with Pauins, Galliards, Almains, and Corantos, for the Lyra Violl*." By William Corbini: 1610, fol. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *unbraided wares*?] Surely we must read *braided*, for such are all the *wares* mentioned in the answer. JOHNSON.

I believe by *unbraided wares*, the Clown means, has he any thing besides *laces* which are *braided*, and are the principal commodity sold by ballad-singing pedlers. Yes, replies the servant, *he has ribands*, &c. which are things not *braided*, but *woven*. The drift of the Clown's question, is either to know whether Autolycus has any thing better than is commonly sold by such vagrants; any thing worthy to be presented to his mistress: or,



*SERV.* He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle,<sup>4</sup> though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses,<sup>5</sup> cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, 'as they were gods

as probably, by enquiring for something which pedlers usually have not, to escape laying out his money at all. The following passage in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, however, leads me to suppose that there is here some allusion which I cannot explain: "—— She says that you sent ware which is not warrantable, *braided* ware, and that you give not London measure."

STEEVENS.

*Unbraided wares* may be wares of the best manufacture. *Braid* in Shakspeare's *All's well*, &c. Act IV. sc. ii. signifies deceitful. *Braided* in Bailey's *Dict.* means *faded*, or having lost its colour; and why then may not *unbraided* import whatever is undamaged, or what is of the better sort? Several old statutes forbid the importation of ribands, laces, &c. as "falsely and deceitfully wrought." TOLLET.

Probably *unbraided wares* means "wares *not ornamented with braid*." M. MASON.

The Clown is perhaps inquiring not for something better than common, but for smooth and plain goods. Has he any plain wares, not twisted into braids? Ribands, cambricks, and lawns, all answer to this description. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —— points, *more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle*,] The *points* that afford Autolycus a subject for this quibble, were laces with metal tags to them. *Aiguillettes*, Fr.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— *caddisses*,] I do not exactly know what *caddisses* are. In Shirley's *Witty Fair One*, 1633, one of the characters says: — "I will have eight velvet pages, and six footmen in *caddis*."

In *The First Part of King Henry IV.* I have supposed *caddis* to be *ferret*. Perhaps by *six footmen in caddis*, is meant six footmen with their liveries laced with such a kind of worsted stuff. As this worsted lace was particoloured, it might have received its title from *cadesse*, the ancient name for a *daw*. STEEVENS.

*Caddis* is, I believe, a narrow worsted galloon. I remember when very young to have heard it enumerated by a pedler among the articles of his pack. There is a very narrow slight serge of this name now made in France. *Inkle* is a kind of tape also.

MALONE.



or goddesses; you would think, a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.<sup>6</sup>

*CLO.* Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

*PER.* Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*sleeve-band*. JOHNSON.

The old reading is right, or we must alter some passages in other authors. The word *sleeve-hands* occurs in Leland's *Collectanea*, 1770, Vol. IV. p. 323: "A surcoat [of crimson velvet] furred with mynever pure, the collar, skirts, and *sleeve-hands* garnished with ribbons of gold." So, in Cotgrave's *Dict.* "*Poignet de la chemise*," is Englished "the wristband, or gathering at the *sleeve-hand* of a shirt." Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. IV. p. 293, King James's "shurt was broded with thred of gold," and in p. 341, the word *sleeve-hand* occurs, and seems to signify the cuffs of a surcoat, as here it may mean the cuffs of a smock. I conceive, that the *work about the square on't*, signifies the work or embroidery about the bosom part of a shift, which might then have been of a square form, or might have a square tucker, as Anne Bolen and Jane Seymour have in Houbraken's engravings of the heads of illustrious persons. So, in Fairfax's translation of Tasso, B. XII. st. 64:

"Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives,

"Her curious *square*, emboss'd with swelling gold."

I should have taken the *square* for a gorget or stomacher, but for this passage in Shakspeare. TOLLET.

The following passage in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577, may likewise tend to the support of the ancient reading—*sleeve-hand*. In a poem called *The Paynting of a Curtizan*, he says:

"Their smockes are all bewrought about the necke and hande." STEEVENS.

The word *sleeve-hand* is likewise used by P. Holland, in his translation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 19: "—in his apparel he was noted for singularity, as who used to goe in his senatour's purple studded robe, trimmed with a jagge or frindge at the *sleeve-hand*." MALONE.

CLO. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

PER. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;  
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;  
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;  
Masks for faces, and for noses;  
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,<sup>7</sup>  
Perfume for a lady's chamber:  
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,  
For my lads to give their dears;  
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,<sup>8</sup>  
What maids lack from head to heel:*

<sup>7</sup> — *necklace-amber,*] Place only a comma after *amber*. "Autolycus is puffing his female wares, and says that he has got among his other rare articles for ladies, some *necklace-amber*, an amber of which necklaces are made, commonly called *bead-amber*, fit to perfume a lady's chamber. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. sc. iii. Petruchio mentions *amber-bracelets*, beads," &c. Milton alludes to the fragrance of *amber*. See *Sams. Agon.* v. 720:

"An *amber* scent of odorous perfume,

"Her harbinger." T. WARTON.

<sup>8</sup> — *poking-sticks of steel,*] These *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. In Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604, is the following instance:—"There is such a deale of pinning these ruffles, when the fine clean fall is worth them all;" and, again: "If you should chance to take a nap in an afternoon, your falling band requires no *poking-stick* to recover his form," &c. Again, in Middleton's comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602: "Your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose get *poking-sticks* with fair long handles, iest they scorch your hands."

These *poking-sticks* are several times mentioned in Heywood's *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1633, second part; and

*Come, buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy ;  
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry :  
Come, buy, &c.*

*CLO.* If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me ; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

*MOP.* I was promised them against the feast ; but they come not too late now.

*DOR.* He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

*MOP.* He hath paid you all he promised you : may be, he has paid you more ; which will shame you to give him again.

*CLO.* Is there no manners left among maids ? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces ? Is there not milking-time, when you

in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1619, which has been attributed to Shakspeare. In the books of the Stationers' Company, July, 1590, was entered "A ballat entitled Blewe Starche and *Poking-sticks*. Allowed under the hand of the Bishop of London."

Again, in the Second Part of Stubbes's *Anatomic of Abuses*, 8vo. no date :

"They [*poking-sticks*] be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as silver, yea some of silver itselfe, and it is well if in processe of time they grow not to be gold. The fashion whereafter they be made, I cannot resemble to any thing so well as to a squirt or a little squibbe which little children used to squirt out water withal ; and when they come to starching and setting of their ruffles, then must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruffe," &c.

Stowe informs us, that "about the sixteenth yeare of the queene [Elizabeth] began the making of steele *poking-sticks*, and untill that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone." See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. sc. iv.

STEEVENS.

are going to bed, or kiln-hole,<sup>9</sup> to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: Clamour your tongues,<sup>1</sup> and not a word more.

<sup>9</sup> — kiln-hole,] The mouth of the oven. The word is spelt in the old copy *kill-hole*, and I should have supposed it an intentional blunder, but that Mrs. Ford in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* desires Falstaff to “creep into the *kiln-hole*;” and there the same false spelling is found. Mrs. Ford was certainly not intended for a blunderer. MALONE.

*Kiln-hole* is the place into which coals are put under a stove, a copper, or a *kiln* in which lime, &c. are to be dried or burned. To watch the *kiln-hole*, or *stoking-hole*, is part of the office of female servants in farm-houses. *Kiln*, at least in England, is not a synonyme to *oven*. STEEVENS.

*Kiln-hole* is pronounced *kill-hole*, in the midland counties, and generally means the fire-place used in making malt; and is still a noted gossiping place. HARRIS.

<sup>1</sup> — Clamour *your tongues*,] The phrase is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to cease them, the repetition of the strokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them. The allusion is humorous.

WARBURTON.

The word *clamour*, when applied to bells, does not signify in Shakspeare a ceasing, but a continued ringing. Thus used in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act V. sc. ii:

“*Ben.* — If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb e'er he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the *bell rings* and the widow weeps.

“*Beat.* And how long is that, think you?

“*Ben.* Question? why an hour in *clamour*, and a quarter in rheum.” GREY.

Perhaps the meaning is, *Give one grand peal, and then have done.* “A good *Clam*” (as I learn from Mr. Nichols,) in some villages is used in this sense, signifying a grand peal of all the bells at once. I suspect that Dr. Warburton's is a mere *gratis dictum*.

In a note on *Othello*, Dr. Johnson says, that “to *clam* a bell is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow, and hinders the sound.” If this be so, it affords an easy interpretation of the passage before us. MALONE.

Admitting this to be the sense, the disputed phrase may answer to the modern one of—*ringing a dumb peal*, i. e. with *muffled* bells. STEEVENS.

MOP. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace,<sup>2</sup> and a pair of sweet gloves.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — you promised me a tawdry lace,] *Tawdry lace* is thus described in Skinner, by his friend Dr. Henshawe: *Tawdrie lace, astrigmenta, timbria, seu fasciolæ, emtæ Nundinis Sæ. Etheldredæ celebratis: Ut rectè monet Doc. Thomas Henshawe.* Etymol. in voce. We find it in Spenser's *Pastorals*, Aprill:

“And gird in your wast,

“For more finenesse, with a *tawdrie lace*.”

T. WARTON.

So, in *The Life and Death of Jack Straw*, a comedy, 1593:

“Will you in faith, and I'll give you a *tawdrie lace*.”

Tom, the miller, offers this present to the queen, if she will procure his pardon.

It may be worth while to observe, that these *tawdry laces* were not the strings with which the ladies fasten their stays, but were worn about their heads, and their waists. So, in *The Four P's*, 1569:

“Brooches and rings, and all manner of beads,

“*Laces round and flat for women's heads.*”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song the second:

“Of which the Naides and the blew Nereides make

“Them *tawdries* for their necks.”

In a marginal note it is observed that *tawdries* are a kind of necklaces worn by country wenches.

Again, in the fourth song:

“— not the smallest becke,

“But with white pebbles makes her *tawdries* for her neck.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — a pair of sweet gloves.] Sweet, or perfumed gloves, are frequently mentioned by Shakspeare, and were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. Thus Autolycus, in the song just preceding this passage, offers to sale:

“Gloves as sweet as damask roses.”

Stowe's *Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the English could not “make any costly wash or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queene [Elizabeth,] the right honourable Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant thinges: and that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roses, of cullered silke. The queene took such pleasure in those gloves, that shee was pictured with those gloves upon her hands:

CLO. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

AUT. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

CLO. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

AUT. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

CLO. What hast here? ballads?

MOP. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life; <sup>4</sup> for then we are sure they are true.

and for many yeers after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume.*" Stowe's *Annals*, by Howes, edit. 1614, p. 868, col. 2.

In the *computus* of the bursars of Trinity College, Oxford, for the year 1631, the following article occurs: "*Solut. pro funigandis chirothecis.*" Gloves make a constant and considerable article of expence in the earlier accompt-books of the college here mentioned; and without doubt in those of many other societies. They were annually given (a custom still subsisting) to the college-tenants, and often presented to guests of distinction. But it appears (at least, from accompts of the said college in preceding years,) that the practice of *perfuming* gloves for this purpose was fallen into disuse soon after the reign of Charles the First. T. WARTON.

In the ancient metrical romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloine*, (which must have been written before the year 1375,) is the following passage, from which one would suppose, (if the author has been guilty of no anti-climax,) that *gloves* were once a more estimable present than *gold*:

"Lete me thy prisoneres seen,

"I wole thee gyfe both goolde and *gloves.*" p. 39.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I love a ballad in print, a'-life;*] Theobald reads, as it has been hitherto printed,—*or a life.* The text, however, is right; only it should be printed thus:—*a'-life.* So, it is in Ben Jonson:

"——thou *lovst a'-life*

"Their *perfum'd judgment.*"



*AUT.* Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eatadders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

*MOP.* Is it true, think you?

*AUT.* Very true; and but a month old.

*DOR.* Bless me from marrying a usurer!

*AUT.* Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?<sup>5</sup>

*MOP.* 'Pray you now, buy it.

*CLO.* Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

*AUT.* Here's another ballad, Of a fish,<sup>6</sup> that ap-

It is the abbreviation, I suppose, of—at life; as a'-work is, of at work. TYRWHITT.

This restoration is certainly proper. So, in *The Isle of Gulls*, 1606: "Now in good deed I love them a'-life too." Again, in *A Trick to catch the Old One*, 1619: "I love that sport a'-life, i'faith." *A-life* is the reading of the eldest copies of *The Winter's Tale*, viz. fol. 1623, and 1632. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *Why should I carry lies abroad?*] Perhaps Shakspeare remembered the following lines, which are found in Golding's translation of Ovid, 1587, in the same page in which he read the story of Baucis and Philemon, to which he has alluded in *Much Ado about Nothing*. They conclude the tale:

"These things did ancient men report of credite very good,

"For why, there was no cause that they should lie. As I there stood," &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *ballad, Of a fish, &c.*] Perhaps in later times prose has obtained a triumph over poetry, though in one of its meanest departments; for all dying speeches, confessions, narratives of murders, executions, &c. seem anciently to have been written in verse. Whoever was hanged or burnt, a merry, or a lamentable ballad (for both epithets are occasionally bestowed on these



peared upon the coast, on Wednesday the four-score of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids : it was thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh<sup>7</sup> with one that loved her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

DOR. Is it true too, think you?

AUT. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

CLO. Lay it by too: Another.

AUT. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

MOP. Let's have some merry ones.

AUT. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

MOP. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

compositions,) was immediately entered on the books of the Company of Stationers. Thus, in a subsequent scene of this play:—"Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that *ballad-makers* cannot be able to express it." STEEVENS.

— *Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast,—it was thought, she was a woman,*] In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company: "A strange reporte of a monstrous *fish* that appeared in the form of a *woman*, from her waist upward, seene in the sea." To this it is highly probable that Shakspeare alludes. MALONE.

See *The Tempest*, Vol. IV. p. 83, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — for *she would not exchange flesh* —] i. e. because.

REED.

So, in *Othello*: "Haply, for I am black." MALONE.

DOR. We had the tune on't a month ago.

AUT. I can bear my part ; you must know, 'tis my occupation : have at it with you.

### SONG.

A. *Get you hence, for I must go ;  
Where, it fits not you to know.*

D. *Whither? M. O, whither? D. Whither?*  
M. *It becomes thy oath full well,  
Thou to me thy secrets tell:*

D. *Me too, let me go thither.*

M. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:*

D. *If to either, thou dost ill.*

A. *Neither. D. What, neither? A. Neither.*

D. *Thou hast sworn my love to be ;*

M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me :*

*Then, whither go'st? say, whither?*

CLO. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves ; My father and the gentlemen are in sad<sup>s</sup> talk, and we'll not trouble them : Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both :—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

AUT. And you shall pay well for 'em, [*Aside.*

\* ——— *sad*—] For *serious*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing* :—"hand in hand, in *sad* conference." STEEVENS.

*Will you buy any tape,  
Or lace for your cape,  
My dainty duck, my dear-a?  
Any silk, any thread,  
Any toys for your head,  
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?  
Come to the pedler;  
Money's a medler,  
That doth utter all men's ware-a.<sup>9</sup>*

[*Exeunt* Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS,  
and MOPSA.]

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, threeneat-herds, three swine-herds,<sup>1</sup> that have

<sup>9</sup> *That doth utter all men's ware-a.*] To utter. To bring out, or produce. JOHNSON.

To utter is a legal phrase often made use of in law proceedings and Acts of Parliament, and signifies to vend by retail. From many instances I shall select the first which occurs. Stat. 21 Jac. I. c. 3, declares that the provisions therein contained shall not prejudice certain letters patent or commission granted to a corporation "concerning the licensing of the keeping of any tavern or taverns, or selling, *uttering*, or retailing of wines to be drunk or spent in the mansion-house of the party so selling or *uttering* the same." REED.

See Minshieu's DICT. 1617: "An utterance, or sale."

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Master, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds,*] Thus all the printed copies hitherto. Now, in two speeches after this, these are called *four* threes of *herdsmen*. But could the *carters* properly be called *herdsmen*? At least, they have not the final syllable, *herd*, in their names; which, I believe, Shakspeare intended all the *four* threes should have. I therefore guess he wrote:—*Master, there are three goat-herds, &c.* And so, I think, we take in the *four* species of cattle usually tended by *herdsmen*. THEOBALD.

made themselves all men of hair ;<sup>2</sup> they call them-

\* ——— *all men of hair ;*] *Men of hair*, are *hairy men*, or *satyrs*. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in France, the king and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed in close habits, tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and set fire to his satyr's garb, the flame ran instantly over the loose tufts, and spread itself to the dress of those that were next him ; a great number of the dancers were cruelly scorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguish them. The king had set himself in the lap of the dutchess of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and saved him. JOHNSON.

The curious reader, who wishes for more exact information relative to the foregoing occurrence in the year 1392, may consult the translation of Froissart's *Chronicle*, by Johan Bouchier knyght, lorde Berners, &c. 1525, Vol. II. cap. C.xcii. fo. CCxliii: "Of the aduerture of a daunce that was made at Parys in lykenesse of wodehowses, wherein the Frenche kynge was in parell of dethe." STEEVENS.

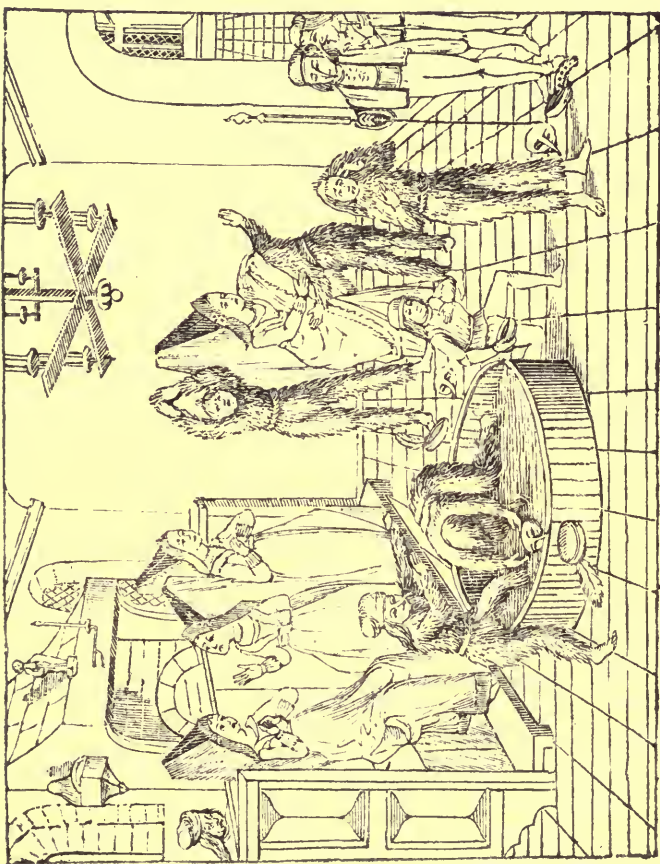
Melvil's *Memoirs*, p. 152, edit. 1735, bear additional testimony to the prevalence of this species of mummery :

"During their abode, [that of the ambassadors who assembled to congratulate Mary Queen of Scots on the birth of her son,] at Stirling, there was daily banqueting, dancing, and triumph. And at the principal banquet there fell out a great grudge among the Englishmen : for a Frenchman called Bastian devised a number of men formed like *satyrs*, with long tails, and whips in their hands, running before the meat, which was brought through the great hall upon a machine or engine, marching as appeared alone, with musicians clothed like maids, singing, and playing upon all sorts of instruments. But the *satyrs* were not content only to make way or room, but put their hands behind them to their tails, which they wagged with their hands in such sort, as the Englishmen supposed it had been devised and done in derision of them ; weakly apprehending that which they should not have appeared to understand. For Mr. Hatton, Mr. Lignish, and the most part of the gentlemen desired to sup before the queen and great banquet, that they might see the better the order and ceremonies of the triumph : but so soon as they perceived the *satyrs* wagging their tails, they all sat down upon the bare floor behind the back of the table, that they might not see themselves derided, as they thought. Mr. Hatton said unto me, if it were not in the queen's presence, he would put a dagger to

the heart of that French knave Bastian, who he alledged had done it out of despight that the queen made more of them than of the Frenchmen." REED.

The following copy of an illumination in a fine MS. of Froissart's *Chronicle*, preserved in the British Museum, will serve to illustrate Dr. Johnson's note, and to convey some idea, not only of the manner in which these *hairy men* were habited, but also of the rude simplicity of an ancient Ball-room and Masquerade. See the story at large in Froissart, B. IV. chap. lii. edit. 1559.

DOUCE.





selves saltiers:<sup>3</sup> and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry<sup>4</sup> of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,<sup>5</sup>) it will please plentifully.

*SHEP.* Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much humble foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

*POL.* You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

*SERV.* One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.<sup>6</sup>

*SHEP.* Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *they call themselves saltiers:*] He means *Satyr*s. Their dress was perhaps made of goat's skin. Cervantes mentions in the preface to his plays that in the time of an early Spanish writer, Lopè de Rueda, "All the furniture and utensils of the actors consisted of four shepherds' jerkins, made of the skins of sheep with the wool on, and adorned with gilt leather trimming: four beards and periwigs, and four pastoral crooks;—little more or less." Probably a similar shepherd's jerkin was used in our author's theatre. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *gallimaufry*—] Cockeram, in his *Dictionarie of hard Words*, 12mo. 1622, says, a *gallimaufry* is "a confused heape of things together." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *bowling,*] *Bowling*, I believe, is here a term for a dance of smooth motion, without great exertion of agility.

JOHNSON.

The allusion is not to a smooth dance, as Johnson supposes, but to the smoothness of a bowling green. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *by the squire.*] i. e. by the foot-rule: *Esquierre*, Fr. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. VII. p. 177, n. 2. MALONE.

SERV. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

*Re-enter Servant, with Twelve Rusticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

POL. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.<sup>7</sup>—

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take  
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,  
And handed love, as you do, I was wont  
To load myshe with knacks: I would have ransack'd  
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it  
To her acceptance; you have let him go,  
And nothing marted with him: If your lass  
Interpretation should abuse; and call this,  
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited<sup>8</sup>  
For a reply, at least, if you make a care  
Of happy holding her.

FLO.

Old sir, I know

<sup>7</sup> Pol. *O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.*] This is replied by the King in answer to the Shepherd's saying, *since these good men are pleased.* WARBURTON.

The dance which has interviened would take up too much time to preserve any connection between the two speeches. The line spoken by the King seems to be in reply to some unexpressed question from the old Shepherd. RITSON.

This is an answer to something which the Shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance. M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> — *straited*—] i. e. put to difficulties. STEEVENS.



She prizes not such trifles as these are :  
 The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd  
 Up in my heart ; which I have given already,  
 But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life  
 Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,<sup>9</sup>  
 Hath sometime lov'd : I take thy hand ; this hand,  
 As soft as dove's down, and as white as it ;  
 Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,<sup>1</sup>  
 That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

*POL.* What follows this?—

How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
 The hand, was fair before !—I have put you out :—  
 But, to your protestation ; let me hear  
 What you profess.

*FLO.* Do, and be witness to't.

*POL.* And this my neighbour too ?

*FLO.* And he, and more  
 Than he, and men ; the earth, the heavens, and all :  
 That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
 Thereof most worthy ; were I the fairest youth  
 That ever made eye swerve ; had force, and know-  
                                   ledge,  
 More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,  
 Without her love : for her, employ them all ;

<sup>9</sup> — who, *it should seem*,] Old copy—*whom*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — or the *fann'd snow*,] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,

“ *Fann'd* by the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

“ When thou hold'st up thy hand.” STEEVENS.

— or the *fann'd snow*,

*That's bolted &c.*] The fine sieve used by millers to separate flour from bran is called a *bolting* cloth. HARRIS.

Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,  
Or to their own perdition.

*POL.* Fairly offer'd,

*CAM.* This shows a sound affection.

*SHEP.* But, my daughter,  
Say you the like to him?

*PER.* I cannot speak  
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:  
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
The purity of his.

*SHEP.* Take hands, a bargain;—  
And, friends unknown you shall bear witness to't:  
I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

*FLO.* O, that must be  
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;  
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,  
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

*SHEP.* Come, your hand;—  
And, daughter, yours.

*POL.* Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you;  
Have you a father?

*FLO.* I have: But what of him?

*POL.* Knows he of this?

*FLO.* He neither does, nor shall.

*POL.* Methinks, a father  
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest  
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;  
Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age, and altering rheums?<sup>2</sup> Can he speak?  
hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?<sup>3</sup>  
Lies he not bed-ridden? and again does nothing,  
But what he did being childish?

*FLO.* No, good sir;  
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,  
Than most have of his age.

*POL.* By my white beard,  
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
Something unfilial: Reason, my son  
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,  
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel  
In such a business.

*FLO.* I yield all this;  
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint  
My father of this business.

<sup>2</sup> — *altering rheums?*] Rowe has transplanted this phrase into his *Jane Shore*, Act II. sc. i:

“ — when *altering rheums*

“ Have stain'd the lustre of thy starry eyes,” —

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *dispute his own estate?*] Perhaps for *dispute* we might read *compute*; but *dispute his estate* may be the same with *talk over his affairs*. JOHNSON.

The same phrase occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ Let me *dispute* with thee of thy *estate*.” STEEVENS.

Does not this allude to the next heir suing for the estate in cases of imbecility, lunacy, &c? CHAMIER.

It probably means — “ Can he assert and vindicate his right to his own property.” M. MASON.

POL. Let him know't.

FLO. He shall not.

POL. Pr'ythee, let him.

FLO. No, he must not.

SHEP. Let him, my son ; he shall not need to  
grieve  
At knowing of thy choice.

FLO. Come, come he must not :—  
Mark our contráct.

POL. Mark your divorce, young sir,  
[*Discovering himself.*  
Whom son I dare not call ; thou art too base  
To be acknowledg'd : Thou a scepter's heir,  
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook !—Thou old traitor,  
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but  
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece  
Of excellent witchcraft ; who, of force,<sup>4</sup> must know  
The royal fool thou cop'st with ;—

SHEP. O, my heart !

POL. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars,  
and made  
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—  
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,  
That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as  
never<sup>5</sup>  
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession ;  
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,

<sup>4</sup> ——— who, *of force*,] Old copy—*whom*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as never —]* The old copy reads, with absurd redundancy :

“ That thou no more shalt *never* see,” &c. STEEVENS.

Far than<sup>6</sup> Deucalion off:—Mark thou my words ;  
 Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,  
 Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee  
 From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—  
 Worthy enough a herdsman ; yea, him too,  
 That makes himself, but for our honour therein,  
 Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou  
 These rural latches to his entrance open,  
 Or hoop his body<sup>7</sup> more with thy embraces,  
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee,  
 As thou art tender to't. [Exit.

PER. Even here undone !  
 I was not much afeard :<sup>8</sup> for once, or twice,  
 I was about to speak ; and tell him plainly,  
 The selfsame sun, that shines upon his court,  
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
 Looks on alike.<sup>9</sup>—Will't please you, sir, be gone ?  
[To FLORIZEL.

<sup>6</sup> *Far than*—] I think for *far than* we should read—*far as*. We will not hold thee of our kin even so far off as Deucalion the common ancestor of all. JOHNSON.

The old reading *farre*, i. e. *further*, is the true one. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. See the *Glossaries* to Robert of Gloucester and Robert of Brunne. This, in the time of Chaucer, was softened into *ferre* :

“ But er I bere thee moche *ferre*.” *H. of Fa. B.* II. v. 92.

“ Thus was it peinted, I can say no *ferre*.”

*Knight's Tale*, 2062. TYRWHITT.

<sup>7</sup> *Or hoop his body*—] The old copy has—*hope*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *I was not much afeard* : &c.] The character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the King's discovery of himself had not become her birth ; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the King, had not become her education. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *I was about to speak ; and tell him plainly,  
 The selfsame sun, that shines upon his court,  
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
 Looks on alike.*]

So, in *Nosce Teipsum*, a poem, by Sir John Davies, 1599 :

I told you, what would come of this : 'Beseech you,  
Of your own state take care : this dream of mine,—  
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,  
But milk my ewes, and weep.

CAM. Why, how now, father ?  
Speak, ere thou diest.

SHEP. I cannot speak, nor think,  
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,  
[To FLORIZEL.  
You have undone a man of fourscore three,<sup>1</sup>

"Thou, like *the sunne*, dost with indifferent ray,

"Into the *palace* and the *cottage* shine."

Again, in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597 :

"The sunne on rich and poor alike doth shine."

*Looks on alike* is sense, and is supported by a passage in *King Henry VIII* :

"——— No, my lord,

"You know no more than others, but you blame

"Things that are known *alike*."

i. e. that are known alike *by all*.

To *look upon*, without any substantive annexed, is a mode of expression, which, though now unusual, appears to have been legitimate in Shakspeare's time. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

"He is my prize ; I will not *look upon*."

Again, in *King Henry VI*. P. III :

"Why stand we here—

"And *look upon*, as if the tragedy

"Were play'd in jest by counterfeited actors."

MALONE.

To *look upon*, in more modern phrase, is to look *on*, i. e. to be a mere idle spectator. In this sense it is employed in the two preceding instances. STEEVENS.

——*the selfsame sun*, &c.] "For he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good." *St. Matthew*, v. 45. DOUCE.

<sup>1</sup> *You have undone a man of fourscore three*, &c.] These sentiments, which the poet has heightened by a strain of ridicule that runs through them, admirably characterize the speaker ; whose selfishness is seen in concealing the adventure of Perdita ; and here supported, by showing no regard for his son or her, but being taken up entirely with himself, though *fourscore three*.

WARBURTON.

That thought to fill his grave in quiet ; yea,  
 To die upon the bed my father died,  
 To lie close by his honest bones : but now  
 Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me  
 Where no priest shovels-in dust.<sup>2</sup>—O cursed wretch !

[To PERDITA.

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st ad-  
 venture

To mingle faith with him.—Undone ! undone !

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire.<sup>3</sup> [Exit.

FLO. Why look you so upon me ?<sup>4</sup>  
 I am but sorry, not afeard ; delay'd,  
 But nothing alter'd : What I was, I am :  
 More straining on, for plucking back ; not following  
 My leash unwillingly.

CAM. Gracious my lord,  
 You know your father's temper :<sup>5</sup> at this time  
 He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,  
 You do not purpose to him ;—and as hardly  
 Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear :  
 Then, till the fury of his highness settle,

<sup>2</sup> *Where no priest shovels-in dust.*] This part of the priest's office might be remembered in Shakspeare's time : it was not left off till the reign of Edward VI. FARMER.

That is—in pronouncing the words *earth to earth*, &c.

HENLEY.

<sup>3</sup> *If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd*

*To die when I desire.*] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Had I but died an hour before this chance,

“ I had liv'd a blessed time.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Why look you so upon me ?*] Perhaps the two last words should be omitted. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *You know your father's temper :*] The old copy reads—*my father's*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.



Come not before him.

*FLO.* I not purpose it.  
I think, Camillo.

*CAM.* Even he, my lord.

*PER.* How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?  
How often said, my dignity would last  
But till 'twere known?

*FLO.* It cannot fail, but by  
The violation of my faith; And then  
Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,  
And mar the seeds within!<sup>6</sup>—Lift up thy looks:<sup>7</sup>—  
From my succession wipe me, father! I  
Am heir to my affection.

*CAM.* Be advis'd.

*FLO.* I am; and by my fancy:<sup>8</sup> if my reason  
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;  
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,  
Do bid it welcome.

*CAM.* This is desperate, sir.

*FLO.* So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;  
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,  
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may

<sup>6</sup> *And mar the seeds within!*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“And nature's *germins* tumble all together.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — Lift up *thy looks*.] “Lift up the light of thy countenance.” *Psaln* iv. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — and by *my fancy*.] It must be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“Fair Helena in *fancy* following me.”

See Vol. IV. p. 454, n. 6. STEEVENS.

Be thereat glean'd ; for all the sun sees, or  
 The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide  
 In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath  
 To this my fair belov'd : Therefore, I pray you,  
 As you have e'er been my father's honour'd friend,  
 When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not  
 To see him any more,) cast your good counsels  
 Upon his passion ; Let myself and fortune,  
 Tug for the time to come. This you may know,  
 And so deliver,—I am put to sea  
 With her, whom here<sup>9</sup> I cannot hold on shore ;  
 And, most opportune to our need,<sup>1</sup> I have  
 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd  
 For this design. What course I mean to hold,  
 Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
 Concern me the reporting.

CAM. O, my lord,  
 I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
 Or stronger for your need.

FLO. Hark, Perdita.—[*Takes her aside.*  
 I'll hear you by and by. [To CAMILLO.

CAM. He's irremovable,  
 Resolv'd for flight : Now were I happy, if  
 His going I could frame to serve my turn ;  
 Save him from danger, do him love and honour ;  
 Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,  
 And that unhappy king, my master, whom  
 I so much thirst to see.

FLO. Now, good Camillo,

<sup>9</sup> — whom here —] Old copy—who. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> And, most opportune to our need,] The old copy has—her need. This necessary emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

I am so fraught with curious business, that  
I leave out ceremony. [Going.]

CAM. Sir, I think,  
You have heard of my poor services, i'the love  
That I have borne your father?

FLO. Very nobly  
Have you deserv'd : it is my father's musick,  
To speak your deeds ; not little of his care  
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

CAM. Well, my lord,  
If you may please to think I love the king ;  
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is  
Your gracious self ; embrace but my direction,  
(If your more ponderous and settled project  
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour  
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving  
As shall become your highness ; where you may  
Enjoy your mistress ; (from the whom, I see,  
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,  
As heavens forefend ! your ruin :) marry her ;  
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)  
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,  
And bring him up to liking.<sup>2</sup>

FLO. How, Camillo,  
May this, almost a miracle, be done ?

<sup>2</sup> And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)

Your discontenting father strive to qualify,

And bring him up to liking.] And where you may, by letters, intreaties, &c. endeavour to soften your incensed father, and reconcile him to the match ; to effect which, my best services shall not be wanting during your absence. Mr. Pope, without either authority or necessity, reads—I'll strive to qualify ;—which has been followed by all the subsequent editors.

Discontenting is in our author's language the same as discontented. MALONE.

'That I may call thee something more than man,  
And, after that, trust to thee.

CAM. Have you thought on  
A place, whereto you'll go?

FLO. Not any yet :  
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty  
'To what we wildly do ;<sup>3</sup> so we profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance,<sup>4</sup> and flies  
Of every wind that blows.

CAM. Then list to me :  
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,  
But undergo this flight ;—Make for Sicilia ;  
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,  
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes ;  
She shall be habited, as it becomes  
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see  
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping  
His welcomes forth : asks thee, the son,<sup>5</sup> forgiveness,

<sup>3</sup> *But as the unthought-on accident is guilty*

*To what we wildly do ;*] *Guilty to*, though it sounds harsh to our ears, was the phraseology of the time, or at least of Shakespeare : and this is one of those passages that should caution us not to disturb his text merely because the language appears different from that now in use. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. sc. ii :

“ But lest myself be *guilty to* self-wrong,

“ I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.”

MALONE.

The *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes. M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> *Ourselves to be the slaves of chance,*] As *chance* has driven me to these extremities, so I commit myself to *chance*, to be conducted through them. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *asks thee, the son,*] The old copy reads—*thee there son*. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—(as Mr. Ritson observes)—

“ Asks *there* the son forgiveness—,” STEEVENS.

As 'twere i'the father's person : kisses, the hands  
Of your fresh princess : o'er and o'er divides him  
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness ; the one  
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,  
Faster than thought, or time.

*FLO.*    Worthy Camillo,  
What colour for my visitation shall I  
Hold up before him?

*CAM.* Sent by the king your father  
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,  
The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,  
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:  
The which shall point you forth at every sitting,  
What you must say ;<sup>o</sup> that he shall not perceive,  
But that you have your father's bosom there,  
And speak his very heart.

*FLo.* I am bound to you:  
There is some sap in this.<sup>7</sup>

*CAM.* A course more promising  
Than a wild dedication of yourselves  
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most cer-  
tain,  
To miseries enough : no hope to help you ;

*\* Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down :*

*The which shall point you forth, at every sitting,*

*What you must say ;*] Every sitting, says Mr. Theobald, *methinks, gives but a very poor idea.* But a poor idea is better than none ; which it comes to, when he has altered it to *every fitting.* The truth is, the common reading is very expressive ; and means, at every audience you shall have of the king and council. The council-days being, in our author's time, called, in common speech, *the sittings.* WARBURTON.

Howel, in one of his letters, says: "My lord president hopes to be at the next *sitting* in York." FARMER.

<sup>7</sup> *There is some sap in this.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"There's sap in't yet." STEEVENS.

But, as you shake off one, to take another :<sup>8</sup>  
 Nothing so certain as your anchors ; who  
 Do their best office, if they can but stay you  
 Where you'll be loath to be : Besides, you know,  
 Prosperity's the very bond of love ;  
 Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
 Affliction alters.

PER. One of these is true :  
 I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,  
 But not take in the mind.<sup>9</sup>

CAM. Yea, say you so ?  
 There shall not, at your father's house, these seven  
 years,  
 Be born another such.

FLO. My good Camillo,  
 She is as forward of her breeding, as  
 I'the rear of birth.<sup>1</sup>

CAM. I cannot say, 'tis pity  
 She lacks instructions ; for she seems a mistress  
 To most that teach.

<sup>8</sup> ——— miseries ———

*But, as you shake off one, to take another :*] So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ ——— to shift his being,

“ Is to exchange one misery with another.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *But not take in the mind.*] To *take in* anciently meant to conquer, to get the better of. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ He could so quickly cut th' Ionian seas,

“ And take in Toryne.”

Mr. Henley, however, supposes that to *take in*, in the present instance, is simply to *include* or *comprehend*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *I'the rear of birth.*] Old copy—*i'th'rear our birth*. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanner. The two redundant words in this line, *She is*, ought perhaps to be omitted. I suspect that they were introduced by the compositor's eye glancing on the preceding line. MALONE.

These unnecessary words are here omitted. STEEVENS.

*PER.* Your pardon, sir, for this ;  
I'll blush you thanks.<sup>2</sup>

*FLO.* My prettiest Perdita.—  
But, O, the thorns we stand upon !—Camillo,—  
Preserver of my father, now of me ;  
The medicin of our house !—how shall we do ?  
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son ;  
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

*CAM.* My lord,  
Fear none of this : I think, you know, my fortunes  
Do all lie there : it shall be so my care  
To have you royally appointed, as if  
The scene you play, were mine. For instance, sir,  
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.  
[*They talk aside.*]

*Enter AUTOLYCUS.*

*AUT.* Ha, ha ! what a fool honesty is ! and trust,  
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman ! I have  
sold all my trumpery ; not a counterfeit stone, not  
a riband, glass, pomander,<sup>3</sup> brooch, table-book,

<sup>2</sup> *Your pardon, sir, for this ;  
I'll blush you thanks.*] Perhaps this passage should be rather  
pointed thus :

*Your pardon, sir ; for this  
I'll blush you thanks.* MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — pomander,] A *pomander* was a little ball made of  
perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent  
infection in times of plague. In a tract, intituled, *Certain ne-  
cessary Directions, as well for curing the Plague, as for prevent-  
ing Infection*, printed 1636, there are directions for making two  
sorts of *pomanders*, one for the rich, and another for the poor.

GREY.

In *Lingua, or a Combat of the Tongue, &c.* 1607, is the fol-  
lowing receipt given, Act IV. sc. iii :

“ Your only way to make a good *pomander* is this : Take an



ballad, knife, tape; glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed,<sup>4</sup> and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears:<sup>5</sup> you might have pinched a placket,<sup>6</sup>

ounce of the purest garden mould, cleansed and steeped seven days in change of motherless rose-water. Then take the best labdanum, benjoin, both storaxes, amber-gris and civet and musk. Incorporate them together, and work them into what form you please. This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as my lady's dog."

The speaker represents Odor. STEEVENS.

Other receipts for making *pomander* may be found in Plat's *Delightes for Ladies to adorne their Persons*, &c. 1611, and in *The accomplit Lady's Delight*, 1675. They all differ.

DOUCE.

\* — as if my trinkets had been hallowed,] This alludes to beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relick. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — all their other senses stuck in ears:] Read:—"stuck in their ears." M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — a placket,] *Placket* is properly the opening in a woman's petticoat. It is here figuratively used, as perhaps in *King Lear*: "Keep thy hand out of *plackets*." This subject, however, may receive further illustration from *Skialetheia*, a collection of Epigrams, &c. 1598. Epig. 32:

"Wanton young Lais hath a pretty note  
 "Whose burthen is—*Pinch not my petticoate*:  
 "Not that she feares close nips, for by the rood,  
 "A privy pleasing nip will cheare her blood:  
 "But she which longs to tast of pleasure's cup,  
 "In nipping would her petticoate weare up."

STEEVENS.

it was senseless ; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse ; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains : no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses : and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA, come forward.]

CAM. Nay, but my letters by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

FLO. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes,——

CAM. Shall satisfy your father.

PER.

Happy be you !

All, that you speak, shows fair.

CAM.

Who have we here ?——

[Seeing AUTOLYCUS.]

We'll make an instrument of this ; omit

Nothing, may give us aid.

AUT. If they have overheard me now,——why hanging. [Aside.]

CAM. How now, good fellow ? Why shakest thou so ? Fear not, man ; here's no harm intended to thee.

AUT. I am a poor fellow, sir.

CAM. Why, be so still ; here's nobody will steal that from thee : Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange : therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman : Though

the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.<sup>7</sup>

AUT. I am a poor fellow, sir :—I know ye well enough. [Aside.

CAM. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch : the gentleman is half flayed already.<sup>8</sup>

AUT. Are you in earnest, sir ?—I smell the trick of it. [Aside.

FLO. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

AUT. Indeed, I have had earnest ; but I cannot with conscience take it.

CAM. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy  
Come home to you !—you must retire yourself  
Into some covert : take your sweetheart's hat,  
And pluck it o'er your brows ; muffle your face  
Dismantle you ; and as you can, disliken  
The truth of your own seeming ; that you may,  
(For I do fear eyes over you,<sup>9</sup>) to shipboard  
Get undescried.

PER. I see, the play so lies,  
That I must bear a part.

CAM. No remedy.—  
Have you done there ?

FLO. Should I now meet my father,

<sup>7</sup> — boot.] That is, *something over and above*, or, as we now say, *something to boot*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *is half flayed already*.] I suppose Camillo means to say no more, than that Florizel is half *stripped* already.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *over you*,] *You*, which seems to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

He would not call me son.

CAM. Nay, you shall have  
No hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

AUT. Adieu, sir.

FLO. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?<sup>1</sup>  
Pray you, a word. [They converse apart.

CAM. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king  
[Aside.

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;  
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,  
To force him after: in whose company  
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight  
I have a woman's longing.

FLO. Fortune speed us!—  
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

CAM. The swifter speed, the better.

[Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.

AUT. I understand the business, I hear it: To have  
an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is  
necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite  
also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see,  
this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive.  
What an exchange had this been, without boot?  
what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the  
gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any  
thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a  
piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father,  
with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were not  
a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I

<sup>1</sup> ——— *what have we twain forgot?*] This is one of our author's dramatic expedients to introduce a conversation apart, account for a sudden exit, &c. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Dr. Caius suddenly exclaims—"Qu'ay j'oublié?"—and Mrs. Quickly—"Out upon't! *what have I forgot?*" STEEVENS.

would do't:<sup>2</sup> I hold it the more knavery to conceal it: and therein am I constant to my profession.

*Enter Clown and Shepherd.*

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

CLO. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

SHEP. Nay, but hear me.

CLO. Nay, but hear me.

SHEP. Go to then.

<sup>2</sup> — *If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't:]* The old copy reads—"If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't." See the following note. STEEVENS.

The reasoning of Autolycus is obscure, because something is suppressed. The prince, says he, is about a bad action, he is stealing away from his father: If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king, I would not do it, because that would be inconsistent with my profession of a knave; *but I know that the betraying the prince to the king would be a piece of knavery with respect to the prince, and therefore I might, consistently with my character, reveal that matter to the king, though a piece of honesty to him:* however, I hold it a greater knavery to conceal the prince's scheme from the king, than to betray the prince; and therefore, in concealing it, I am still constant to my profession.—Sir T. Hanmer, and all the subsequent editors read—"If I thought it were *not* a piece of honesty, &c. I would do it:" but words seldom stray from their places in so extraordinary a manner at the press: nor indeed do I perceive any need of change. MALONE.

I have left Sir T. Hanmer's reading in the text, because, in my opinion, our author, who wrote merely for the stage, must have designed to render himself intelligible without the aid of so long an explanatory clause as Mr. Malone's interpretation demands.

STEEVENS.

CLO. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

SHEP. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

CLO. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.<sup>3</sup>

AUT. Very wisely; puppies! [Aside.

SHEP. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

AUT. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

CLO. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

AUT. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.<sup>4</sup>—[Takes off his false beard.] How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

<sup>3</sup> ———and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.] I suspect that a word was omitted at the press. We might, I think, safely read—"by I know not how much an ounce." Sir T. Hanmer, I find, had made the same emendation. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ———pedler's excrement.] Is pedler's beard. JOHNSON.

So, in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

"Whose chin bears no impression of manhood,

"Not a hair, not an excrement."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

*SHEP.* To the palace, an it like your worship.

*AUT.* Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,<sup>5</sup> breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

*CLO.* We are but plain fellows, sir.

*AUT.* A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.<sup>6</sup>

*CLO.* Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.<sup>7</sup>

*SHEP.* Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

*AUT.* Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court?<sup>8</sup> receives not thy nose court-odour from

“ — dally with my *excrement*, with my mustachio.”

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*: “Why is Time such a niggard of his hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an *excrement*?”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — of what having,] i. e. estate, property. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “The gentleman is of no *having*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — therefore they do not give us the lie.] The meaning is, they are paid for lying, therefore they do not give us the lie, they sell it us. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — with the manner.] In the fact. See Vol. VII. p. 19, n. 4. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court?]  
i. e. the stately tread of courtiers. See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II. sc. i: “—the wedding mannerly modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry.” MALONE.



me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze<sup>9</sup> from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: where-upon I command thee to open thy affair.

*SHEP.* My business, sir, is to the king.

*AUT.* What advocate hast thou to him?

*SHEP.* I know not, an't like you.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *insinuate*, or *toze* —] The first folio reads—*at toaze*; the second—*or toaze*; Mr. Malone—and *toze*.

To *tease*, or *toze*, is to disentangle wool or flax. Autolycus adopts a phraseology which he supposes to be intelligible to the Clown, who would not have understood the word *insinuate*, without such a comment on it. STEEVENS.

To *insinuate*, I believe, means here, to cajole, to talk with condescension and humility. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ With death she humbly doth *insinuate*,  
“ Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,  
“ His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.”

The word *toaze* is used in *Measure for Measure*, in the same sense as here:

“ ——— We'll *toaze* you joint by joint,  
“ But we will know this purpose.”

To *touse*, says Minsheu, is, to *pull*, to *tug*. MALONE.

To *insinuate*, and to *tease*, or *toaze*, are opposite. The former signifies to introduce itself obliquely into a thing, and the latter to get something out that was knotted up in it. Milton has used each word in its proper sense:

“ ——— close the serpent sly  
“ *Insinuating*, wove with Gordian twine  
“ His braided train, and of his fatal guile  
“ Gave proof unheeded.”— *Par. Lost*, B. IV. l. 347.  
“ ——— coarse complexions,  
“ And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply  
“ The sampler, and to *tease* the housewife's wool.”

*Comus*, l. 749. HENLEY.

CLO. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant;<sup>1</sup> say, you have none.

SHEP. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.<sup>2</sup>

AUT. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are,  
Therefore I'll not disdain.

CLO. This cannot be but a great courtier.

SHEP. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

CLO. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.<sup>3</sup>

AUT. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel?  
Wherefore that box?

<sup>1</sup> Advocate's *the court-word for a pheasant* ;] As he was a suitor from the country, the Clown supposes his father should have brought a present of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheasant*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.*] The allusion here was probably more intelligible in the time of Shakspeare than it is at present, though the mode of bribery and influence referred to, has been at all times employed, and as it should seem, with success. Our author might have had in his mind the following, then a recent instance. In the time of Queen Elizabeth there were Justices of the Peace called *Basket Justices*, who would do nothing without a present; yet, as a member of the House of Commons expressed himself, "for half a dozen of *chickens* would dispense with a whole dozen of penal statutes." See Sir Simon D'Ewes's *Journals of Parliament, in Queen Elizabeth's Reign*. REED.

<sup>3</sup> — *a great man,—by the picking on's teeth.*] It seems, that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance. So, the Bastard, in *King John*, speaking of the traveller, says:

"He and his *pick-tooth* at my worship's mess."

JOHNSON.

*SHEP.* Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

*AUT.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

*SHEP.* Why, sir?

*AUT.* The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

*SHEP.* So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

*AUT.* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

*CLO.* Think you so, sir?

*AUT.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

*CLO.* Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

*AUT.* He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey,<sup>4</sup> set on the head

<sup>4</sup> ——— *then, 'nointed over with honey, &c.*] A punishment of this sort is recorded in a book which Shakspeare might have seen:—"— he caused a cage of yron to be made, and set it in

of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims,<sup>5</sup> shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king: being something gently considered,<sup>6</sup> I'll bring you where he is aboard,

the sunne: and, after anointing the pore Princee over with hony, forced him naked to enter into it, where hee long time endured the greatest languor and torment in the worlde, with swarmes of flies that dayly fed on him; and in this sorte, with paine and famine, ended his miserable life." *The Stage of Popish Toyes*, 1581, p. 33. REED.

<sup>5</sup> — *the hottest day prognostication proclaims,*] That is, *the hottest day foretold in the almanack.* JOHNSON.

Almanacks were in Shakspeare's time published under this title: "An Almanack and *Prognostication* made for the year of our Lord God, 1595." See Herbert's *Typograph. Antiq.* II. 1029. MALONE.

One of the almanaeks of Shakspeare's time is now before me. It is entitled, "Buckmynster, 1598. A prognostication for the yeare of our Lorde God MD.XCVIII. Conteyning certaine rules and notes for divers uses, and also a description of the three eclipses, and a declaration of the state of the foure quarters of this yeare, and *dayly disposition of the wether for every day in the same.* Done by Thomas Buckmynster. Anno etatis sue 66. Imprinted at London by Riehard Watkins and James Roberts."

REED.

<sup>6</sup> — *being something gently considered,*] Means, *I having a gentlemanlike consideration given me, i.e. a bribe, will bring you, &c.* So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"— sure, sir, I'll consider it hereafter if I can.

"What, consider me? dost thou think that I am a bribe-taker?"

Again, in *The Isle of Gulls*, 1633: "Thou shalt be well considered, there's twenty crowns in earnest." STEEVENS.

tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs ; and, if it be in man, besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

*CLO.* He seems to be of great authority : close with him, give him gold ; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold : show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado : Remember stoned, and flayed alive.

*SHEP.* An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have : I'll make it as much more ; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

*AUT.* After I have done what I promised ?

*SHEP.* Ay, sir.

*AUT.* Well, give me the moiety :—Are you a party in this business ?

*CLO.* In some sort, sir : but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

*AUT.* O, that's the case of the shepherd's son :—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

*CLO.* Comfort, good comfort : we must to the king, and show our strange sights : he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister ; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed ; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

*AUT.* I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side ; go on the right-hand ; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

*CLO.* We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

*SHEP.* Let's before, as he bids us : he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

*AUT.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

*Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Others.*

*CLEO.* Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,  
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down  
More penitence, than done trespass: At the last,  
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;  
With them, forgive yourself.

*LEON.* Whilst I remember  
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget  
My blemishes in them; and so still think of  
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,  
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and



Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man  
Bred his hopes out of.

*PAUL.* True, too true, my lord :<sup>7</sup>  
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,  
Or, from the all that are, took something good,<sup>8</sup>  
To make a perfect woman ; she, you kill'd,  
Would be unparallel'd.

*LEON.* I think so. Kill'd !  
She I kill'd ? I did so : but thou strik'st me  
Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter  
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought : Now, good  
now,  
Say so but seldom.

*CLEO.* Not at all, good lady :  
You might have spoken a thousand things that  
would  
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd  
Your kindness better.

*PAUL.* You are one of those,  
Would have him wed again.

*DION.* If you would not so,  
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign dame ; consider little,  
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,  
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour

<sup>7</sup> True, too true, my lord :] In former editions :

*Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man  
Bred his hopes out of, true.*

*Paul. Too true, my lord :*

A very slight examination will convince every intelligent reader,  
that *true*, here has jumped out of its place in all the editions.

THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> Or, from the all that are, took something good,] This is a  
favourite thought ; it was bestowed on Miranda and Rosalind  
before. JOHNSON.



Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy,  
 Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?<sup>9</sup>  
 What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,  
 For present comfort and for future good,—  
 To bless the bed of majesty again  
 With a sweet fellow to't?

PAUL. There is none worthy,  
 Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods  
 Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes :  
 For has not the divine Apollo said,  
 Is't not the tenour of his oracle,  
 That king Leontes shall not have an heir,  
 Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,  
 Is all as monstrous to our human reason,  
 As my Antigonus to break his grave,  
 And come again to me ; who, on my life,  
 Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,  
 My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
 Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue ;  
 [To LEONTES.

The crown will find an heir : Great Alexander  
 Left his to the worthiest ; so his successor  
 Was like to be the best.

LEON.

Good Paulina,—

<sup>9</sup> — *the former queen is well?*] i. e. at rest, dead. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, this phrase is said to be peculiarly applicable to the dead :

“ *Mess.* First, madam, he is *well*.

“ *Cleop.* Why there's more gold ; but sirrah, mark ;

“ We use to say, *the dead are well* ; bring it to that,

“ The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour

“ Down thy ill-uttering throat.”

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Balthazar, speaking of Juliet, whom he imagined to be *dead*, says :

“ Then she is *well*, and nothing can be ill.” MALONE.

This phrase seems to have been adopted from Scripture. See *2 Kings*, iv. 26. HENLEY.

Who hast the memory of Hermione,  
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I  
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,  
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;  
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

PAUL. And left them  
More rich, for what they yielded.

LEON. Thou speak'st truth.  
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,  
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit  
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,  
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,  
Begin, *And why to me?*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> (*Where we offenders now appear,*) soul-vex'd,  
Begin, And why to me?] The old copy reads—*And begin,*  
why to me? The transposition now adopted was proposed by  
Mr. Steevens. Mr. Theobald reads:

“ — and on this stage

“ (*Where we offend her now*) appear soul-vex'd,” &c.

Mr. Heath would read—(*Were we offenders now*) appear,  
&c. “ —that is, if we should now at last so far offend her.” Mr.  
M. Mason thinks that the second line should be printed thus:

“ And begin, why? to me.”

that is, begin to call me to account.

There is so much harsh and involved construction in this  
play, that I am not sure but the old copy, perplexed as the sen-  
tence may appear, is right. Perhaps the author intended to  
point it thus:

“ Again possess her corps, (and on this stage

“ Where we offenders now appear soul-vex'd,)

“ And begin, *why to me?*”

Why to me *did you prefer one less worthy*, Leontes insinuates  
would be the purport of Hermione's speech. There is, I think,  
something awkward in the phrase—Where we offenders now *ap-  
pear*. By removing the parenthesis, which in the old copy is  
placed after *appear*, to the end of the line, and applying the  
epithet *soul-vex'd* to Leontes and the rest who mourned the loss  
of Hermione, that difficulty is obviated. MALONE.

To countenance my transposition, be it observed, that the

PAUL. Had she such power,  
She had just cause.<sup>2</sup>

LEON. She had; and would incense me<sup>3</sup>  
To murder her I married.

PAUL. I should so :  
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark  
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't  
You chose her : then I'd shriek, that even your ears  
Shou'd rift<sup>4</sup> to hear me; and the words that follow'd  
Should be, *Remember mine*.

LEON. Stars, very stars,<sup>5</sup>

blunders occasioned by the printers of the first folio are so numerous, that it should seem, when a word dropped out of their press, they were careless into which line they inserted it. STEEVENS.

I believe no change is necessary. If, instead of being repeated, the word *appear* be understood, as, by an obvious ellipsis, it may, the sense will be sufficiently clear. HENLEY.

<sup>2</sup> *She had just cause.*] The first and second folio read—*she had just such cause*. REED.

We should certainly read, “she had just cause.” The insertion of the word *such*, hurts both the sense and the metre.

M. MASON.

There is nothing to which the word *such* can be referred. It was, I have no doubt, inserted by the compositor's eye glancing on the preceding line. The metre is perfect without this word, which confirms the observation.—Since the foregoing remark was printed in the SECOND APPENDIX to my SUPP. to SHAKSP. 1783, I have observed that the editor of the third folio made the same correction. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — incense me—] i. e. instigate me, set me on. So, in *King Richard III*:

“Think you, my lord, this little prating York

“Was not *incensed* by his subtle mother?” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Should rift* —] i. e. split. So, in *The Tempest*:

“—*rifted* Jove's stout oak.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Stars, very stars,*] The word—*very*, was supplied by Sir T. Hanmer, to assist the metre. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“'Twas *very* Cloten.”

And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife,  
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

PAUL. Will you swear  
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

LEON. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

PAUL. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his  
oath.

CLEO. You tempt him over-much.

PAUL. Unless another,  
As like Hermione as is her picture,  
Affront his eye.<sup>6</sup>

CLEO. Good madam,—

PAUL. I have done.<sup>7</sup>  
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,  
No remedy, but you will; give me the office  
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young  
As was your former; but she shall be such,  
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take  
joy  
To see her in your arms.

LEON. My true Paulina,  
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

PAUL. That  
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;  
Never till then.

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“Especially against his very friend.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Affront his eye.*] To *affront*, is to meet. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline* :

“Your preparation can *affront* no less

“Than what you hear of.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Paul. *I have done.*] These three words in the old copy make part of the preceding speech. The present regulation, which is clearly right, was suggested by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*GENT.* One that gives out himself prince Florizel,  
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she  
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access  
To your high presence.

*LEON.* What with him? he comes not  
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,  
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,  
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd  
By need, and accident. What train?

*GENT.* But few,  
And those but mean.

*LEON.* His princess, say you, with him?

*GENT.* Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I  
think,  
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

*PAUL.* O Hermione,  
As every present time doth boast itself  
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave  
Give way to what's seen now.<sup>8</sup> Sir, you yourself  
Have said, and writ so,<sup>9</sup> (but your writing now  
Is colder than that theme,<sup>1</sup>) *She had not been,*  
*Nor was not to be equal'd;*—thus your verse

<sup>8</sup> — so must thy grave

*Give way to what's seen now.*] *Thy grave* here means—thy beauties, which are buried in the grave; the content for the contents. EDWARDS.

<sup>9</sup> — *Sir, you yourself*

*Have said, and writ so,*] The reader must observe, that *so* relates not to what precedes, but to what follows; that *she had not been*—*equal'd*. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Is colder than that theme,*] i. e. than the lifeless body of Hermione, the *theme* or *subject* of your writing. MALONE.

Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,  
To say, you have seen a better.

*GENT.* Pardon, madam:  
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)  
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,  
Will have your tongue too. 'This is such a creature,<sup>2</sup>  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else; make proselytes  
Of who she but bid follow.

*PAUL.* How? not women?

*GENT.* Women will love her, that she is a woman  
More worth than any man; men, that she is  
The rarest of all women.

*LEON.* Go, Cleomenes;  
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,  
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,  
[*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.*  
He thus should steal upon us.

*PAUL.* Had our prince,  
(Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he had pair'd  
Well with this lord; there was not full a month  
Between their births.

*LEON.* Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st,<sup>3</sup>  
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,  
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches  
Will bring me to consider that, which may  
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

<sup>2</sup> *This is such a creature,*] The word *such*, which is wanting in the old copy, was judiciously supplied by Sir T. Hanmer, for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st,*] The old copy redundantly reads—

“ Pr'ythee, no more; *cease*; thou know'st,”—

*Cease*, I believe, was a mere marginal gloss or explanation of —no more, and, injuriously to the metre, had crept into the text.

STEEVENS.

*Re-enter* CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZEL, PERDITA,  
and Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;  
For she did print your royal father off,  
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,  
Your father's image is so hit in you,  
His very air, that I should call you brother,  
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly  
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!  
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!  
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth  
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as  
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost  
(All mine own folly,) the society,  
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,  
Though bearing misery, I desire my life  
Once more to look upon.<sup>4</sup>

FLO.

By his command

<sup>4</sup> ————— whom,  
*Though bearing misery, I desire my life*  
*Once more to look upon.*] The old copy reads—  
*Once more to look on him.* STEEVENS.

For this incorrectness our author must answer. There are many others of the same kind to be found in his writings. See p. 268, n. 9. Mr. Theobald, with more accuracy, but without necessity, omitted the word *him*, and to supply the metre, reads in the next line—"Sir, by his command," &c. in which he has been followed, I think, improperly, by the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

As I suppose this incorrect phraseology to be the mere jargon of the old players, I have omitted—*him*, and (for the sake of metre) instead of—*on*, read—*upon*. So, in a former part of the present scene:

"I might have look'd *upon* my queen's full eyes—."

Again, p. 418:

"Strike all that look *upon* with marvel." STEEVENS.





His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:<sup>6</sup> thence  
(A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we have  
cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me,  
For visiting your highness: My best train  
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;  
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify  
Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety  
Here, where we are.

LEON. The blessed gods<sup>7</sup>  
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you  
Do climate here! You have a holy father,  
A graceful gentleman;<sup>8</sup> against whose person,  
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:  
For which the heavens, taking angry note,

<sup>6</sup> ——— whose daughter

*His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:]* This is very ungrammatical and obscure. We may better read:

——— whose daughter

*His tears proclaim'd her parting with her.*

The Prince first tells that the lady came from *Libya*; the King, interrupting him, says, *from Smalus?* *from him*, says the Prince, *whose tears, at parting, showed her to be his daughter.*

JOHNSON.

The obscurity arises from want of proper punctuation. By placing a *comma* after *his*, I think the sense is cleared.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The blessed gods—]* Unless both the words *here* and *where* were employed in the preceding line as dissyllables, the metre is defective. We might read—*The ever-blessed gods;*—but whether there was any omission, is very doubtful, for the reason already assigned. MALONE.

I must confess that in this present dissyllabic pronunciation I have not the smallest degree of faith. Such violent attempts to produce metre should at least be countenanced by the shadow of examples. Sir T. Hanmer reads—

*Here, where we happily are.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *A graceful gentleman;]* i. e. full of grace and virtue.

M. MASON.

Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,  
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,  
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,  
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,  
Such goodly things as you ?

*Enter a Lord.*

*LORD.* Most noble sir,  
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,  
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,  
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me :  
Desires you to attach his son ; who has  
(His dignity and duty both cast off,)  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
A shepherd's daughter.

*LEON.* Where's Bohemia? speak.

*LORD.* Here in the city; I now came from him:  
I speak amazedly; and it becomes  
My marvel, and my message. To your court  
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,  
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way  
The father of this seeming lady, and  
Her brother, having both their country quitted  
With this young prince.

*FLO.* Camillo has betray'd me ;  
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,  
Endur'd all weathers.

*LORD.* Lay't so, to his charge ;  
He's with the king your father.

*LEON.* Who? Camillo?

*LORD.* Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now

Has these poor men in question.<sup>9</sup> Never saw I  
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;  
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:  
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths in death.

PER. O, my poor father!—  
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

LEON. You are married?

FLO. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—  
The odds for high and low's alike.<sup>1</sup>

LEON. My lord,  
Is this the daughter of a king?

FLO. She is,  
When once she is my wife.

LEON. That once, I see, by your good father's  
speed,  
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,  
Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry,  
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *in question*] i. e. conversation. So, in *As you like it*:  
“I met the Duke yesterday, and had much *question* with him.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *The odds for high and low's alike.*] A quibble upon the false  
dice so called. See note in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Vol.  
V. p. 45, n. 9. DOUCE.

<sup>2</sup> *Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty.*] *Worth* signifies any kind of *worthiness*; and among others that of high descent. The King means that he is sorry the Prince's choice is not in other respects as worthy of him as in beauty. JOHNSON.

Our author often uses *worth* for *wealth*; which may also, together with high birth, be here in contemplation. MALONE.

So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

“But were my *worth* as is my conscience firm,” &c.

STEEVENS.

That you might well enjoy her.

*FLO.*

Dear, look up :

Though fortune, visible an enemy,  
Should chase us, with my father ; power no jot  
Hath she, to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,  
Remember since you ow'd no more to time<sup>2</sup>  
Than I do now : with thought of such affections,  
Step forth mine advocate ; at your request,  
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

*LEON.* Would he do so, I'd beg your precious  
mistress,  
Which he counts but a trifle.

*PAUL.*

Sir, my liege,

Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a month  
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such  
gazes  
Than what you look on now.

*LEON.*

I thought of her,

Even in these looks I made.—But your petition  
[*To FLORIZEL.*

Is yet unanswer'd : I will to your father ;  
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,  
I am a friend to them, and you : upon which errand  
I now go toward him ; therefore, follow me,  
And mark what way I make : Come, good my lord.  
[*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> *Remember since you ow'd no more to time &c.]* Recollect the period when you were of my age. MALONE.

## SCENE II.

*The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.*

*AUT.* 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

*1 GENT.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

*AUT.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.

*1 GENT.* I make a broken delivery of the business;—But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow:<sup>4</sup> but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more:  
The news, Rogero?

<sup>4</sup> ——— *if the importance were joy, or sorrow;]* Importance here means, the thing imported. M. MASON.

2 *GENT.* Nothing but bonfires : The oracle is fulfilled ; the king's daughter is found : such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward ; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir ? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion : Has the king found his heir ?

3 *GENT.* Most true ; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance : that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione :—her jewel about the neck of it :—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character :—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother ;—the affection of nobleness,<sup>5</sup> which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings ?

<sup>5</sup> — the affection of nobleness,] *Affection* here perhaps means *disposition* or *quality*. The word seems to be used nearly in the same sense in the following title : "The first set of Italian Madrigalls Englished, not to the sense of the original ditty, but to the *affection* of the noate," &c. By Thomas Watson, quarto, 1590. *Affection* is used in *Hamlet* for *affection*, but that can hardly be the meaning here.

Perhaps both here and in *King Henry IV.* *affection* is used for *propensity* :

" — in speech, in gait,

" In diet, in *affections* of delight,

" In military exercises, humours of blood,

" He was the mark and glass," &c. MALONE.



2 GENT. No.

3 GENT. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner,<sup>6</sup> that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.<sup>7</sup> Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her;<sup>8</sup> now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten<sup>9</sup> conduit of

<sup>6</sup> — so, and in such manner,] Our author seems to have picked up this little piece of tautology in his clerkship. It is the technical language of conveyancers. RITSON.

<sup>7</sup> — favour.] i. e. countenance, features. So, in *Othello*:  
“Defeat thy favour with an usurped beard.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — with clipping her:] i. e. embracing her. So, Sidney:  
“He, who before shun’d her, to shun such harms,  
“Now runs and takes her in his clipping arms.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — weather-bitten &c.] Thus the old copy. The modern editors—*weather-beaten*. *Hamlet* says: “The air bites shrewdly;” and the Duke, in *As you like it*:—“when it bites and blows.” *Weather-bitten*, therefore, may mean, *coroded* by the weather. STEEVENS.

The reading of the old copies appears to be right. Antony Mundy, in the preface to *Gerileon of England*, the second part, &c. 1592, has—“winter-bitten epitaph.” RITSON.

Conduits, representing a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and *weather-beaten*, still exists at Hoddesdon in Herts. Shakspeare refers again to the same sort of imagery in *Romeo and Juliet*:

many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.<sup>1</sup>

2 *GENT.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *GENT.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much,) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *GENT.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *GENT.* Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated

"How now? a conduit, girl? what still in tears?

"Evermore showering?" HENLEY.

See Vol. VIII. p. 143, n. 3.

*Weather-bitten* was in the third folio changed to *weather-beaten*; but there does not seem to be any necessity for the change. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.*] We have the same sentiment in *The Tempest*:

"For thou wilt find, she will *outstrip* all praise,

"And make it *halt* behind her."

Again, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

"——— a face

"That *overgoes my blunt invention* quite,

"Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace." MALONE.

that the oracle was fulfilled : She lifted the princess from the earth ; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *GENT.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes ; for by such was it acted.

3 *GENT.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter : till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears ; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there,<sup>2</sup> changed colour ; some swooned, all sorrowed : if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *GENT.* Are they returned to the court ?

<sup>2</sup> ——— *most marble there,*] i. e. most petrified with wonder.  
So, in Milton's epitaph on our author :

“ There thou our fancy of itself bereaving,  
“ Dost make us *marble* by too much conceiving.”

STEEVENS.

It means those who had the hardest hearts. It would not be extraordinary that those persons should change colour who were petrified with wonder, though it was, that hardened hearts should be moved by a scene of tenderness. M. MASON.

So, in *King Henry VIII.* :

“ ——— Hearts of most hard temper  
“ Melt, and lament for him.” MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason's and Mr. Malone's explanation may be right.  
So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ ——— now from head to foot  
“ I am *marble* constant.” STEEVENS.

3 *GENT.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— *that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; &c.]* This excellent artist was born in the year 1492, and died in 1546. Fine and generous, as this tribute of praise must be owned, yet it was a strange absurdity, sure, to thrust it into a tale, the action of which is supposed within the period of heathenism, and whilst the oracles of Apollo were consulted. This, however, was a known and wilful anachronism. THEOBALD.

By *eternity* Shakspeare means only *immortality*, or that part of eternity which is to come; so we talk of *eternal* renown and *eternal* infamy. *Immortality* may subsist without *divinity*, and therefore the meaning only is, that if Julio could always continue his labours, he would mimic nature. JOHNSON.

I wish we could understand this passage, as if *Julio Romano* had only painted the statue carved by another. Ben Jonson makes Doctor Rut in *The Magnetic Lady*, Act V. sc. viii. say:

“ ——— all city statues must be *painted*,

“ Else they be worth nought i'their subtil judgements.”

Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Elements of Architecture*, mentions the fashion of colouring even regal statues for the stronger expression of affection, which he takes leave to call an English barbarism. Such, however, was the practice of the time: and unless the supposed statue of Hermione were painted, there could be no ruddiness upon her lip, nor could the veins *verily seem to bear blood*, as the poet expresses it afterwards. TOLLET.

Our author expressly says, in a subsequent passage, that it was painted, and without doubt meant to attribute *only* the painting to Julio Romano:

“ The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;

“ You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own

“ With *oily painting*.” MALONE.

Sir H. Wotton could not possibly know what has been lately proved by Sir William Hamilton in the MS. accounts which accompany several valuable drawings of the discoveries made at *Pompeii*, and presented by him to our Antiquary Society, *viz.* that it was usual to colour statues among the ancients. In the chapel of Isis in the place already mentioned, the image of that goddess had been painted over, as her robe is of a purple hue. Mr. Tollet has since informed me, that Junius, on the painting of the

who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom,<sup>4</sup> so perfectly he is her ape : he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer : thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone ; and there they intend to sup.

2 GENT. I thought, she had some great matter there in hand ; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing ?

1 GENT. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access ?<sup>5</sup> every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born : our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

AUT. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince ; told him, I heard him talk of a fardel, and I know not what : but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,)

ancients, observes from Pausanias and Herodotus, that sometimes the statues of the ancients were coloured after the manner of pictures. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *of her custom,*] That is, *of her trade*,—would draw her customers from her. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access ?*] It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and, after the examination of the old Shepherd, the young lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators.

JOHNSON.

who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

*Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

*SHEP.* Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*CLO.* You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

*AUT.* I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

*CLO.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

*SHEP.* And so have I, boy.

*CLO.* So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.



*SHEP.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*CLO.* Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

*AUT.* I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

*SHEP.* 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*CLO.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

*AUT.* Ay, an it like your good worship.

*CLO.* Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

*SHEP.* You may say it, but not swear it.

*CLO.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it,<sup>6</sup> I'll swear it.

*SHEP.* How if it be false, son?

*CLO.* If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands,<sup>7</sup> and that thou

<sup>6</sup> — franklins say it,] *Franklin* is a *frecholder*, or *ycoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — tall fellow of thy hands,] *Tall*, in that time, was the word used for *stout*. JOHNSON.

Part of this phrase occurs in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 114:

“A noble knight eke of his honde.”

A man of his hands had anciently two significations. It either meant an *adroit fellow who handled his weapon well*, or a *fellow skilful in thievery*. In the first of these senses it is used



wilt be drunk ; but I'll swear it : and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

*AUT.* I will prove so, sir, to my power.

*CLO.* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow : If I do not wonder, how thou dar'est venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark ! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us : we'll be thy good masters.<sup>8</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

by the Clown. Phraseology like this is often met with. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540 :

“Thou art a good man of thyne habite.” STEEVENS.

*A tall fellow of thy hands* means, a stout fellow of your size. We measure horses by hands, which contain four inches ; and from thence the phrase is taken. M. MASON.

The following quotation from *Questions concernyng Coniehood*, &c. 1595, will at least ascertain the sense in which *Autolycus* would have wished this phrase to be received : “Coniehood proceeding from choller, is in him which amongst mirth having but one crosse worde given him, straightwaies fals to his weapons, and will hacke peecemeale the quicke and the dead through superfluity of his manhood ; and doth this for this purpose, that the standers by may say that he is a *tall fellow of his hands*, and such a one as will not swallow a cantell of cheese.”

In Chapman's version of the thirteenth *Iliad*, we have :

“Long-rob'd Iaons, Locrians, and (brave men of *their hands*)

“The Phthian and Epeian troops—,” STEEVENS.

I think, in old books it generally means a *strong stout fellow*.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — Come, follow us : we'll be thy good masters.] The Clown conceits himself already a man of consequence at court. It was the fashion for an inferior, or suitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be *good master* to him. Many letters written at this period run in this style.

Thus Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when in prison, in a letter to Cromwell to relieve his want of clothing : “Furthermore, I beseeche you to be *gode master* unto one in my necessities, for I have neither shirt, nor sute, nor yet other clothes, that are necessary for me to wear.” WHALLEY.

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in Paulina's House.*

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.*

LEON. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort  
That I have had of thee!

PAUL. What, sovereign sir,  
I did not well, I meant well: All my services,  
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd  
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted  
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,  
It is a surplus of your grace, which never  
My life may last to answer.

LEON. O Paulina,  
We honour you with trouble: But we came  
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery  
Have we pass'd through, not without much content  
In many singularities; but we saw not  
That which my daughter came to look upon,  
The statue of her mother.

PAUL. As she liv'd peerless,  
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,  
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,  
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it  
Lonely, apart:<sup>9</sup> But here it is: prepare

<sup>9</sup> ——— *therefore I keep it*  
Lonely, apart:] The old copy—*lovely*. STEEVENS.

To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death : behold ; and say, 'tis well.

[PAULINA *undraws a Curtain, and discovers a statue.*

I like your silence, it the more shows off  
Your wonder : But yet speak ;—first, you, my liege.  
Comes it not something near ?

LEON. Her natural posture !—  
Chide me, dear stone ; that I may say, indeed,  
Thou art Hermione : or, rather, thou art she,  
In thy not chiding ; for she was as tender,  
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,  
Hermione was not so much wrinkled ; nothing  
So aged, as this seems.

POL. O, not by much.

PAUL. So much the more our carver's excellence ;  
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her  
As she liv'd now.

LEON. As now she might have done,  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,  
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,

*Lovely*, i. e. charily, with more than ordinary regard and tenderness. The Oxford editor reads :

“ Lonely, *apart* : ”——

As if it could be *apart* without being *alone*. WARBURTON.

I am yet inclined to *lovely*, which in the old angular writing cannot be distinguished from *lovely*. To say, that *I keep it alone, separate from the rest*, is a pleonasm which scarcely any nicety declines. JOHNSON.

The same error is found in many other places in the first folio. In *King Richard III.* we find this very error :

“ Advantaging their *loue* with interest

“ Often times double.”

Here we have *loue* instead of *lone*, the old spelling of *loan*.

MALONE.

As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!  
 I am asham'd : Does not the stone rebuke me,  
 For being more stone than it ?—O, royal piece,  
 There's magick in thy majesty ; which has  
 My evils conjur'd to remembrance ; and  
 From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,  
 Standing like stone with thee !

*PER.* And give me leave ;  
 And do not say, 'tis superstition, that  
 I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,  
 Dear queen, that ended when I but began,  
 Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

*PAUL.* O, patience ;<sup>1</sup>  
 The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's  
 Not dry.

*CAM.* My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on ;  
 Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
 So many summers, dry : scarce any joy  
 Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,  
 But kill'd itself much sooner.

*POL.* Dear my brother,  
 Let him, that was the cause of this, have power  
 To take off so much grief from you, as he  
 Will piece up in himself.

*PAUL.* Indeed, my lord,  
 If I had thought, the sight of my poor image  
 Would thus have wrought<sup>2</sup> you, (for the stone is  
 mine,)

<sup>1</sup> O, patience ;] That is, *Stay a while, be not so eager.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — wrought —] i. e. worked, agitated. So, in *Macheth* :

“ — my dull brain was wrought

“ With things forgotten.” STEEVENS.

I'd not have show'd it.<sup>3</sup>

LEON.

Do not draw the curtain.

PAUL. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your  
fancy  
May think anon, it moves.

LEON.

Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already<sup>4</sup>—  
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,  
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those  
veins  
Did verily bear blood?

POL.

Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

<sup>3</sup> *Indeed, my lord,  
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image  
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine,  
I'd not have show'd it.]* I do not know whether we should  
not read, without a parenthesis:  
——for the stone i'th' mine  
*I'd not have shew'd it.*

A *mine* of stone, or marble, would not perhaps at present be esteemed an accurate expression, but it may still have been used by Shakspeare, as it has been used by Holinshed. *Descript. of Engl.* c. ix. p. 235: "Now if you have regard to their ornature, how many *mines* of sundrie kinds of coarse and fine marble are there to be had in England?"—And a little lower he uses the same word again for a quarry of stone, or plaister: "*And such is the mine of it, that the stones thereof lie in flakes,*" &c.

TYRWHITT.

To change an accurate expression for an expression confessedly not accurate, has somewhat of retrogradation. JOHNSON.

——(*for the stone is mine,*)] So afterwards, Paulina says: "——be stone no more." So also Leontes: "Chide me, dear stone." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already*—] The sentence completed is:

——*but that, methinks, already I converse with the dead.*

But there his passion made him break off. WARBURTON.

LEON. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,<sup>5</sup>  
As we are mock'd with art.<sup>6</sup>

PAUL. I'll draw the curtain ;  
My lord's almost so far transported, that  
He'll think anon, it lives.

LEON. O sweet Paulina,  
Make me to think so twenty years together ;  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

PAUL. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you:  
but

<sup>5</sup> *The fixure of her eye has motion in't,*] So, in our author's 88th Sonnet :

" — Your sweet hue, which methinks *still doth stand*,  
" Hath *motion*, and mine eye may be deceived."

MALONE.

The meaning is, though her eye be fixed, [as the eye of a statue always is,] yet it seems to have motion in it: that tremulous motion, which is perceptible in the eye of a living person, how much soever one endeavour to fix it. EDWARDS.

The word *fixure*, which Shakspeare has used both in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Troilus and Cressida*, is likewise employed by Drayton in the first canto of *The Barons' Wars* :

" Whose glorious *fixure* in so clear a sky." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *As we are mock'd with art.*] *As* is used by our author here, as in some other places, for "*as if*." Thus, in *Cymbeline* :

" He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,  
" And she alone were cold."

Again, in *Macbeth* :

" *As* they had seen me with these hangman's hands  
" List'ning their fear." MALONE.

*As we are mock'd with art.*] Mr. M. Mason and Mr. Malone very properly observe that *as*, in this instance is used, as in some other places, for *as if*. The former of these gentlemen would read *were* instead of *are*, but unnecessarily, I think, considering the loose grammar of Shakspeare's age.—*With*, however, has the force of *by*. A passage parallel to that before us, occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra* :—" And mock our eyes with air."

STEEVENS.

I could afflict you further.

*LEON.* Do, Paulina;  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her : What fine chizzel  
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.

*PAUL.* Good my lord, forbear :  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;  
You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own  
With oily painting : Shall I draw the curtain ?

*LEON.* No, not these twenty years.

*PER.* So long could I  
Stand by, a looker on.

*PAUL.* Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chapel ; or resolve you  
For more amazement : If you can behold it,  
I'll make the statue move indeed ; descend,  
And take you by the hand : but then you'll think,  
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted  
By wicked powers.

*LEON.* What you can make her do,  
I am content to look on : what to speak,  
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy  
To make her speak, as move.

*PAUL.* It is requir'd,  
You do awake your faith : Then, all stand still ;  
Or those,<sup>7</sup> that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.

*LEON.* Proceed ;  
No foot shall stir.

<sup>7</sup> Or *those*,] The old copy reads—*On* : those, &c. Corrected  
by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE:



PAUL. Musick; awake her : strike.—  
[Musick.

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more : approach;  
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;  
I'll fill your grave up : stir; nay, come away;  
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him  
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs :

[HERMIONE comes down from the Pedestal.  
Start not : her actions shall be holy, as,  
You hear, my spell is lawful : do not shun her,  
Until you see her die again; for then  
You kill her double : Nay, present your hand :  
When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,  
Is she become the suitor.

LEON. O, she's warm ! [Embracing her.  
If this be magick, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.

POL. She embraces him.

CAM. She hangs about his neck;  
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

POL. Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,  
Or, how stol'n from the dead ?

PAUL. That she is living,  
Were it but told you, should be hooted at  
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,  
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—  
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,  
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;  
Our Perdita is found.

[Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to HERMIONE.

HER. You gods, look down,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *You gods, look down, &c.*] A similar invocation has already occurred in *The Tempest* :

“ Look down, ye gods,

“ And on this couple drop a blessed crown !” STEEVENS.

And from your sacred vials pour your graces<sup>9</sup>  
Upon my daughter's head! —Tell me, mine own,  
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd?  
how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—  
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle  
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd  
Myself, to see the issue.

PAUL. There's time enough for that;  
Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble  
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,  
You precious winners all;<sup>1</sup> your exultation  
Partake to every one.<sup>2</sup> I, an old turtle,  
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there  
My mate, that's never to be found again,  
Lament till I am lost.<sup>3</sup>

LEON.

O peace, Paulina;

<sup>9</sup> *And from your sacred vials pour your graces—*] The expression seems to have been taken from the sacred writings: “And I heard a great voice out of the temple, saying to the angels, go your ways, and *pour out the vials* of the wrath of God upon the earth.” *Rev. xvi. 1.* MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *You precious winners all;*] You who by this discovery have gained what you desired, may join in festivity, in which I, who have lost what never can be recovered, can have no part.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *your exultation*

*Partake to every one.*] *Partake* here means *participate*. It is used in the same sense in the old play of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. MALONE.

It is also thus employed by Spenser:

“My friend, hight Philemon, I did *partake*

“Of all my love, and all my privy.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *I, an old turtle,*

*Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there*

*My mate, that's never to be found again,*

*Lament till I am lost.*] So, Orpheus, in the exclamation

Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,  
As I by thine, a wife : this is a match,  
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found  
mine ;

But how, is to be question'd : for I saw her,  
As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain, said many  
A prayer upon her grave : I'll not seek far  
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee  
An honourable husband :—Come, Camillo,  
And take her by the hand : whose worth, and ho-  
nesty,<sup>4</sup>

Is richly noted ; and here justified  
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—  
What?—Look upon my brother :—both your par-  
dons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks  
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,  
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)  
Is troth-plight to your daughter.<sup>5</sup>—Good Paulina,

which Johannes Secundus has written for him, speaking of his grief for the loss of Eurydice, says :

“ Sic gemit *arenli* viduatus ab arbore turtur.”

So, in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592 :

“ A turtle sat upon a *leaveless* tree,

“ Mourning her absent *pheere*,

“ With sad and sorry *cheere* :

“ And whilst her plumes she rents,

“ And for her *love laments*,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— whose *worth, and honesty*,] The word *whose*, evidently refers to *Camillo*, though *Paulina* is the immediate antecedent.

M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *This your son-in-law,*

*And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)*

*Is troth-plight to your daughter.*] *Whom heavens directing* is here in the absolute case, and has the same signification as if the poet had written—“ *him* heavens directing.” So, in *The Tempest* :

Lead us from hence ; where we may leisurely  
 Each one demand, and answer to his part  
 Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first  
 We were dissever'd : Hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*<sup>6</sup>

“ Some food we had, and some fresh water, that

“ A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

“ Out of his charity, (*who being* then appointed

“ Master of the design,) did give us.”

Again, in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Or as the snail (*whose* tender horns *being* hurt,)

“ Shrinks backward to his shelly cave with pain.”

Here we should now write—“ *his* tender horns.”

See also a passage in *King John*, Act II. sc. ii : “ Who *having* no external thing to lose,” &c. and another in *Coriolanus*, Act III. sc. ii. which are constructed in a similar manner. In the note on the latter passage this phraseology is proved not to be peculiar to Shakspeare. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is naturally conceived, and strongly represented. JOHNSON.

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